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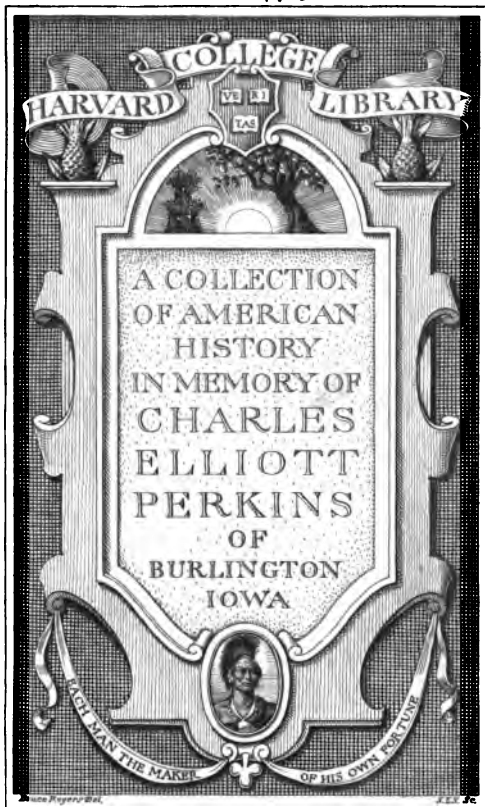
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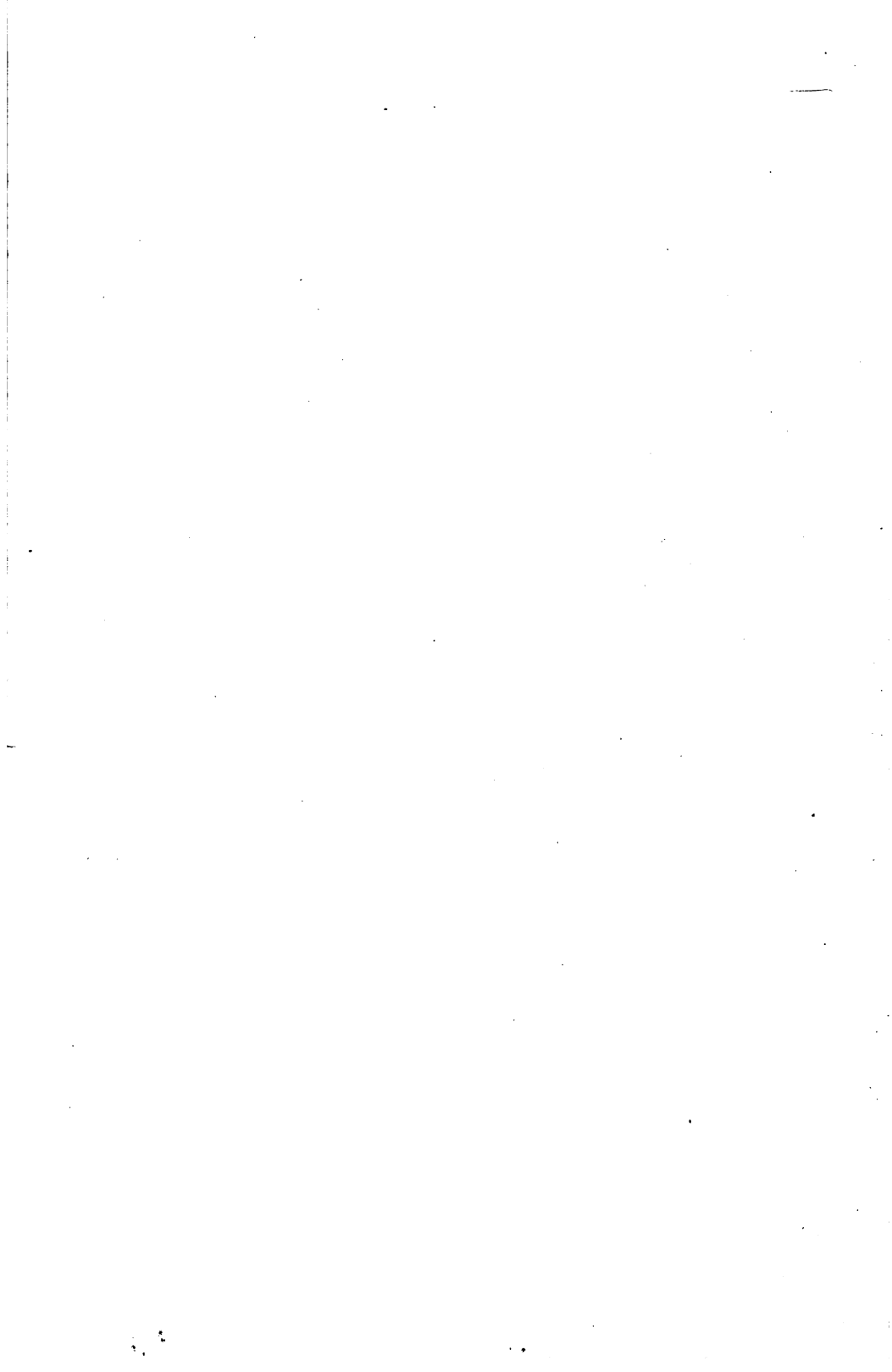
THE
CHILDREN'S
FRIEND

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THE GIFT OF HIS DAUGHTER
ALICE FORBES PERKINS HOOPER





THE
CHILDREN'S
= FRIEND *Pierre*
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ORGAN OF

THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY
SAINTS.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY THE
GENERAL BOARD.

VOLUME I.

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THE DESERET NEWS,
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VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1902.

No. 1.

OUR WORK AND OUR WEALTH.

Our work is with the children,
They claim our special care;
For them we plan and labor.
With them our lives we share.
We cannot, dare not shrink,
But humbly act our parts;
For the children's eyes are on us,
And we hold their trusting hearts.

Most sacred is the mission,
Our God hath called us to,
No work requires more patience,
More perfect lives and true.
But oh! we cannot fail,
Amid our world of cares,
For the children's faith upholds us,
And they name us in their prayers.

Next to the blessed parents,
Who gave these children birth,
We are their foremost helpers,
Their truest friends on earth.
We seek not worldly wealth,
Our hopes are far above;
We are rich in Heavenly treasures,
For we have the children's love.

L. Lula Greene Richards.

GREETING.

Beloved Sisters:—With feelings of intense joy, deep devotion and profound gratitude we introduce this little book. Hope and fear alternately plead for supremacy and we humbly ask that you will exercise charity and assist us by your faith and prayers.

We love you and deeply appreciate your untiring labors of the past.

In nature and in all creation God has made one intelligence dependent upon another, the lesser upon the greater, the lower upon the higher. He has also pursued the same course with mankind; He has chosen from among His people those whom He deems fit to teach His laws. Therefore if He has considered us worthy to help in this noble calling, we must be willing to work diligently, faithfully and with our whole heart, for ours is a labor of love, it is an easy thing to love our own but we must go farther and love all mankind, the good and the bad. We have plenty of material and it is for us to help mould and shape it into the future lives of the men and women of God's people here on earth. But what a responsible position! Can we do it? Yes, with the help of God, asking for His divine spirit to guide us, that the seeds we sow shall bring forth good fruit. "That which ye sow, ye shall also reap." If it be love and kindness, may we not hope for a rich harvest of blessed love in return?

The New Year is a fitting time for sweet interchange of affection, heart should speak to heart, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

If in any way our little book will help the young to learn that "Wisdom's ways are pleasant ways and all its paths are paece," our reward will be ample.

Whatever we wish our children to become, we ourselves must be.

No people are more interested in the progress of liberal principles than are the Latter-day Saints; our field is very broad and our opportunities many, and as God and truth are perfect, so must we order our lives that we may be able to teach those intrusted to our care.

A most delightful and happy state of mind is that which enables us to trust in God, and it is well to be fully alive to the needs of the overflowing present, for no greater age was ever ushered in than the one in which we are now living.

The First Presidency of our Church have given us their approval and blessing and all that remains to complete the success of our undertaking is that each officer will add their personal approval and assistance by subscribing for "The Children's Friend," and by using the lessons find a greater satisfaction and pleasure in the Primary Associations.

Louie B. Felt.

General President.

SUGGESTIONS TO OFFICERS.

In presenting this plan of work to the officers in the Primary Associations, we will endeavor to be helpers in suggesting lessons, rather than dictators.

There may be plans already in operation in some of the associations; and to such we would suggest: try to make your work in harmony with the plans prepared by the General Board that the work being done will be more nearly uniform than heretofore. There has been a general desire expressed for some kind of systematic work, similar to the plans now in operation in some of the other organizations of the Church. It is to try and fill this need that the members of the General Board of Primary Associations with a prayerful reliance upon the Divine Father for help and guidance will endeavor to give such assistance as will enable the officers in the Primary Associations to make their efforts more successful in the religious and moral training of our children.

We will give plan work suitable for the three grades and would suggest to all associations not already graded, that they begin the year's work by dividing their associations into the three classes or grades. Experience has proved that more good will be accomplished by adopting this method. Lessons that are satisfactory and interesting to the smaller children are tiresome and appear childish to the older ones, and the little ones would not understand a lesson that was suitable for the older members of the association.

It is often stated as a reason for not grading associations that many of the wards have but one room. Yet the Sunday schools which meet in those rooms are graded, and the same conditions exist for them.

The method of grading must be left somewhat to the discretion of the presiding officers. A good general plan is to have all the children under school age in the first grade, then divide the others according to their standing in the public school. Of course this will depend on the number of children in the association, and it is sometimes advisable to go by age; but whatever plan you adopt, do not let the children know it, as you will have to use the utmost care that no child's feelings are hurt, and as our object is to do the children good, try to keep them and make them happy and contented in whichever grade they may be placed.

The associations should all meet together for the opening and closing exercises. Wherever possible marching with good lively music should be adopted in making the changes.

As the children come in try to give them a kindly greeting as it makes them feel more at home and besides that, it lets them know that the teacher has an interest in each child. Gaining the

love and sympathy of the children is one of the first things for the teacher to do, and when that is accomplished she has taken a great step towards success.

Try to have the children seated comfortably. In some places of meeting this is almost impossible as the same room has to be used for all meetings and of course little or no change can be made for the children. When it is possible, it is well to have small chairs for the smallest children, and low benches for the others; or have benches low enough for all the children. In some places it is possible to have the high benches made lower. The children will be able to give much better attention if they are seated comfortably, with their feet touching the floor.

It is not intended that these papers will be put in the hands of the children. The lessons are given for the benefit of the teachers to help them in the preparation of their work. The lessons need not be given exactly as they are planned here. These are suggestions, and each teacher is at liberty to use her own originality, by changing them, adding too, or improving them in any way she may see fit to suit her purpose or interest her class.

In making these lessons the idea has been to have one central thought, and in changing or modifying them, care should be used to keep this aim in view. If no point is reached, as Dr. Maeser has said, the time of the teacher and of the children has been wasted. If the point suggested in the lesson is faith, do not introduce anything that will emphasize some other point, such as kindness, obedience, etc., unless the supplementary work is on the same subject.

No two teachers can give the lesson exactly the same, but each teacher can have her lesson so well prepared that there will be no necessity to refer to any book while she is conducting her class. She will be able to get much better results from the children if she will lay aside the book, and give her lesson from memory.

Another thing: Let the teacher try to be interested in the lesson. If she is not, surely no interest can be expected from the children. Enthusiasm is infectious, and when the teacher enjoys giving a lesson, the children find equal enjoyment in learning it.

Have the talk, memory gem, and stories firmly in the mind. It will not take much effort and the results will more than repay for the time and trouble. We will repeat, *under no circumstances should the lesson be read to the children.*

Have the memory gem learned by the children. Let them say it in concert and also encourage them to say it alone. Do not be afraid of repetition, we learn things only in that way.

After the lesson is given a summary or review questions may be given. Let the children answer these in their own language, and

encourage them to use complete sentences. Try to avoid questions which will require simply yes or no for an answer.

The basis of all our work will be to make the children want to live better lives, to be kinder and better day by day; and as we learn to do by doing, we must go farther than the mere laying down of principles and precepts. It is not enough to interest the children alone, but one must try to reach their hearts, to inspire them to put their good impulses into action, that we may see the results of our works in the actions and works of the future lives of the children.

Professor James says in his book on Psychology: "No matter how full a reservoir of maxims one may possess, and no matter how good one's sentiments may be if one have not taken advantage of every concrete opportunity to act, one's character may remain entirely unaffected for the better."

To be good one must do good; must be useful, contributing service that will provide for the welfare and happiness of others.

It will be necessary for teachers of the third grade to be supplied with a copy of Nephi Anderson's "History of the Church for Young Folks." Price 50c. Copies may be obtained from the General Secretary.





LIFE OF CHRIST.—LESSON I.

HELPFULNESS.

Suggestive Talk.

"How many have been having a very happy time?" "What made us happy?" "Why are we always happy at this time?" "Because a little baby was born a long time ago." "Who was this baby, can anyone tell me His name?"

And about the same time that Jesus was born a new star came into the sky, and all the other stars shone brightly because they were so happy, and they heard a new song. It was so sweet they all stopped to listen. It was the new star singing. "Hark, hark" the stars cried, "Let us hear what it is singing." Then they all listened and this is what they heard, "A loving Child, a loving Child is on the earth." Then all the stars looked to see the baby, but they couldn't see Him He was so far away. But the new star kept going on and on, and by and by it stopped and shone so brightly and seemed to point to where the loving baby lay. If we had been there we would have seen a stable and in the stable a manger and in the manger the beautiful baby. The shepherds who had been watching the star came to see the baby. And other people came to see the baby too. One night when the star was singing in a country far away, some great and wise men heard it, and they looked and saw it moving on and on, and it seemed to be telling them just the way to go. So these wise men followed the star until it stood quite still. Then they found the place where the little baby lay. They were so glad that they took with them the best things they had to give Him—gifts of gold and sweet smelling stuffs and other good things. And when they saw Jesus they laid them at His feet. And these were the very first Christmas presents.

This was the most wonderful baby that was ever born, and He was so loving and so good that now everybody knows who He is.

The stars all learned the new song and now they come at night and peep into our windows to see if they can find loving little children, and when they see a kind little boy or a good little girl they all sing and shine so brightly. I wonder if we have seen the stars peeping at us?

Now we know of a new baby and a new star that was born a long time ago." I wonder if we have anything new ourselves? I wonder if you know what it is? A New Year. And what is the New Year's name? And everybody is saying "A happy New Year to you." "How are we going to help make it a happy New Year? What can we do? Suppose I tell you a story of some children who tried.

LITTLE VINA'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

I am sorry to begin this story by telling you that the children were very cross. But that was the beginning of it, so it cannot be helped.

Sister Bessie—she was the "big" sister—sat by the window sewing, and she heard it all,—the crossness, I mean.

Percy had cracked Roy's Christmas whistle, so it would not shriek; Roy had broken Milly's doll arm; Vina had dropped Percy's book into the basin, and it seemed that the children were having an after-Christmas scolding bee.

When all the brows were frowning, and the lips pouting, and the voices angry, a pleasant voice called from the window: "Come over here, children."

"Sister is going to tell us a story!" they shouted, and four sweeter faces would have been hard to find, than the four Bessy saw looking up at her, ready for a story.

"I am going to tell you something that must be kept a secret," Bessy began. "First, you must promise to keep the secret."

Four eager and delighted children came up on their toes, four pairs of hands clasped together softly, four pairs of bright eyes opened their widest, and four hushed voices said: "We promise, sister."

"We will have a New Year's surprise for mamma," Bessy whispered. "We will each give her something, and she will try to find out what it is."

"Oh!" said Percy; "of course she would know right off what the gifts were. And how can we buy anything right after Christmas, when our pennies are all gone?"

"The gifts that we will give her will not be so easy to tell," said Bessy, "and they will not cost pennies."

"Oh-h! what will they cost—pins?" cried Milly.

"They will cost effort," said Bessy.

"What's that?" asked Roy, and all the children looked puzzled.

"It is work with our head and hands," smiled Bessy. "You will see, when you decide what to give mamma."

"Now I will tell you what I am going to give her. I am going to try to remember to put the dining room in order every

morning before I go out. I am in such a hurry that I forget it sometimes. I am sure that will make her happy."

Four little faces had grown thoughtful. Milly brightened first. "I will remember to put my things in their places. I am always forgetting, and then I can't find anything, and I have to ask everybody, and I get cross, and mamma says if I do not break myself of doing so, I shall make a great deal of trouble in the world."

Percy hung his head a little when he said, "I will remember to close the door softly, and go upstairs as softly as I can, and not shout when I talk in the house." He had been told to do these things so many times that it made him ashamed to think of it.

Roy was all ready now. "I will remember to get my Sunday-school lesson every Saturday afternoon. I like to study after I begin, but I do not like to stop playing and come into the house."

"Now it is Vina's turn," said Milly.

Vina was a very shy, dimpled darling, the pet of the family. Though so young, she had listened to all that had been said, and knew what it meant. She stole up to Sister Bessy, who took her in her lap, then she clasped her chubby arms about Bessy's neck, and whispered in her ear.

"The best gift of all," said Bessy.

"Oh, tell us; tell us, what is Vina's gift?" cried the children.

"Oo musn't tell," said Vina, solemnly.

"You must keep this secret until New Year's day," said Bessy, "then we will tell mamma that we have each given her something, and she will put on her 'thinking cap' and tell us what she thinks the gifts are."

Such a mysterious time as there was from this afternoon until New Year's morning. Mamma looked at them so surprised, sometimes, when she saw them holding their hands over their mouths, to keep from laughing aloud.

New Year's morning, before anyone had left the breakfast table, Bessy said to mamma:

"You have had five New Year's gifts presented to you; I hope you are pleased with them."

Mamma seemed puzzled. She looked on the table and under the table, and on the back of her chair, and all around the room.

"Where are the gifts?" she asked.

At that the children burst into merry laughter.

"You can't see them by their shape," said Milly.

"Nor by their color," said Percy.

"Nor by their weight," said Roy.

"You can see 'em when de do 'em," said wise little Vina.

"Well, well, well!" said mamma, "these are the queerest gifts I ever had."

Then Bessy explained, and mamma began to think. If you will believe it she guessed every one of them—except Vina's.

Vina was delighted because mamma tried so hard to guess hers. At last Bessy said, "You will have to tell her, pet."

Vina sat in her little chair, facing mamma. She was smiling and rocking. She sat up straight now, and said:

"I jumped up twick 'n'yunned, when oo say, 'Do it Vina!'"

She gave a little jump as she said it, and "yunned" right into mamma's arms.

How they clapped hands and shouted, "Vina's is the best gift."

Why?

Selected.

Memory Gem.

Help us to do the things we should,
To be to others kind and good;
In all we do in work and play,
To grow more loving every day.



LESSON II.

BLESSING CHILDREN.

Suggestive Talk.

"Who was the loving Child that the stars sang about?" "I wonder if you know his mother's name?" "Do we have names when we are first born?" "If you have a new baby come to your house, he is generally called baby and everybody says, 'What are you going to call your baby?' and we think of all the nicest names we know and ask mamma to call him Johnny, or Charlie, or Tommy, or Vernon and ever so many more. But Jesus was named before He was born. An angel who came to see Mary, His mother, told her all about the beautiful baby that was coming and what name she must give Him. How very happy Mary must have felt when the beautiful baby came and He lay in her lap smiling at His mother just as our little babies do.

Then when He was eight days old He was blessed and given the name of Jesus, which means Savior and Savior means one who does something good for the people, and Jesus did good for everybody.

How many of you were blessed and given a name? Perhaps you don't remember, but every little baby boy and girl should be blessed when they are eight days old and should be given a name. Wouldn't it be strange if we didn't have a name? We should never know how to call one another. So you see it was right for

Jesus to be given a name. And as we try to make our lives as much as we can like Jesus we have all our babies blessed with a name.

How many of you little boys and girls have been to meeting on fast-day, what did you see? (Lead the children to tell of father and mother giving money or produce for the poor, and how the Bishop and his counselors take the little babies in their arms and bless them.)

"Well, when Jesus was about a month old His mother took Him to be blessed, but she didn't go to the meeting-house, she took Him to the Temple; and she took with her some pigeons to give as an offering. Now don't you think that Mary would have made her baby look just as nice as possible? What do you think she did to make Him look nice and sweet?

BLESSING THE BABY.

It was Saturday morning and the new baby was sick. Ruth felt very sorry, for there hanging on the clothes-horse was the pretty dress that the baby was going to wear tomorrow. Ruth had seen Aunt Jane wash and iron it with such care. How white it was and how smooth; and the trimming mamma had made with such patience. Besides Ruth had been allowed to peep into a box where lay such a nice, new warm coat and hood. For it would be cold for such a little tot, and mamma had said, "I think we had better take a shawl, too."

When papa went to work that morning Ruth had heard him say, "If baby isn't any better tomorrow, it won't be safe to take him to fast-meeting," and Ruth knew that mamma felt badly for when she came back from saying "good morning" to papa, her face looked sad and Ruth heard her sigh, and that made Ruth feel sad, too.

Everything was so quiet. Ruth sat in her own little corner playing with her dolly and making believe that the doll was sick, too. And she thought and thought to herself for such a long time that mamma wondered what ailed her little girl, and finally she said, "Ruth, what are you thinking about," and then the little girl ran to her mother and curling up in her lap said, "Mamma, I was thinking about our baby, and wishing he were well and could go to meeting tomorrow to be blessed, and I thought about what our Primary President told us, that if we wanted anything very much, we could ask the Lord for it, and if it was good for us He would let us have it.

"Yes dear," said mamma, "that is true."

"Well then, won't it be good for the baby to be blessed?"

"Yes, because the Lord desires us to take our babies to be blessed," answered mamma.

"Then," said Ruth, "I am going to ask the Lord to make my baby brother well," and jumping down off her mother's lap, she kneeled down and closing her eyes tightly, and with her hands clasped together she prayed that the baby should be made well, so that he could be taken to meeting. When she got up she put her arms around mamma's neck, and giving her a hug and a kiss, said, "Now mamma, don't worry, it's all right; the Lord will make brother well." Then she ran off to play, and when she picked up her dolly she said, "Now, dolly, you are going to get well, but we musn't make a bit of noise, or bother mamma, because if we want God to make brother well we must help all we can."

The next day when everybody was dressed and ready for meeting and papa took Ruth to walk with him, the little girl kept dancing along the road and looking so bright and happy that papa said, "What makes my little daughter so happy today," and Ruth, coming up close, said, "Because we are going to meeting to have our baby blessed." But mamma said, "I think Ruth is happy because she helped the Lord to bless the baby."

Memory Gem.

Strive to make each other happy,
And you will yourself be blessed.



LESSON III.

GOD'S CARE.

Suggestive Talk.

In the country where Jesus was born there lived a cruel king. When he heard that a little boy baby was born, who was going to be the greatest king, he was afraid that the baby would take his place away from him and rule over his people.

So he sent soldiers to find the little baby and kill him.

But one night an angel of the Lord came to Joseph, and told him what the king wanted to do, and he said, "Take Mary and the baby and go into the land of Egypt." Egypt was a long, long journey from Bethlehem, where Jesus was born, and it would take many, many days to get there. All the poor people had to walk, because there were no carriages or trains; but Joseph knew that it would be very hard for Mary to walk and carry the baby so far; so he got a donkey and put the mother and her baby on its back, and they started on the journey to Egypt, because the angel had told them to go there and the baby would be safe from wicked men.

It was often very hot and very dry and so dusty, but don't

you think that God would make it just as pleasant and comfortable as He could? I think He would, and perhaps the trees along the road would give just as much shade as they could, and the flowers would bloom brightly and send out their fragrance when they knew the little king was passing by. And perhaps when they rested beneath the kind shade of the trees and the donkey was nibbling the grass, the good mother would pick some of these blossoms and give to the baby to play with. And how sweet the fruit growing on the trees must have tasted to Joseph and Mary.

For two years they lived in this strange country and here little Jesus learned to walk and talk, and how happy Mary must have felt to know that her baby was safe and growing so strong and so beautiful; for he was always sweet and good, and you know, that is the best kind of beauty.

After the two years had gone by, the angel came again to Joseph and told him the wicked man was dead and now he could take Mary and Jesus back home. So they got on the donkey again and went back over the desert to Nazareth, where Jesus lived with Joseph and His mother for many years.

HOW GOD TOOK CARE OF NELLIE.

One morning when the sun was shining brightly and it looked so warm and sunny outdoors, you could hear the reaper over in the field where the ripe wheat was being cut. Nellie often went to the fields to visit papa where he was working. This was such a beautiful day she thought she would go for a little while to watch the men who were helping papa cut the wheat, and in a moment off she went as fast as her little feet would take her. She tried to catch up with the men, but they worked so fast, that she got tired and sat down by an old tree to rest.

Nellie hadn't been there very long before she heard a bird singing. She held her breath and watched to see where the bird was. He sang such a sweet song that Nellie clapped her hands with delight, and there he was, coming out of the wheat.

When the bird had flown so far away that Nellie couldn't hear him any more, she wondered if there was a nest in the wheat and into the wheat she went to find out. Her bright eyes searched carefully, and there sure enough, was a nest with three of the dearest, sweetest little birds, with their little downy heads and tiny mouths wide open. Nellie thought that was surely the very nicest place for a nest. It was like being in a golden forest; for the wheat was higher than Nellie's head and she couldn't help laughing, it was so cosy and nice for the little birds.

But the wheat never whispered to Nellie of the danger that was coming closer every minute, and the men who were driving the horses didn't know that a little girl was sitting down there

in the wheat, right where the sharp knives of the reaper would cut.

Nellie's papa was a good kind man who would not willingly hurt anybody, not even the least of God's creatures. And when his men were cutting close to the old tree, he said to one of them:

"Here, Tom, come and hold the team. I think there's a bird's nest hereabouts. We'll try and find where it is and drive around it so as not to hurt the little birds."

Imagine his surprise when he saw his darling little girl sitting there. His heart beat so fast when he thought of the danger she had been in. How he picked her up and kissed her, saying: "It must have been an angel who told me not to hurt the birds."

When the excitement was over, Nellie was carried home and papa told mamma all about it and then they kneeled down and thanked the Lord for whispering in papa's heart to be good to the little birds.

Memory Gem.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child cannot repay,
But may it be my daily prayer
To love Thee and obey.



LESSON IV.

HUMILITY.

Suggestive Talk.

The wicked man was dead, who had sought to hurt Jesus, and now Mary and Joseph and the baby could live in peace in their own home. I wonder if you can tell me the name of the place where this home was?

Nazareth was a lovely little village, built upon the side of a sunny hill, and there were other sunny hills around it, covered with vineyards and gardens and beautiful, fresh green meadows.

Everything seemed to grow and flourish in Nazareth better than in any other place. Figs and pomegranates, and oranges, and citrons, and mulberries, and rows and rows of grapevines hanging with bunches of beautiful purple grapes.

As for flowers, the hills and fields and meadows were covered with them. Scarlet poppies, white anemonies, roses, lilies, tulips, hollyhocks, mignonette. Even our dear little daisy grew there.

And there were birds, and bees, and butterflies, flitting joyously and pretty snow-white doves that cooed and sunned themselves on the square flat roofs of the houses all day long.

So Nazareth was just the sweetest, simplest, happiest little place in Palestine.

But everybody had work of some kind or other to do. No one was idle. Some took care of the sheep on the hill-side; some were vine-dressers, and looked after the grapes; some sowed the fields with wheat and barley, and then reaped them, and others ground the corn into flour to make bread for the neighbors to eat.

Besides these there must have been people who worked at different trades—a builder, a stone-mason, a wood-chopper, a brick-maker—for we are told that Joseph, Mary's husband, was a carpenter.

Though the Bible does not tell us what Jesus did at Nazareth when he was a little child, we feel sure he must have played about and amused himself sometimes like other children, and helped his parents to do many little things. Perhaps, at first, he fed the doves, or gathered up the shavings in his father's workshop, or watched his mother as she sat and spun. Perhaps, as he grew older, his mother would take him to the well to help carry home the jar of fresh clear water, or let him gather sprigs of leaves to put into the water-jar to keep the water cool and sweet. Then, in his play-time, he would ramble with his play-fellows over the hills and meadows, and the boys would wonder how it was that the most timid little lamb would leave its mother's side to follow Jesus, if he called it; and birds would stay beside him as he looked into their nests, and butterflies come fluttering to his finger. But Jesus knew His Heavenly Father had given life to all these happy things, so would not harm the least of them—not even the tiniest worm.

If he was poor and humble all his work would be beautifully done; he would never waste time in idle foolish talk, but listen to His father's teaching, and do His very best to please him. And everybody would love Jesus, and ask him to their houses; and little children would run out to meet him, because he was the kindest, gentlest; and most humble one in Nazareth.

THE APPLE BRANCH.

In the lovely month of May, a branch covered with beautiful pink flowers drooped from an apple tree. A fine, open carriage was driving past, and in it sat a fair princess. When she saw the apple tree she said: "What lovely blossoms! I must have some of them."

So the coachman stopped the horses, and the footman cut off the drooping spray of flowers and gave it to the princess. She took it in her white hand and sheltered it with her parasol; then they drove to the castle, the home of the princess.

Here she carried the apple-branch to her room. Rich lace curtains hung at the open windows, and costly flowers stood in

silver vases. In one of these vases, which stood in a window, the princess placed the apple-branch, with some fresh, light twigs of birch. It was a very pretty sight, and every one who came into the room said, "Oh, how beautiful!" So the branch became proud.

It looked out of the window over gardens and fields in which grew many flowers. Some of these were homely. The apple-branch said, "There is a great difference between these plain flowers and myself. How unhappy they must be. Now, who cares for a bouquet of those yellow flowers? They are too common; they are found everywhere, in fields and in streets, and they have such a common name, too,—dog flower, or dandelion—but there must be some plain flowers, I suppose.

And as it said this, a bright sunbeam kissed the yellow dandelion out in the field, and then the apple branch in the window, and said: "Is there such a difference between flowers? Are you not all sisters, the plain-looking and the beautiful? It isn't kind of you to talk about a difference. What is the plant that you think so ugly?"

"The dandelion," answered the apple-branch. "You know you never see it in a bouquet. Why, the princess passed by a great many of them this morning, without once noticing them, and people very often trample them under their feet, there are so many of them. When they go to seed they have flowers like wool, which fly away in little pieces over the roads and stick to people's dresses. They are only weeds. How glad I am that I am not an old weed."

When the wind whispered to the dandelions what the apple-branch had said, they pulled their little green sun-bonnets down over their faces and wondered if they really were only ugly weeds, and one of the little dandelions, peeping out at its dear old white-haired grandmother, said, "Surely no one could be more beautiful than she."

While the dandelions were feeling so sad, a whole group of children came across the fields. The youngest was so small that the other children had to carry him. When they had set him on the grass among the yellow flowers, he laughed aloud, he was so happy; then he kicked out his little legs, rolled about, and picked the dandelions which grew about him and kissed them, and they smiled back, happy because he loved them.

The older children picked off the flowers with long stems. They made chains from these for their necks, then others to go across their shoulders and hang down to their waists, and at last wreaths for their heads. They looked quite splendid in their garlands of green stems and golden flowers. After this they made curls from some of the stems, and fastened them to their wreaths.

The oldest one gathered carefully the faded flowers, on the stems of which clustered the seeds, looking like white feathery

crowns. She held these to her lips and tried to blow away a whole crown with one puff of her breath.

"Do you not see," said the sunbeam, "how much pleasure dandelions give?"

"Yes, to children," said the apple-branch.

By and by an old woman came hobbling into the field, leaning on a cane. She began to dig up the dandelion plants with an old knife without a handle. She wanted part of them for greens for herself, and the others she wanted to sell so as to make some money.

"What a help these dandelions are to this old woman," said the sunbeam.

"People do not eat and make playings of beautiful flowers," said the apple-branch.

"But God loves the dandelions just as much as He does the more beautiful flowers, and cares for them just as tenderly," said the sunbeam.

Then some people came into the room, among them the young princess. She carried in her hand something that seemed like a flower. It was covered very carefully by two or three great leaves so that no gust of wind could harm it.

As soon as the windows were closed, the large leaves were taken off very gently, and there, right before the apple-blossom, stood the feathery seed crown of the ugly dandelion. The princess held it up and said, "Could anything be more beautiful? See how very light and airy. How wonderful God has made this flower. I will paint it with the apple-branch. Every one thinks the apple-blossom beautiful, but this humble flower has another kind of beauty; and, although they are different, each is beautiful."

Then the sunbeam kissed them both, and upon the flowers of the apple-branch came a rosy blush.





OLD TESTAMENT.—LESSON I.

HELPFULNESS

Suggestive Talk.

Another year has come to us since we last met—1902. We look back and remember the good times and the good things that came to us in the past year. Let us name some of them. (Have children mention them, such as food, clothing, homes, holidays, etc.) Now we wonder what the new year has for us. It is all before us, like a sheet of clean, white paper on which we can write; but the stories we write on it must be written not by words, but by the acts we do. Shall it be a happy New Year, as we hear people saying? We can make it such if we want to.

In the year 1902 we all want to grow larger, wiser, and better. To grow larger, we must eat good food, take plenty of exercise, and take good care of our health; to grow wiser we must learn all we can at school and wherever we are. But how shall we grow better? (Let the children tell some ways to help grow better). One way is by trying each day to forget ourselves and making someone happy, so that those we meet will be glad to see us; even though we have to give up some of our own pleasures. Sometimes it may be hard, but let us make up our minds that we will not fail, but will do better the next day. President Snow, who loved the children, said to them one day last summer:

“You cannot always be as good as you want to be; you will say some things you wish you had not said; you will do some things you wish you had not done. When you go to rest you will think about it; you will say to yourself, ‘Well, today I have done things I wish I had not done. I have not followed the instructions of my teachers as I should have done, and I am sorry for it; and tomorrow I am going to do a little better than I did today.’ We cannot be perfect all at once. It takes a long, long time. The Lord will forgive us the little things we do today, if we will tell Him when we kneel by the bedside on retiring to rest, say to Him that we have not done as well as we wish we had done, and that we want Him to forgive us. Say to Him that you will do better tomorrow, and when tomorrow comes you will do better.”

Grandma wanted to help her little grandchildren do better, so one New Year's eve she called them all to her and told them

that she had a New Year's present for them. She had five little packages, all alike, wrapped in white paper and tied with a ribbon. She gave one to each of the children. When they opened the parcels, they found a little pin cushion and a great many pins in a paper. Tommy and Harry looked at the cushions and wondered what boys could do with pins and a cushion.

"What are they for, grandma?" they asked.

"Well," said grandma, "if you will use them just as I tell you, at the end of the year they will tell you a story."

"A story! How can a pin cushion tell a story?"

"I will tell you," said grandma. "Each time you are cross or unkind with each other or with your playmates, or disobey mother or father, or do anything you know you should not do, I would like you to put a pin in the cushion. Every time you do some kind little act, speak a kind word to some one, or help those who need your help, I want you to take a pin out."

The children promised to do this, and what is more, they tried to keep their promise. At the end of the year they came to grandma again, and each little cushion told its story, some of them sad little stories; and as they looked at them, the children could remember why some of the pins were in the cushion. Tommy had a great many more pins than he liked to have; but grandma could see that there were many marks where the pins had been taken out. She gave them each a new cushion and told them to see what stories these new ones would tell. Tommy went to her and whispered, "Grandma, I think mine will tell a better story next year." And it did.

FATHER TIME'S VISIT.

"Just tonight," pleaded Charlie. "I have never sat up to see the New Year come in yet."

"Very well, dear," said mother, "but I am afraid you will get very sleepy."

"No, indeed, I shall not be sleepy. Besides that, this is such a good chance to read the book I got for Christmas."

Outside the cold wind was blowing around the house and the snow was drifting, but in the room where Charlie and his mother sat there was a bright, warm fire burning. Winter could not get in there; but they could often hear the wind whistling, and were glad that they were out of the storm.

Charlie was soon reading his book; but then he got tired of it, and taking his chair over by the grate, he sat looking into the fire and thinking of the New Year that was just coming.

Soon an old, old man came into the room. His hair was long and white and he was covered with snow. Under his arm he carried a large flat parcel. He walked over beside Charlie.

"Don't you know me?" he said to Charlie with a smile.

"No," answered Charlie, "I think I have never seen you before."

"Well, well, that is strange," said the old man. "I know you well. I have seen you many, many times. I am old Father Time. Perhaps you have heard of me. I saw you were waiting for the New Year, and I thought I would come and talk to you and show you something."

As he said this, he took from under his arm the parcel he carried, and handed it to Charlie, who was so astonished and excited that he could scarcely unwrap the parcel. Finally he got the paper off and found a large book, on the cover of which was written "1901."

"Come to the table, and we will look at it," said Father Time.

They both drew their chairs up to the table, and Father Time opened the book. Charlie looked at the first page in wonder. He rubbed his eyes and then looked again. In the center of the page was a picture, painted in bright beautiful colors, of a large room with many children in it, all looking very happy. Charlie knew it was a picture of a party that he went to last New Year's day. Yes, sure enough! There was Charlie himself just giving his place in a game to a timid little boy whom nobody else had noticed. The little boy had given him such a sweet smile of thanks, and that same smile was on the face in the picture.

"I think that must have been a very happy day," said Father Time, looking kindly at Charlie.

"It was," said Charlie; and then Father Time turned to another page. There were no bright colors on this page; the picture was dark and gloomy; but Charlie could see a hill, and boys coasting down it. There coming down the hill, with his sled running into a large rock near the track was Charlie himself. As he looked at the picture his face saddened. Yes, he remembered it. It was last winter. Mother had told him not to coast on that big hill, but he thought he knew more about hills than his mother did. He meant to go down just once; but in going down that one time the sled went so fast he could not tell how to steer, and he had run into the rock. He was hurt, and was taken home to mother. Even now he can see her face, so sad, but so sweet; and as Charlie thought of it the tears came into his eyes so that he could scarcely see the picture.

"Here is a brighter picture," said Father Time, turning over the leaves.

Charlie looked. It was another bright colored picture. Now it was springtime and a little boy stood by a bird's nest, just putting back in the nest a poor little bird that had fallen out. Charlie thought nobody knew of this.

Father Time turned page after page. Some of the pictures were beautiful, and others were dark and gloomy. Charlie found himself in each picture, and remembered what he had done.

"That was a fine day," he said, as they turned to a picture of the procession of the Fourth of July. What a good time we had that day."

Father Time kept turning the pages, and Charlie found that all of the little things he had done, and had almost forgotten, made the pictures either beautiful or dark and sad. It made him sorry to see the dark ones, and Father Time looked sad, too.

They were getting near the end of the book. It was winter again. Here was a page with a large beautiful picture on it. A smile came to Charlie's face. How did Father Time find all these things out? It happened only last week. He had such a nice, new sled that Santa Claus had brought him, and was going out one morning to try it, when he met a little girl, poorly clothed, large holes in her shoes, and the saddest face Charlie had ever seen.

"Do you want a ride? he asked her."

"Would you give me one?" she had said.

"Of course I will, just get on." She looked so happy. He had meant to give her a little ride and then go with the boys, but when he ran fast, she laughed and clapped her hands, so he thought he would take her for a long, long ride. He could go coasting some other time, and perhaps she could not have another ride.

Father Time looked at him and smiled. "We like the bright pictures the best, don't we?"

"Charlie, Charlie! Wake up. It is almost time for the New Year to come," Charlie heard his mother saying. He got up, rubbed his eyes, looked at the table and all around the room. Where was the book, and where was Father Time?

"I was afraid it would be too long for my boy to sit up," said mother.

Just then the bells began to ring, and Charlie knew that the old year had gone, and that the New Year had come. When the bells stopped ringing, he went to his mother, and putting his arms around her neck, he whispered:

"Mother, I am going to try to have more beautiful pictures in 1902 than I had in 1901."

"More beautiful pictures!" said mother. "I don't know what you mean."

Charlie thought of Father Time and said, "I am going to try to make this year a happy one."

Memory Gem.

"He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day."



LESSON II.

OBEDIENCE.

Give talk on obedience-

ADAM AND EVE.

Long, long ago, there was a very beautiful garden, called the Garden of Eden. In it grew flowers of every kind, grass, and large stately trees, and all kinds of fruit. A large river ran through the whole garden. There were no weeds nor thorns. Adam and Eve lived here, and all they had to do was to take care of this beautiful garden; but this was not very hard work, because there was no frost nor snow, and no cold winds blew there to hurt the flowers or fruit, and everything grew with very little care. The Lord used to come here and talk with Adam and Eve, and they loved Him and were not afraid of Him, for they had always done as He wished them to do. The Lord brought all the birds, the large and the small ones, all the animals, that lived on the earth, and asked Adam to name them. Then the Lord told Adam that he should be the master of all the animals on the earth.

Adam and Eve were very kind to all the animals, and even the tiniest bird was not afraid of them, but would fly around them. There was plenty of food in the garden for all the animals and birds, and also for Adam and Eve.

When the Lord placed this man and woman in the garden, He told them that they might eat the fruit from every tree in the whole garden, excepting one tree, and from that one they should not take any fruit, they should not even touch it. He told them that if they should eat any of it, they would be very unhappy, and would have to work very hard; the animals would not love them, and then they would die.

Adam and Eve were very happy in this Garden of Eden, and would walk along in the shade of the beautiful trees, looking at the birds and flowers, and the many pretty things that grew there. When they saw the fruit on one tree and wished that they might eat it, they would remember that the Lord had said they should not eat any of that fruit, and they would walk away from the tree and think of other things.

One day Eve was sitting alone near the tree. A serpent came up to her as she was looking at the fruit, and said:

"Why don't you eat some of that fruit? It is very beautiful."

"Yes, said Eve, "it does look beautiful; but the Lord has told us that we must not eat it."

"But you can eat the fruit from all the trees in the Garden, can't you?" asked the serpent.

"From all but that tree," answered Eve.

"O, it will not hurt you," said the serpent. "It is very good, and it will make you wise."

When the serpent told Eve that the fruit would make her wise, she wished she might eat some of it. She looked at it and saw how nice it looked, and then she wanted it more and more. She forgot what God had said, and she thought only of what the serpent had said, and took some of the fruit. She tasted it, and as it was so good, she ate it.

"I wish Adam would eat some of it," she thought; so she took some off the tree and took it to him.

"See, Adam," she said, "here is some of the fruit of that beautiful tree. Will you not eat some of it?"

"No," said Adam, "the Lord has told us not to do so."

"But I have eaten some, and it was good."

Then Adam took some of the fruit and ate it. Soon they heard the Lord calling to them. Before this they had always liked to talk with the Lord, but today they were afraid, and they ran away and hid themselves from Him. But the Lord knew where they were, and He also knew why they were afraid; He knew that they had eaten some of the fruit He had told them not to touch. When He asked them about it, Adam said:

"Eve gave it to me, and I ate it."

"And the serpent told me it would not hurt me," said Eve; "and I wanted to be wise."

Then the Lord told them they had not done as He had asked them; they had eaten that fruit, and now they would have to leave their beautiful home in the Garden of Eden and would have to work hard, and have much sorrow, and at last would die.

The Lord was angry with the serpent, too, and told him that from that time he would have to crawl on the ground, and men should hate serpents and try to kill them.

Then Adam and Eve left the Garden of Eden where they had been so happy, and where they had been able to talk with the Lord; and they went out into the world. The Lord showed Adam how to till the earth, plant seeds, and take care of the trees and plants that grew from them. But now this was hard work, for weeds, and thistles and thorns, would grow, and Adam had to watch his plants and take care of them, so that he could get food for himself and Eve to eat. And they did not go back to the beautiful Garden of Eden.

WILLIE'S VICTORY.

It was a beautiful afternoon in January. The air was clear and cold, and there had been a heavy frost for several nights, so that all the boys said the ice was excellent for skating.

Willie Heath trudged along with his skates over his arm and his hands in his pocket. It was just the right kind of a day for good skating, and Willie should have been very happy about it; but he was not. He looked just as discontented and unhappy as a boy could possibly look.

"I think it is a shame," he muttered. "I wonder why I can't stay out as late as the other boys. I am twelve years old. Tonight it will be moonlight, too, and the boys from Melton will be here. And now I have to be home at half past seven. Half past seven! Why that will not give us time for anything; it is nearly four o'clock now. I wonder why mothers always want the boys to come home early."

By this time Willie was getting near to the pond where the boys were skating, and soon he heard their shouts and laughter. Then his face began to brighten. Well, he would have a good time while he was there, any way.

"Hello, Willie," shouted one of the boys, "hurry and get on your skates or you will miss all the fun."

Willie sat down on the bank and soon had his skates on.

"Come," he said, "and I will race with you across the pond." And soon they were skimming over the ice. They played all sorts of games on the ice, and forgot that it was a cold winter day. How quickly the time passed. The sun had gone down and the moon was shining brightly. As Willie went near the bank, he saw two men standing there.

"Well," said one, "it is nearly half past seven. Good night." Nearly half past seven! Just about time for Willie to go home.

"I don't want to go home yet," he thought. "The fun is just beginning, and the boys from Melton will be here soon."

"But your mother told you to be home at half past seven," a little voice seemed to say to him.

"Well, I can't help it if she did. I think it is just too bad. What harm would there be if I should stay just a little while longer." But again the little voice said, "But you would be disobeying your mother."

Willie wished the little voice would be quiet; but instead of being quiet, it said: "And she does so much for you all the time. Can't you do that little thing for her?"

By this time Willie was sitting on the bank.

"Yes," he thought, as he began to take off his skates, "mother is always so good to me. I will go home right away."

As Willie went whistling along, somehow the moon seemed

to shine more brightly than ever. He was soon home, and hurrying in, he found his mother sitting by the fire. She looked up at the clock and said:

"Just on time, my boy, I thought you would be." And Willie was thinking, "How glad I am that I came right home."

"Willie, dear, will you please go in the other room and bring me that book off the table?"

"Yes, mother," and he hurried into the room. He opened the door, and——

"Surprise!" shouted some one in the room. Willie looked around and saw about twenty of his friends, and on the other side of the room stood the boys from Melton whom he had expected to meet on the pond.

What a good time they had! The evening seemed altogether too short, and the boys and girls went home saying it was the best "surprise" of the season; and Willie, too, thought it was one of the happiest nights of his life; for he had gained a victory. Can you tell what the victory was?

Memory Gem.

"If you are told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really;
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely.

"Never make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady.
All obedience worth the name
Must be prompt and ready."



LESSON III.

FAITH.

Give talk on faith-

THE FLOOD.

In very early times, the people lived to be very old. Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years, and his son Seth lived nearly as long, and many others after him. The oldest man, Methuselah, lived until he was nearly nine hundred and sixty-nine years old.

A long time after Adam died, the people became very wicked. They were quarreling among themselves, and the rich would not help the poor, and the strong people, who should have taken care of the weak, used to hurt them, and there was no safety in all the land.

There was one man among them who was still a good man.

His name was Noah. He had three sons, whom he had taught to be good men and to believe what the Lord told them.

One day the Lord told Noah that the people were getting so wicked that they would have to be destroyed; that they could no longer live on the earth. As Noah and his family were good and kept the commandments of the Lord, the Lord would spare their lives. He told Noah, too, that a great rain would come and that Noah should build a large boat, or an ark, so that he and his family and also some of the birds and animals of every kind on the earth could be saved.

Noah had never seen a great rain or flood, and it seemed strange to build a boat so far from water; but he had faith in the Lord and he knew that the Lord would never tell him anything that would not happen.

Soon the people saw Noah and his sons getting ready to build the boat, and they went and asked him what he was going to make. Noah told them he was going to build a boat.

"A boat!" they said. "What is the use of building a boat so far away from the water. You will never be able to use it."

"Oh, yes, I shall," said Noah. "The Lord has said that the people are getting so wicked that He is going to send a flood to destroy them all, and I am building this ark that I and my family may be saved. The Lord told me to do this. Unless you repent and live better lives, you will be destroyed. Why will you not believe what the Lord has said?"

The people would not listen to Noah, but they laughed at him for believing he would ever need the ark. Instead of helping him build the boat, they did all they could to hinder him.

It took a long, long time to build the ark, it was so large; but at last it was finished. It was five hundred feet long and eighty feet wide. It was three stories and on one side there was a window and a door, and the top was covered with a roof so that the rain could not get in. Then Noah and his sons started to put in provisions. They had to put in enough for eight people, Noah and his wife, and their three sons and their wives; and besides that there had to be hay and grain and other food for all the animals that were to go in the ark. Then they got the animals and birds of all kinds, the tame and the wild ones, and took them into the ark. They all went in quietly. The wild animals did not try to hurt each other, and even the little lambs were not afraid. They seemed to understand that Noah was going to take care of them. When they were all in, Noah and his sons and their wives went into the boat, and Noah closed the door. Soon it began to rain. At first the people who had laughed at Noah thought it was just going to be a rain storm, and would soon be over. But it did not stop. The rain kept falling and falling. Soon it came to the windows of the houses, then

to the roofs, and still it rained. Forty days and forty nights the rain was falling. The sea was filled and the water covered the land right to the top of the highest mountains. Nothing could be seen but water, and every living thing on the earth was drowned.

The large boat floated calmly on the top of the water, and the eight people who believed in the Lord, and all the animals with them in the ark were alive and safe.

At last a wind came to dry up the water, and the ark landed on the top of a high mountain called Ararat. The people were in the ark a whole year, for it took all that time for the water to dry. One day Noah opened the window and sent out a raven. The bird flew around and around, but it did not come back. Noah waited some time, and then he sent out a dove. The dove flew around for awhile, but it could not find a tree nor anything to rest on, so it came back and tapped on the window, and was taken into the ark again.

"The water has not all gone yet," said Noah, "or the bird would not have come back."

They waited seven days longer, and then sent the dove out again, and soon it came back with an olive leaf in its mouth. Then Noah knew that the water was nearly gone, and that the trees were beginning to grow. Another seven days they waited in the ark, and the dove was sent out again. This time it did not come back, for it had found a place to build its nest. Now the people in the ark knew that all the water was gone. They began to get ready to leave the ark, and Noah took the roof off and they saw that the ground was dry. Soon the Lord told them that they should leave the ark, and take all the animals with them.

As far as they could see, there was not a house nor a sign of any human being; but everywhere the grass was springing up fresh and green, and the trees were full of leaves, the beautiful flowers were budding and blooming, and all the world was clean and bright.

You may be sure that Noah and his family were very glad to be on the land once more, and were very grateful to the Lord for taking care of them, and the first thing they did was to gather stones and build an altar so that they might offer a sacrifice to the Lord as they had been taught to do. Then the Lord said to them:

"I will not curse the ground any more for man's sake. Neither will I smite any more everything living as I have done. While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."

And the Lord told them that He would give them something to remember that He would no more send a flood to destroy

the world. He told Noah to look, and there was a rainbow in the clouds, and the Lord said that should be a sign of the promise.

HEALED THROUGH THE POWER OF GOD.

The Lord in these days has given power to those who have faith in Him, as we find from the following story, told by President Wilford Woodruff, in "Leaves From My Journal:"

"While I was living in this cabin in the old barracks, we experienced a day of God's power with the Prophet Joseph. It was a very sickly time and Joseph had given up his home in Commerce to the sick, and had a tent pitched in his door-yard and was living in that himself. The large number of Saints who had been driven out of Missouri, were flocking into Commerce; but had no homes to go into, and were living in wagons, in tents, and on the ground. Many, therefore, were sick through the exposure they were subjected to. Brother Joseph had waited on the sick, until he was worn out and nearly sick himself.

On the morning of the 22nd of July, 1839, he arose reflecting upon the situation of the Saints of God in their persecutions and afflictions, and he called upon the Lord in prayer, and the power of God rested upon him mightily, and as Jesus healed all the sick around Him in His day, so Joseph, the Prophet of God, healed all around on this occasion. He healed all in his house and dooryard, then, in company with Sidney Rigdon and several of the Twelve, he went through among the sick lying on the bank of the river, and he commanded them in a loud voice, in the name of Jesus Christ, to come up and be made whole, and they were all healed. When he healed all that were sick on the east side of the river, they crossed the Mississippi river in a ferry-boat to the west side, to Montrose, where we were. The first house they went into was President Brigham Young's. He was sick on his bed at the time. The Prophet went into his house and healed him, and they all came out together. As they were passing by my door, Brother Joseph said: "Brother Woodruff, follow me." These were the only words spoken by any of the company from the time they left Brother Brigham's house till we crossed the public square, and entered Brother Fordham's house. Brother Fordham had been dying for an hour, and we expected each minute would be his last.

I felt the power of God that was overwhelming His Prophet.

When we entered the house, Brother Joseph walked up to Brother Fordham, and took him by the right hand; in his left hand he held his hat.

He saw that Brother Fordham's eyes were glazed, and that he was speechless and unconscious.

After taking hold of his hand, he looked down into the dy-

ing man's face and said: "Brother Fordham, do you not know me?" At first he made no reply; but we could all see the effect of the Spirit of God resting upon him.

He again said: "Elijah, do you not know me?"

With a low whisper, Brother Fordham answered, "Yes!"

The Prophet then said, "Have you not faith to be healed?"

The answer, which was a little plainer than before, was: "I am afraid it is too late. If you had come sooner, I think it might have been."

He had the appearance of a man waking from sleep. It was the sleep of death.

Joseph then said: "Do you believe that Jesus is the Christ?"

"I do, Brother Joseph," was the response.

Then the Phophet of God spoke with a loud voice, as in the majesty of the Godhead: "Elijah, I command you, in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, to arise and be made whole!"

The words of the Prophet were not like other words of man, but like the voice of God. It seemed to me that the house shook from its foundation.

Elijah Fordham leaped from his bed like a man raised from the dead. A healthy color came to his face, and life was manifested in every act.

His feet were done up in Indian meal poultices. He kicked them off his feet, scattered the contents, and then called for his clothes and put them on. He asked for a bowl of bread and milk and ate it; then put on his hat and followed us into the street, to visit others who were sick.

While waiting for the ferry boat a man of the world, knowing of the miracles which had been performed, came to him (the Prophet Joseph) and asked him if he would not go and heal two twin children of his, about five months old, who were both lying sick nigh unto death.

They were some two miles from Montrose.

The Prophet said he could not go; but, after pausing some time, he said he would send some one to heal them; and he turned to me and said: "You go with the man and heal his children."

He took a red silk handkerchief out of his pocket and gave it to me and told me to wipe their faces with the handkerchief when I administered to them, and they should be healed. He also said unto me: "As long as you will keep that handkerchief, it shall remain a league between you and me."

I went with the man and did as the Prophet commanded me, and the children were healed.

I have possession of the handkerchief unto this day.

In whom did Noah have faith? How did he show his faith? What power has been given to those who have faith in the Lord? Can you tell of any blessings that have come through faith? Tell how the Prophet Joseph healed the sick.

Without faith it is impossible to please God.

“Little deeds of faith and love
Make a home for us above.”



LESSON IV.

PRAYER.

Talk on Prayer.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

Hager and Ishmael, her son, were going on a long journey. They had to go through a wilderness where they would not find anything to eat nor to drink, and so they had to take with them some bread and a bottle of water. There were no trains in those days, and so they had to walk all the way. The sun was warm, and as they walked on, they became very tired and thirsty, and took a drink of the water from the bottle. Soon the water was nearly all gone, and when Ishmael wanted a drink, Hagar could only let him have a little water. They kept walking on and on, and the sun streamed down on them, and the water in the bottle was all gone. They looked around for a brook or a spring so that they might get some water; but they could find none. They traveled on as long as they could, and then Ishmael said he could go no further. He would have to lie down. He lay down under one of the low shrubs in the wilderness. Hagar could not bear to see her son suffer so, and she thought he was going to die and she could do nothing for him. She went a little way from him; but she could see no water anywhere, and she cried aloud in her great sorrow for some one to help her. She sat there with her face covered with her hands, when she heard a voice calling to her.

“What ails you, Hagar,” said the voice. “Fear not; for God has heard the voice of the lad where he is.”

It was an angel speaking to Hagar. He told her to go and lift up the child and take care of him; for God would make him the father of a great nation. Hagar looked up, and not far away she saw a spring of water. She could not see it before, but now the Lord had helped her find it. With a glad cry, she went and

got the bottle and filled it with the clear, pure water. Then she carried it to Ishmael and gave him a drink of it and bathed his hands and face in it; and the boy soon grew strong and well when he was refreshed with the cool clear water. The Lord took care of Hagar and Ishmael, and they went on their journey in safety.

When we ask the Lord for help we call it praying. To whom should we pray? In whose name should we pray? Why is it even more necessary to pray in the morning than at night? (Encourage the children to tell of having their prayers answered.) How should we conduct ourselves while prayer is being offered? Of what should we be thinking?

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed."

"Prayer is the key of day and the lock of night."

LITTLE ARTHUR'S PRAYER

The little boys of the school went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to each other in whispers; while the elder, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring; "that's your wash-hand stand, under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his wash-hand stand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his

heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child, and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a snivelling young shaver. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"What's that for, Brown?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what it's for," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the old servant, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual "Good night, gentlemen."

There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement, and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leaped, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room. Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and give himself up to his Father before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

It was no light act of courage in those days for a little boy to say his prayers publicly even at Rugby. A few years later when Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the school, the tables were turned; before he died, in the school house at least, and I believe in the other houses, the rule was the other way. But poor Tom had come to school in other times. The first few nights after he came he did not kneel down because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out. So did many another poor little fellow. Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed, and then that it did not matter whether he was kneeling or sitting, or lying down. And so it had come to pass with Tom as with all those who will not confess their Lord before men; and for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling which was like to

break his heart was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed was brought in and burned in on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, to his God. How could he bear it? And then the poor little weak boy whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do. The first dawn of comfort came to him in vowing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens, for the good deed done that night.

Then he resolved to write home next day and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear his testimony next morning. The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip. Several times he faltered, for the tempter showed first all his old friends calling him "Saint" and "Square toes," and a dozen hard names, and whispered to him that his motives would be misunderstood, and he would only be left alone with the new boy; whereas it was his duty to keep all means of influence, that he might do good to the largest number. And then came the more subtle temptation, "Shall I not be showing myself braver than others by doing this?" Have I any right to begin it now? Ought I not rather to pray in my own study, letting other boys know that I do so, and trying to lead them to it, while in public at least, I should go on as I have done? However, his good angel was too strong that night, and he turned on his side and slept, tired of trying to reason, but resolved to follow the impulse which had been so strong, and in which he had found peace.

Next morning he was up and washed and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say—the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room—what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for his life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world. It was not needed: two other boys besides Arthur had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with the glimmer of another lesson in his heart—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit has conquered the whole outward world.

He found, too, how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by this act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.

Thomas Hughes.



HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.—LESSON I.

KINDNESS.

“We are standing on the threshold, we are in the open door,
We are treading on the borderland we have never trod before;
Another year is opening, and another year has gone,
We have passed the darkness of the night, we are in the early
morn.

“We have left the field behind us over which we scattered seed;
We pass into the future which none of us can read.
The corn among the weeds, among the stones and surface mold,
May yield a partial harvest; we hope for sixty fold.

“Then hasten to fresh labor, to thresh and reap and sow.
Then bid the New Year welcome and let the old year go.
Then gather all your vigor, press forward in the fight;
And let this be your motto, ‘For God and for the right.’”

Suggestive Talk.

Happy New Year to you all! How have you spent Christmas? What presents did you give? Did you make any yourselves? I always appreciate anything that is made for me and think of the loving heart that directed the hands to shape this token of remembrance.

How many have heard of our Primary magazine? Who knows its name? The young men have a little book called “The Era” for their guide, the young ladies have their magazine to help them in their lessons, and now the children have a little book to assist them. In it are the lessons for each meeting, besides interesting stories. We expect to have our meetings more interesting than they have ever been before. And just think all the Primaries in the Church will have the same lessons as ourselves.

Well, I don't intend to give you a lesson today for the holidays have unsettled us a little for serious subjects, but I will relate a story I read

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

It was the day before New Year's. Snow was falling heavily in the streets of Salt Lake, but the crowd of shoppers seemed undiminished. As the storm increased, groups gathered at the corners, and in sheltering doorways to wait for belated cars; but the holiday cheer was in the air, and there was no grumbling. Mothers dragging tired children through the slush of the streets; pretty girls taking a last look at the gay holiday ribbons and hats; all had the same spirit of good humor.

"Second East! Second East!" called the conductor of an electric car. A group of young people at the farther end of the car started to their feet, one of them, a young man wearing a heavy fur-trimmed coat, addressed the conductor angrily:

"I said Opera House, didn't I?" he demanded. "Now, you stupid, we have got to walk back in the snow."

"Oh, don't be cross, Fred," cried one of the girls. "We ought to have been looking out ourselves! Six of us! And we went by without a thought! It's Auntie's fault. She shouldn't have been so entertaining."

The young matron smiled and blushed. "That is charming of you, Nettie," she said as she gathered up her silk skirts and prepared to step into the pool below.

Looking pleasantly at the conductor, Nettie Morris said: "Never mind! we all have our rubbers on."

"Fares please," he said, with a cheerless air.

Fred Raymond thrust his hand deep into his pocket with an angry gesture.

"There's your money," he said, "and be quick about the change, will you? We've lost time enough."

The man counted out the change with stiff red fingers, closed his lips firmly as if to keep back an angry retort, rang up the six fares with careful accuracy, and gave the signal to go ahead. The car went on into the drifting storm. Raymond laughed shortly as he rapidly counted the bits of silver lying in his open palm. He turned instinctively, but two cars were already between him and the one he was looking for.

"The fellow must be crazy," he said, coming up to the group on the side walk. "He gave me back one dollar and twenty cents, and I only gave him a dollar bill."

"Oh! can't you stop him?" cried Nettie Morris, with a backward step into the wet street.

The University Freshman who was carrying her umbrella protested, "What's the use Miss Morris. He'll make it up before he gets to Ninth East, you may be sure. Those chaps don't lose anything. Why, the other day I gave one a quarter and he went off as cool as you please. "Where's my change?" said I. "You gave me

a nickel," said he. And there wasn't anybody to swear that I didn't except myself, and I didn't count."

"But that doesn't make any difference," insisted the girl warmly. "Because one conductor was dishonest, we needn't be. I beg your pardon Fred, but it does seem to me just stealing."

"Oh, come along," said her cousin with an easy laugh. "I guess the Salt Lake City Corporation won't go without their dinners tomorrow. Here, Nettie, here's the ill-gotten fifty cents! I think you ought to treat us all after the concert; still I won't urge you, I wash my hands of the whole responsibility. But I do wish you hadn't such an unpleasant conscience."

Nettie flushed under the sting of this cousinly rudeness but she went on quietly with the rest. It was evident that any attempt to overtake the car would be out of the question.

"Did you notice his number, Fred?" she asked suddenly.

"No, I never thought of it," said Fred, stopping short. However I shouldn't make any complaint if I had. I shall forget all about it tomorrow."

"I wasn't thinking of making any complaint," said Nettie, but the two young men were enjoying the small joke too much to notice what she said.

The great doorway of the Opera House was just ahead. In a moment the party were within its friendly shelter, stamping off the snow. The girls were removing veils and putting the last touches to their toilets, and the young men were removing their wet overcoats, when Nettie turned again in sudden desperation.

"Mr. Sanders," said she rather faintly for she did not like to make herself disagreeable. "Do you suppose the car comes right back?"

"What car?" asked Walter Sanders blankly. "Oh, that one we came in? Yes, I suppose it does. They're running all the time anyway. Why you are not sick are you?" He looked at her with concern. There was an earnestness in this girl that he liked and a look in the gray eyes that reminded him of his mother.

"No," said Nettie slowly, "I'm all right, thank you, but I wish I could find that man again. I know sometimes they have to make up their accounts if they are wrong, and I couldn't—we couldn't feel very comfortable—"

"Nettie," interrupted her cousin in a tone one uses with an unreasonable child. "You are perfectly silly. Here it is within five minutes of the time of the concert to begin. It is impossible to find that car. Nettie, you are making us all quite uncomfortable. Mrs. Farrell," he said, turning to her aunt, "won't you please tell her not to spoil our evening?"

"I think he is right Nettie," said Mrs. Farrell. "It's very nice of you to feel so sorry for the poor man, but he really was very careless. It was all his own fault. And just think how far

he made us walk. My feet are quite damp. We ought to go in directly, or we shall all take cold, and I'm sure you wouldn't like that, my dear."

She led the way as she spoke, the two girls and young Raymond following. Nettie hesitated. It was so easy to go in, to forget everything in the light and warmth and excitement.

"No," said she very firmly, as much to herself as to young Sanders who was waiting for her. "I must go back and try to make it right. I am so sorry, Mr. Sanders, but if you will tell them—"

"Why, I'm going with you of course," he broke in impulsively. "If I'd only looked once at the man I'd go without you but I shouldn't know him now from Adam."

Nettie laughed, "Oh, I don't want to lose the whole concert, Mr. Sanders, and Fred has all the tickets. You must go after them and try to make my peace. I'll come just as soon as I can. Don't wait for me please. If you will come and look for me here with my ticket after the first number and not let them scold me too much—" She ended with a little catch in her breath which sounded almost like a sob.

Meanwhile the car swung heavily along the wet rails. It was nearly empty now. An old lady was the only occupant. Joe Parks, the conductor had stepped inside the car.

"Too bad I forgot those young people wanted to get off at the Grand," he was thinking to himself. "I don't see how I came to do it. That young chap looked as if he wanted to complain of me, and I don't know as I blame him. I'd have said I was sorry if he hadn't been so sharp with his tongue. I hope he won't complain just now. 'Twould be a pretty bad time for me to get into trouble, with Susie and the baby both sick. I'm too sleepy to be good for much, that's a fact. Sitting up nights take hold of a fellow somehow, when he is at work all day. The rent's paid, that's one thing, if it hasn't left me but half a dollar to my name. Hullo!" He was struck by a sudden recollection of the coins he had returned. "Why, I gave him fifty cents too much!"

He glanced up at the dial which indicated the fares and began to count the change in his pocket. He knew exactly how much money he had at the beginning of the trip. He counted carefully. Then he plunged his hand into the heavy canvas pocket of his coat, thinking he might have half a dollar there. No; it was empty.

Fifty cents short, ten fares! Gone into the pocket of the young gentleman with the fur collar! The conductor's hand shook as he put the money back in his pocket—what did it mean—he drew a long breath.

New Year's eve! A pale, thin woman on a shabby lounge, trying to quiet a fretful child. The child is thin and pale too

from its long illness with typhoid fever. The medicine stands on the shelf. "Medicine won't do much good," the doctor had said, "They need nourishing food."

Joe's heart sank at the thought. He had promised the baby the toy he had not the money to purchase for him on Christmas. He could almost hear the baby boy asking: "Isn't papa coming soon?"

"Poor little kid," Joe said softly under his breath. "And I shan't have a thing to take home to him, nor Susie's violets either."

On New Year's day she had promised to be his wife and he had given her a bunch of violets, and each New Year's since he had brought home a bunch of the fragrant little blossoms.

I suppose that chap would think it ridiculous for me to be buying violets. He wouldn't understand what the flowers mean to Susie. Perhaps he didn't notice I gave him too much. That kind don't know how much they have. They just pull it out as if it were a newspaper."

The conductor went out into the snow to help the old lady off. Then the car swung on again. Joe turned up the collar of his coat about his ears and stamped his feet.

A thought flashed across his tired brain. Plenty of men would do it. They do it every day. Nobody would ever be the poorer for it. This car will be crowded going home and I needn't ring in every fare: Nobody could tell. Oh! but Susie. She wouldn't touch those violets if she knew. And she'd know, I'd have to tell her. I couldn't keep it from her, she's that quick.

He jumped off to adjust the trolley with a curious feeling tugging at his heart. It couldn't be that he was going home. New Year's eve too, with empty hands. Well, they must all suffer together for his carelessness. It was his own fault, but it was hard and he was so tired.

To his surprise he found his eyes were blurred as he watched the people crowding into the car. What! was he going to cry like a baby, he a great burly man of thirty years.

It's no use, he thought, I couldn't do it. The first time I gave Susie the violets, I promised to do my best to make her proud of me. I guess she wouldn't be very proud of a man who could cheat. She'd rather starve than have a ribbon she couldn't pay for.

He rang up a dozen fares with a steady hand. The temptation was over—six more strokes—then nine without a falter. He even imagined the bell rang more distinctly than usual.

The car stopped. Joe flung the door open with a triumphant sweep of his arm. He felt ready to face the world. But the baby. His arm dropped. It was hard.

"There was a mistake," she said, with a shy tremor of her

voice. "You gave us too much change and here it is." She held out to Joe the silver which had given him such an unhappy quarter of an hour.

He took it like one dazed. "Would the young lady think it was crazy to think so much about so small a coin?" He must say something. "Thank you, Miss," he stammered as well as he could. "You see, I thought it was gone—and there's the baby—and its New Year's eve and my wife sick—and you can't understand—."

It certainly was not remarkable that she couldn't.

"But I do," she said simply, "I was afraid of that. And I thought, perhaps, there was a baby, so I brought a present for her," and something else dropped into Joe's cold hand.

"What are you waiting for?" shouted the motorman from the front platform. The girl had disappeared in the snow.

Joe rang the bell to go ahead, and gazed again at two half dollars shining in his hand.

"I didn't have a chance to tell her," he explained to his wife later in the evening, "that the baby wasn't a her at all, though if I thought he'd grow up into such a lovely one as she is, I don't know but I almost wish he was.

"Poor Joe!" said Susie, with a little laugh as she put up her hand to stroke his rough cheek. "I guess you're tired."

"And I should say," he added stretching out his long legs toward the few red sparks in the bottom of the grate, "I should say she had tears in her eyes too, but I was that near crying myself I couldn't be sure."

The little room was sweet with the odor of English violets. Asleep in the bed lay the boy, a toy horse clasped close to his breast.

"Bless her heart!" said Susie softly.

"Well, Miss Morris," said Walter Sanders, as he sprang to meet a snow covered figure coming swift along the sidewalk, "I can see that you found him. You've lost the first number, but they won't scold you—not this time."

The girl turned a radiant face upon him. "Thank you," she said, shaking the snow crystals from her skirt. "I should have lost more than that if I had stayed."

Memory Gem.

Here is a lesson that he who runs may read,

Though I fear that few have won it,

The best reward of a kindly deed

Is the knowledge of having done it!

—Edgar Fawcett.

LESSON II.

PREPARATION FOR THE GOSPEL.

Chapter 1, "Young Folks' History of the Church," by Nephi Anderson.

INVENTION OF PRINTING.

The invention of printing did much to prepare the way for the Gospel for before this art was known every book was written by hand. It required a great deal of labor and time to make a book; and when it was finished, it was so costly that only a very rich person could afford to buy one.

For this reason Bibles were very scarce, and but few people had the privilege of reading the word of God. All the rest, if they heard it at all, must have it told to them. The most precious parts, those concerning Jesus and His great love for us, they seldom or never heard; and instead of thinking of God as our best friend, whom we may go to for comfort and consolation, He was regarded as a being a way off in space, far, far away from His children.

In the great schools in large monasteries were men whose business it was to make copies of the Bible and other books the people desired. Then other men ornamented them, and sometimes made pretty borders with ink of different colors.

One day a copyist who had to make several copies of the same book thought of a new plan. He carved a copy of each page on a block of wood. When it was finished it was carefully wet with a thick inky substance; then a sheet of paper was laid upon it and pressed down until an impression of the carved block was printed upon it. Each page was treated in the same way, but the paper could only be printed on one side.

Books made in this way were called block books, but as it required so much time and skill to engrave the blocks, this method of printing never came into general use.

Nearly six hundred years ago in the old Dutch town of Haarlem lived a man who was called Laurence Coster. He was honest and wealthy, and was much looked up to by the people.

He was fond of walking in the woods, and when tired would sit on the root of an old tree and pass the time away by splitting off pieces of the bark, and with his knife would cut out letters of the alphabet. He had learned this habit when he was a boy, and now he was old he liked to make these letters for the amusement of his grandchildren.

One day he wrapped these letters on a piece of parchment, which was made of sheep skin, and upon arriving home and opening the package he was surprised to see the imprint of several of

the letters on the parchment. The sap running out of the green bark had acted as ink. This accident set him to thinking.

He carved another set of letters with great care, and then dipping one side in ink pressed them on a sheet of parchment. The result was almost as good as the print of the block books.

"This," said he, "is better than the block method, because I can arrange and re-arrange the letters in any order I desire."

He set earnestly to work to improve his invention. He made a kind of ink that was more gluey than common ink. He carved a great many letters of different sizes, and thus with his improved ink he would print entire pages.

Then he tried making the letters of lead instead of wood; then he found that a mixture of lead and tin was harder and more durable than pure lead. Soon his books began to attract attention and there was much call for them, because they were much cheaper than the block books.

One day a young man by the name of John Gutenberg came trudging into Haarlem.

"What may be your business in our good city?" asked the landlord of the inn where he stopped.

"I am trying to gain knowledge by seeing the world, for I have visited most of the great cities of Europe."

"And what have you seen in your travels?" asked the landlord.

"The most wonderful thing I have seen," he answered, "is the general ignorance of the people. They seem to know nothing of the country they live in, and are ignorant concerning the people of other lands; but worse than all, they know nothing about the truth of religion. Now, if the common people could only buy books and be able to read, there would be far less ignorance.

"Why, we have a man here who makes books by a new method—much faster and cheaper than they were ever made before."

"Tell me where I can find this man," cried Gutenberg. He lost no time in seeking Laurence Coster, and the kind old gentleman told him all about his plans and showed him his movable type.

"Now," said Gutenberg, "knowledge will fly on the wings of truth to the uttermost parts of the earth."

He was so anxious to be doing something himself that he immediately hurried to Strasburg, where he rented a room and set to work to carry out his plans. He strung his sets of movable type on movable wire, so that he could print more rapidly than Laurence Coster. Then his letters of metal were better, and he learned to make ink of different colors. He made brushes and rollers for inking the "types," forms for keeping the letters together when arranged for printing, and finally the press for bringing the inked type against the paper.

But Gutenberg had spent much time and money on his invention, and was therefore in debt. His goods were seized and his types destroyed, and he was obliged to return penniless to his old home in Mayence.

But great minds are not easily daunted, and the Lord blesses those who try to help themselves and put their trust in Him.

Gutenberg next formed a partnership with an old friend who was very rich, and soon the business was in a flourishing condition.

But the copyists were opposed to this new way of making books, and so bitter was their opposition that they drove Gutenberg out of Mayence.

After wandering to various places in Germany, he gained the friendship of the Elector Adolphus. A printing press was set up in his court and there Gutenberg worked for several years.

He died at the age of sixty-nine years, leaving no property except a few books which he had printed.

His partner was more successful, and reaped great profits from the sale of the books he printed.

Just think that Bibles were sold then for \$72, and were considered cheap, and no wonder when the copyists demanded \$600. The people were very much surprised when Gutenberg's partner produced them as fast as they were wanted, and finally lowered the price.

The copyists were very bitter and called him a magician. Officers who were sent to arrest him found many Bibles in his room and some red ink.

"Now," they said, "here is the proof, for here is blood."

So in order to save himself from being burned, he was obliged to go before the law making body of Paris and explain his new method of making books, and that he used the red ink for ornamenting them.

Thus the art of printing by movable type became known to the world.

Memory Gem.

"The path that has once been trod,
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat."

LESSON III.

PERSONALITY OF GOD.

Chapter 2 of "Church History."

VISION OF THE BROTHER OF JARED.

Some time after the flood, the people thought they could build a tower that would reach to Heaven, so they would not be drowned again.

Now the Lord had promised the people that He would never destroy the earth again by water, so when He saw they had not faith in His promises He was displeased.

At this time all the people of the earth spoke one language. To prevent them from continuing their work, the Lord caused them to speak differently, so they could not understand one another.

Now, the brother of Jared, whose name was Mahonri Moriancumer was a man greatly favored of the Lord because of his great faith and obedience. His brother, knowing his integrity begged him to entreat the Lord not to change their language.

The Lord was merciful and not only permitted their language to remain unchanged, but that of their relatives also.

Then the Lord commanded them to leave their homes and come to this continent which he had decreed to be a land of promise, and whosoever should possess it must serve Him or be destroyed.

But in order to reach this land, they must cross the ocean, and to do this they must have vessels. No one understood the art of ship-building, but the Lord spoke from a cloud to the brother of Jared and instructed him in every particular how to build them.

Now, no provisions were made for light and air in these vessels, they being made exceedingly tight and strong, to withstand the fierce tempests of the ocean.

The Lord told the brother of Jared he could admit air by making a hole in the top of the ships or barges as they were called, but they could not have windows, because the storms would beat against them and dash them in pieces. Neither did he wish them to take fire.

Still the brother of Jared was not satisfied, but believed that the Lord would grant his request and provide some means of light for their vessels.

So great was his faith that he went to a mountain and melted out of the rock sixteen small stones which were as white and clear as transparent glass.

These he took to the top of a high mountain and cried again

unto the Lord saying: "Now, O Lord, do not be angry with Thy servant, for thou hast given us a commandment that we must call upon Thee, that from Thee we may receive according to our desires. And I know, O Lord, that Thou hast all power and can do whatsoever Thou wilt for the benefit of man; therefore, touch these stones with Thy finger, and prepare them that they may shine forth in the darkness that we may have light while we shall cross the sea. Behold, O Lord, Thou canst do this.

After the brother of Jared had ceased speaking, the Lord stretched forth his hand and touched the stones, one by one, with his finger, and so great was the faith of this man, that he saw the finger of the Lord, and it looked as if it were made of flesh and blood like a man's.

This sight struck him with fear and he fell down to the earth.

The Lord said unto him, "Arise, why hast thou fallen?"

"Because," he answered, "I saw the finger of the Lord, for I knew not the Lord had flesh and blood."

Then he asked the Lord to show himself and raising his eyes he beheld the Lord before him in the form of a man, "And never," said the Lord, "have I showed myself unto man whom I have created, for never has man believed in me as thou hast. Seest thou that ye are created after mine own image? Yea, even all men were created in the beginning after mine own image."

Now, boys and girls, if any of us are blessed with a vision of the Lord we will see Him in the form of a man.

Should any of you wish to read the rest of this interesting story of the Jaredites, you will find it contained in the Book of Ether in the Book of Mormon.

Memory Gem.

"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him."—Genesis, 1: 27.



LESSON IV.

TRUTHFULNESS.

Chapter 3 of the Church History.

DARE TO SPEAK THE TRUTH.

One day, a group of boys stood on the sidewalk before a large jeweler's store, pelting one another with snowballs. In an unlucky moment, the youngest sent a ball spinning through the air against the large plate glass window.

The crash terrified them all, but none of them so much as

the little fellow who stood pale and trembling with startled eyes, looking at the mischief he had done.

Won't old Baily be mad, though? Run, Rob; we won't tell. Run quick!"

"I can't," he gasped.

"Run, I tell you; he's coming! Coward! why don't you run? I guess he wouldn't catch me!"

"Little fool," said another, "he'll be caught sure! Hasn't got spunk enough to run away! Well, I've done all I can for him, anyway."

The door opened, and an angry face appeared.

"Who did this?" came in fierce, angry tones from the owner's lips. "Who did this? I say," he shouted. No one answered.

The poor shrinking, trembling boy drew near, and faced the angry man, and in tones of truth replied:

"I broke the window, sir."

"And you dare to tell me of it?" he said, as he caught Rob by the collar and jerked him off his feet.

"Sir," he said, "I dare not deny it, I dare not tell a lie."

This unexpected reply caused the stern man to pause, as he looked at the pale cheeks and frightened eyes through which the soul of truth and courage shone, his heart was touched.

"Come here, sir, and tell me your name."

"Rob Johnson, sir. Oh, what can I do to pay you. I'll do anything"—his eyes filled with tears—"only don't make my mother pay for it sir. It is hard enough for her without that."

"Will you shovel my walk when the next snow falls?"

Rob's face was radiant with joy as he answered. "I'll do it all winter, every time it snows, I'll do anything."

"Oh, that's enough, if you'll do it. You'll likely forget your promise though before a week has passed. Do you know why I let you off so easy? It was because you were not afraid to tell the truth. I like a boy that tells the truth. Now, be sure and come to me when the next snow falls."

"I will, sir."

"We'll all help him," shouted the others, and as they turned away they gave three hearty cheers for Mr. Baily, and three more for the boy who dared not tell a lie.

Several weeks had passed away and, in the hurry of business, Mr. Baily had forgotten all about the incident of the broken glass, one morning as he was leaving his home for his place of business, he noticed a boy, busily clearing the walk in front of his house. Instantly, he remembered the boy and his promise.

"Good morning," said Mr. Baily, "you are out early, I see you are true to your word. I am in a hurry now, but when you have finished call around at my store."

Touching his cap, the boy responded, "Thank you, sir."

Arriving at the store some two hours later Rob presented himself to the wealthy jeweler.

Looking up from a diamond ring that he held in his hand, Mr. Bailly said, "I have forgotten your name, my boy. Where do your parents live?"

"My name, sir, is Robert Johnson, but my father and mother are both dead. My mother died two weeks ago. She had not been well for years, but was obliged to work to keep me and my little sister. The doctor said that the cause of her death was heart failure, but sir, I believe it was working so hard when she was sick that killed her. And now," he said, a tear stealing down his cheek, "we live with a poor lady who was a friend of my mother's. She is very kind, but she cannot keep us unless I can find work, and I promised my mother on her death-bed I would take care of my sister."

"Cannot you find work?" asked Mr. Bailly.

"No, sir, I have tried but I have no one to recommend me."

"Have you no friend to speak for you?"

Rob hesitated for a moment, turning his old cap around in his hand. Then raising his head with a bright face, he held out a little worn Bible which he had taken from his pocket. As he handed it to Mr. Bailly. "That book will tell you, sir, of the only Friend I have to speak for me. It was my mother's."

Mr. Bailly took the book and saw written on the first leaf: "This is your mother's dying gift. Read it daily, my son, and the orphan's God will be your friend."

Mr. Bailly looked at him earnestly and said: "Well, Robert, I can recommend you, for you have one of the best qualities that boy or man can ever possess, and that is *truthfulness*. You spoke the truth when everything was against you. You kept your promise when you might easily have broken it. Many a man in this city would be glad to have a boy in his employ whose word he could be sure to rely on, but you are just the one I am looking for myself, though I shall want you to sleep in the office until William comes back."

"Thank you, sir," said Rob, "I will be here early in the morning, and will try to do my best, I am not afraid to work."

Putting his Bible in his pocket, he went homeward with a happy heart.

For a long time, Mr. Bailly sat where Rob, had left him. The sight of that worn Bible and the marks he had seen in it, brought the thoughts of his own mother to him. She had passed away long ago. She had taught him to pray and told him to seek the Lord and put his trust in Him that he might lay up eternal riches in Heaven. Life's busy cares had made him forget her words.

The next morning Robert was at the store early, ready to

make himself useful. By his active and willing obedience he soon made many friends.

One morning when he had been there about two weeks Mr. Baily gave orders for quicker work, as there was a large amount to be done in a few days.

That night before Robert went to sleep, he made up his mind to get up very early in the morning so as to have everything in order by the time his employer arrived. "Then," he thought, "I shall be ready to help Mr. Baily all I can." And with this he soon fell asleep.

After a long time he awoke. It looked so dark that he thought it could not possibly be morning yet. He turned over to go to sleep again when he heard the clock strike five. "Time to get up," he thought, and suiting the action to the word, he was soon dressed and at his work. He made the fires, swept the store and was just dusting and setting things in order when Mr. Baily entered.

"Well, my boy, how is this, that you are up so early? It's only a little more than 6 o'clock."

"Why, sir," said Rob, "I heard you say you had a great deal to do, and I'm going to help you all I can."

"Well, well," said Mr. Baily, "I see you told the truth when you said you were not afraid of work. What made you think of getting up?"

"That everything might be ready, sir. There is one verse in my Bible that helps me to do right. It is this: 'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.'"

"Strange," thought he as he went to his office, "how that boy seems to do what the Bible teaches."

That night when Mr. Baily was alone, his thoughts dwelt on his past life, how he had sought wealth for his selfish interests, and for the power and influence it might give him among men, and, for the first time since he was a man, he bowed himself in prayer. "O, my Father," he said, "help me to overcome myself and do my work for the glory of God."

Again the words of the Scriptures were fulfilled: "And a little child shall lead them."

Memory Gem.

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie.

The fault that needs it most, grows two thereby.

NOTES.

To Teachers of the Third Grade:

It will be necessary for teachers of the third grade to have a copy of "A Young Folk's History of the Church," as work given in this paper will be supplementary to the history. The book sells at 50c per copy, and may be obtained from the general secretary.



To Secretaries:

All Annual Stake Reports are due on the 15th of February; secretaries will please take notice and prepare their reports accordingly. The correct blanks can be obtained from this office.



To all Officers:

We shall be pleased to hear from the officers and teachers in the Primary Associations in regard to the lessons or any part of our work; we expect to devote part of this paper to questions and answers on Primary work, and we shall also be grateful for any suggestions or material that will help to make our magazine a success. This is the organ of our Associations and every officer should feel a portion of responsibility for its success, both in a literary and financial way.

We trust that every officer will feel this responsibility enough to become a subscriber.



The Woman's Building:

Up to date, we have received for the building \$3461.05. We are still a long ways from our share, and all associations not yet reported are invited to send in their portion.



ALL CORRESPONDENCE should be addressed to the General Secretary, Miss May Anderson, Templeton Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

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THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

ORGAN OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Edited and Published by the General Board.

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1902.

No. 2.

A PRAYER.

Up to me sweet childhood looketh,
Heart, and mind and soul awake;
Teach me of Thy ways, O Father!
For sweet childhood's sake.

In their young hearts, soft and tender,
Guide my hand good seed to sow,
That its blossoming may praise Thee,
Wheresoe'er they go.

Give to me a cheerful spirit,
That my little flock may see
It is good and pleasant service
To be taught of Thee.

Father, order all my footsteps;
So direct my daily way,
That, in following me, the children
May not go astray.

Let Thy holy counsel lead me
Let Thy light before me shine,
That they may not stumble over,
Word or deed of mine.

Draw us hand in hand to Jesus,
For His word's sake, unforget,—
“Let the little ones come to me,
And forbid them not.”

"OUR PROGRESS."

As we take a retrospective view of our labors in the Primary associations and recall the disadvantages and discouragements attending our work, particularly in its infancy, when we all trod unbeaten paths, with no guide posts, no danger signals, nothing to rely upon but the spirit of our office and calling, which whispered to us by its inspiration,—inspiration we acknowledge prompted by the spirit of God, and as we consider the results of this moving power as it led us on from one degree of advancement to another, we are led to exclaim, "Behold what God hath wrought."

It was faith in God and a great desire and determination to do His will that sustained us. We have prayed and struggled and have many times learned our duty by what we suffered.

Regarding the nature and needs of children, we had not learned to see life from a child's point of view. We knew not how to sense his trials or his joys for the intensity and depth of his simple nature was not understood by us until we had learned to live for and with him and watched his wonderful unfolding. We have daily learned here a little and there a little, till at the present time we have grasped some of the keys by which the heart of a little child may be unlocked, and know how a love for the gospel of Jesus Christ may be implanted in his soul.

As we acquired this knowledge we desired to impart it, and thereby become helpful to others, and now that we have a medium through which as officers we may reach others, happy indeed are we.

We asked a brother worker among the children of Zion if he thought our magazine worth one dollar a year to the teachers and children of the Latter-day Saints, and he replied, "Could I have had lessons prepared every week for me, to present to the children in my class, I would have considered them well worthy fifty cents a lesson."

Many requirements have been made by those in authority over us, and by those who look up to us, and we keenly sense our responsibility; but we truly believe that God will open up the way that all things needful may in time be accomplished.

By your hearty response to our appeals for your co-operation in the various enterprises undertaken, particularly in the publication of "The Children's Friend," we feel that you appreciate our efforts and we are truly grateful.

In the preparation of our new song book now being compiled, the erection of the Woman's Building, and the publication of our little magazine, we have felt our labors crowding upon us and have feared that you also might feel over-burdened; but we pray that you may not grow weary in well doing until all these worthy enterprises are accomplished facts.

Let us continue to labor with zeal tempered with wisdom; let us be earnest, yet patient; persistent, yet cheerful; bearing with fortitude the trials we meet in the performance of our duty and a great reward will be ours.

Lillie T. Freeze.

First Counselor to the General Board.



LIFE OF CHRIST.—LESSON V.

INDUSTRY.

Suggestive Talk.

When Jesus was living in Nazareth, whom did he live with? What did Joseph do for a living? Have you ever been in a carpenter's shop, or have you ever seen carpenters building a house? What did they use? (Have the children describe as many tools as possible, and if this class meets in a separate room, a good exercise can be given by imitating the uses of the different tools, such as hammering and sawing, doing it all with the hands.)

Let us see how much we know about building a house. (If there is a new house being built in the neighborhood, draw the children's attention to it and talk about the different parts of it—the foundation, which should be strong, the walls, windows, roof, etc.—paying special attention to the carpenter's work. If you have time, talk a little about the use of a home.)

If Jesus helped Joseph to do this kind of work, what did the work do for Jesus? It helped Him to grow strong and tall, so that He could run and jump, and when He grew to be a man, He could do hard work and endure a great deal of pain without complaining.

THE LITTLE FARMERS.

Most of the Primary children have seen farms. I know one that is beautiful; it has such nice fields and big haystacks, where the children can have ever so much fun, rolling around and off the stacks to the ground. The loveliest place to play hide and seek and hunt eggs.

It is cold now on the farm, and the children cannot play outdoors very much. There are four children—two boys, Paul and John, and two girls, Bess and Clare. But these children are so busy and helpful, we call them the "little farmers;" and I am going to tell you some of the things they do.

They go to school all day, so their farm work is all done after school is out. Paul and John put on their old coats and caps, get the pails and start out to milk the cows. Father gets two big buckets of bran with some salt, mixed with warm water, and puts in the stalls. Then the boys call, "Soo-cow!" and two cows come

trotting to their masters, looking very glad to see them. The boys lead the gentle little cows into the stalls, and each little man kneels by his cow, puts his head against her side, and works away until the pails are brimming with foaming milk. Then they hurry with it to mother, who calls them her brave little men.

Bess and Clare are so small that you would think they could not do much, but they can. When the boys start to milk, they wrap up snugly and each takes a basket of corn to feed the chickens. Mother says, "Hurry, dears, and don't forget the eggs."

They skip away, happy as birds. "Chick! chick! chick-ee!" sing out the sweet voices, loud and clear. "Chick! chick! chick-ee!" Then such a fluttering, such a scratching and picking. They pick up some of the smallest chickens and kiss them good night. Then they skip into the hen-house, and find the nice fresh eggs to take to mother, and she sometimes promises them a little cake, all their own, for the next day.

Their work is not done yet. They run to help brothers feed the pigs. The pigs are in a large pen, and across one corner of the pen-fence some planks are placed; and on these planks are two large baskets of corn. The boys help the girls up beside the baskets, and then they throw the yellow corn into the pen. The pigs grunt and squeal, they are so glad to be fed.

Paul says, "My! oh, how they squeal!" And Bess says, "Pigs are the hungriest things in the world 'cept boys when they come home from school." "That's a fact, I guess," says John. "There is the last ear; let's put the basket away and go to supper; I'm hungry from just looking at them."

Bess takes one basket and Clare gets into the other for the boys to carry her into the house. The supper is all ready for them as they run in, four very happy, very hungry, little farmers.

—Adapted.

Memory Gem.

"Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day,
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way."



LESSON VI.

OBEDIENCE.

Suggestive Talk.

Have any of you ever been to Conference in Salt Lake City? Perhaps you have seen your parents go and some of your friends. If you had ever been there you would have seen such crowds of people, men, women, and children. They come from so many

places to gather in the big Tabernacle, and listen to the good things that are told there.

Jesus was a Jew, and while the Jews did not have conferences just as we do, yet once a year everybody went to Jerusalem to what was called the feast of the Passover. The first time Jesus went, He was twelve years old, and how happy He must have felt when Mary, His mother, told him that he could go. Probably it would be His first long journey since He was a little baby, and when He thought about all the nice places He would visit and that He should see the Temple, I shouldn't wonder if he just danced for joy, and would help to get everything ready for the journey. For it was a long journey, about eighty miles, and I expect they had to walk most of the way; but it was in the beautiful spring time, and the hills and fields would be green and covered with flowers of all colors. How Jesus and the other children would run and gather little boquets, and bring them to their parents, and at night when they camped, how glad they would be to lie down on their mats and go to sleep.

The Passover lasted a week, and everybody got ready to go back to their homes. Such confusion and bustle and noise, and so many children running along! But when night came and they were all camping, Jesus couldn't be found. How frightened Mary and Joseph were. They searched all through the camp, but they didn't find Him. What a dreadful night for that poor mother! The next day they started back over the road, hoping every minute to see their beloved Jesus. But they did not find Him until they got to Jerusalem, and then where do you suppose they did find him? In the Temple talking with the wise men. He was listening to their wise counsel and asking them questions. He was very happy with the wise men, because He was learning wise things from them. But when Mary came into the Temple and said to Jesus, "My child, why dost Thou treat us thus? See Thy Father and I were seeking Thee with aching hearts," although Jesus knew that He was learning from the wise men, he turned and went home with Joseph and Mary, because they wanted Him to go.

JOAN OF ARC.

Many years ago in a country called France, the people were very unhappy and miserable, because there were wicked people in the country who quarrelled and fought and made it very uncomfortable for everybody. There were too many rulers. One wanted this and another wanted that, and when they could not have what they wanted, they would fight. The farmers could not plant, for the armies would come and trample and destroy the crops; and there was very little food for the children to eat.

The whole nation wanted peace, but it needed someone who could be strong and brave and very wise, and where could they find such a leader? It must be one who loved the country very much.

Strange to say, the only one who came and helped this beautiful country was a young girl, whose name was Joan of Arc, whose father was a poor shepherd, and whose home was very humble.

When Joan was a little girl she went with the other children to help take care of the sheep. She loved to play and was very strong and good natured. When she was thirteen years of age, she heard a voice from Heaven which told her to be a good child, for she was chosen to save France.

Joan kept this secret to herself for a long time; but she would pray to God to help her to be ready and to make her wise and strong.

When everything was just about as bad as it could be, Joan made up her mind to go to the young king and tell him what God had told her to do.

When she was ready to start she said good bye to the trees and sheep and her home and her loved ones; for they were all very dear to her.

Joan had to travel a long distance to find the king, and when she told him her story, he gave her a helmet and armor to wear, and she looked like a beautiful young soldier. You see she had worked and played outdoors in the bright sunshine all her life, and so she was strong and tall. All the army obeyed and followed her, and she always remembered to pray for strength, and to be guided in everything she did. When she knew what was right for her to do, nothing could change her.

With the help of the army she sent all the enemies of France out of the country, and Joan herself put the crown upon the head of the true king.

Thus the poor shepherd's daughter saved her country, because she loved it and obeyed God.

Memory Gem.

"Heavenly Father, may we be
Thus obedient unto Thee."

Lesson 7 is the general program for all the grades in honor of Washington's birthday.

LESSON VII.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Program for all the Grades.

Suggestive Talk to be Given by Teacher.

We have had a great many holidays lately—Christmas, New Year's Day, and now we are to have another one. The twenty-second day of February will be the birthday of a man who was known as the "Father of His Country." Can you tell who he was? On his birthday the stores will be closed, and there will be no school, and our fathers will not have to go to work. It will be a holiday, not only where we live, but throughout the whole of our country. Tell some of the places where there will be a holiday on that day.

Exercise for class of boys—or boys and girls.

1.

Many years ago, just one hundred seventy years ago this month, there was born in Virginia a little baby boy. There were other brothers, and this baby was called George Washington. When he grew big enough he went to school, where he learned writing, reading, and arithmetic. His father gave a great deal of time to George, and taught him to be obedient, truthful, and polite. He used to study his Bible at home, and he learned to love the beautiful stories told there.

2.

At school the boys would usually choose George as leader of their games. He was so brave, so kind, and unselfish.

3.

When George Washington lived there were very few large cities. Most of the people lived on large farms, some in the middle of the woods and some on the banks of the rivers. George lived on a plantation in Virginia.

4.

On one side of the plantation there was a broad, deep river, and the ships that came from England used to come up the river, bringing in it dresses, hats, coats, shoes, and all kinds of clothing for the men and the women and the boys and the girls, and all

kinds of tools, and sometimes even wagons and horses to be used on the plantations. The ships would sail up the river and take the goods that had been ordered to the different places. Then they would come back to be loaded with tobacco to pay for the goods they had brought.

5.

George used to stand and watch the ship sailing on the water, and he thought of the long voyage it had made, of the great ocean it had crossed, and of the many large cities it had visited, and he wished that he could go with it and see some of the great things he had heard about. He wanted to be a sailor on the ship.

6.

When he was fourteen years old, he asked his father if he could be a sailor. His brothers said it would be a very good thing for George, for he would surely be a captain of a ship before long.

7.

At last it was decided he should go. The captain of the ship had agreed to take him. His clothes were all packed in the box and taken down to the landing. The ship was anchored in the river close by, and the boat was waiting to take him to the ship, so that he might sail away in it. He had only to say good bye to his mother.

8.

"Good bye, mother," he said; and as he kissed her he saw the tears rolling down her cheeks. He was making his mother cry; he was making her unhappy, and perhaps he would break her heart. He could not stand it any longer.

9.

He turned to the boy who stood near and said:

"Go down to the boat and bring my box back. I am not going on the ship."

"What are you going to do?" asked his mother.

"I am going to stay with you, mother," he said, "and try to make you happy."

"George," said his mother, "there is a blessing promised to those who honor their fathers and mothers, and that blessing will be yours."

10.

When he was a little older he learned to be a surveyor, and his books and accounts were written so carefully that they have

been kept all these years, and can be seen even now. When he was a young man he went with others to defend their homes against the Indians, who used to bother the people.

11.

It was a long time ago that George Washington lived, and the people were having a great deal of trouble. Most of them had come from England or were the children of Englishmen. The king of England thought he could make the English merchants richer by having all the people of America send to England for their clothing and tools, and not let them have mills or factories here, and he treated the people of this country very unfairly. They began to wonder what they should do; and they began to look around to find some one to lead their armies, so that the king could not treat them so unfairly.

12.

"Who shall we get?" they asked; and they all seemed to think of the same man—one who was so truthful, so obedient, and so brave.

"Let us have George Washington," they said. "He will make a good leader. He is so strong, so brave, and so wise." So George Washington was made Commander-in-Chief of the army, and he was then called General Washington.

13.

He was greatly loved by his soldiers, for he shared all their troubles. He would give part of his food to those who had none, and he was willing to be cold so that some poor fellow might use his blanket.

14.

After a while the people were free from their king, and they wanted to have a president. They could think of only one man. It was George Washington. I don't wonder that they chose him. He was the first president of the United States, and the people called him the "Father of his Country."

OUR HERO, WASHINGTON.

(Tune: "Red, White and Blue.")

We will sing of our country's first hero,
The first gallant Gen'ral of all;
We read that his face beamed with kindness,
That his form was commanding and tall;

That he made the proud foeman surrender,
 And freedom's great victory won;
 Yet gentle and loving and tender,
 Was the heart of our brave Washington.

Chorus—

Our brave General George Washington,
 Our own General George Washington,
 Yes, gentle and loving and tender
 Was the heart of our brave Washington.

God sent forth our brave pilgrim fathers
 To search out this land and be free;
 And then he appointed our hero,
 The first in his country to be.
 There have lived many presidents later,
 And some who grand courses have run;
 But none have been truer or greater,
 Than our first hero, George Washington. "

Chorus—

Our hero, our brave Washington.
 Our hero, our brave Washington,
 No country boasts truer or greater,
 Than our brave General George Washington.
L. L. Greene Richards.

LIKE WASHINGTON.

We cannot all be Washingtons,
 And have our birthdays celebrated;
 But we can love the things he loved,
 And we can hate the things he hated.

He loved the truth, he hated lies;
 He minded what his mother taught him,
 And every day he tried to do
 The simple duties that it brought him.

Perhaps the reason little folks
 Are sometimes great when they grow taller,
 Is just because, like Washington,
 They do their best when they are smaller.

Anonymous.

Memory Gem.

“George Washington, and who was he?”

“A manly boy that told no lies;

He grew to be a general,—

So brave, and good, and wise.

“And first in war, and first in peace,

First also in a nation’s heart,

His birthday we will never cease

To love and set apart.”



LESSON VIII.

BAPTISM.

Suggestive Talk.

When Jesus was old enough to go into the world and preach to the people, the Lord sent a messenger ahead of Him. This man was called John the Baptist, and he had been living in the wilderness. None but a brave, good man like John the Baptist could have lived in the wilderness all alone, for there were wild beasts and serpents and all kinds of dreadful creatures there; and all John had to eat was locusts and wild honey, and his clothes were made from the skins of wild animals.

When the people heard that a man was living all alone in the wilderness, they went in great crowds to see him; and then John the Baptist would tell them not to be wicked any more, and that now they must be very good; for Jesus, the Son of God, was coming and they must prepare to receive Him. He told them that if they were really sorry for being wicked, he would baptize them in the river Jordan.

One day when John was baptizing some of these people, he looked up and saw a man coming towards him—a man with such a kind and gentle face, that John knew it was Jesus; so he called out in a loud voice:

“Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!”

“Who is this?” said the people. “Why does John call this poor man—a man just like ourselves—the Lamb of God? How can He take away our sins?”

Then they heard Jesus asking John to baptize him. But John did not like to baptize One who was so good and pure; he felt that Jesus was better than any one there. But Jesus said that it was right for everybody to be baptized; and so He went down into

the river and John put Him right down under the water until He was all covered with it. Jesus came out of the water and the Spirit of God rested down upon Him like a white dove and a voice said: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Some day all you little boys and girls will be baptized, too. (Tell the children how they will be baptized.)

A TRUE STORY.

Bennie and his sister lived with their aunt, because their mother was dead, and their father could not be with them all the time.

Aunt Helen was a kind woman, who took good care of Bennie and Alice. Every Sunday morning she dressed them nicely and sent them to Sunday School. They also went to Primary and Religion Class, and were learning to be nice, good children.

Sometimes their father came to see them, and they would climb up on his lap, and put their heads on his shoulder, while he asked them how they were getting along and what they did every day.

Now, their father was not a member of our Church, and one day Bennie told him that he and his sister went to Sunday School and Primary. "May we go again?" asked Bennie.

"Yes," said the father, "if your auntie wishes you to."

That made the children happy, for they loved to go to meeting.

Just before Christmas the father came to see his children, and when Bennie was curled up in his lap, he said:

"Bennie, what do you want Santa Claus to bring you for Christmas?"

"Oh! There is something I want very much."

"Well, what is it?" said Papa.

"Will you ask Santa Claus for it?" asked the little boy.

"How can I tell unless I know what it is?" Bennie's papa said, wondering what his little boy wanted.

"Oh! You must promise first to ask Santa Claus for what I want."

Then Mr. Jones tried and tried to guess. Was it a drum or a sled, a pair of skates or any of the things that most little boys want for Christmas?

Bennie said he would like these toys; but there was something he wanted more than all.

"All right," said Papa, "what is it?" Then Bennie whispered, "I am eight years old on Christmas day, and I want to be

baptized—I would rather have that than anything else. May I, Papa?"

The father's heart was too full to answer at first, but when he could he said, "Yes, my son."

Memory Gem.

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so,
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong."



Recitation.

OUR BABY.

(Very little girl with doll walks to front of stage, holding doll behind her. Bows and speaks.)

Have your folks got a baby?
I wish you could see ours!
It is bright as all the sunshine,
And as sweet as all the flowers.

I should not like to live for long
Where babies could not be;
I think they are the loveliest things
We ever hear or see.

I'd like to wash and dress our pet,
But I am still so small,
That mother thinks, for yet awhile,
I'd better tend my doll.

L. L. G. Richards.

(Brings doll to front, hugs and kisses it, and walks off.)



OLD TESTAMENT.—LESSON V.

AVOIDING QUARRELS.

ABRAHAM AND LOT.

When Noah and his family left the ark, Noah's sons and their wives went out into the broad beautiful valley, and built homes for themselves. After awhile they had children and grand children and great-grandchildren. They lived in different parts of the country, and soon there were people throughout the land as there were before the flood.

In the land near the river Euphrates there lived a very good man, called Abram. The Lord had told him to leave the home where he had been living, and to go to another land, and the Lord would bless him and make him a great man. So Abram had left his home and had taken his wife, and Lot, his nephew, and their flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, and all their servants, and travelled to another land. They did not live in houses, as they did not stay long enough in one place; but they wandered on and on, wherever their fancy led them. Whenever they found a place where there were large green pastures and streams of water, they would pitch their tents and stay there for a while.

At one time Abram and his family had gone to Egypt, because there was a famine in the other parts of the land, and he pitched his tents in the land of the Nile.

Then he came to a beautiful land, where the grass was so green and plentiful, and he thought he would like to stay in that country. The Lord told him He would give him this land, and it should be his and his children's, and his children's children forever. Then Abram knelt down and worshipped the Lord, and built an altar and offered up sacrifices, as Noah had done, to show how grateful he was to the Lord.

Abram was now very rich. He had a great deal of gold and silver and great flocks and herds, and many servants. Lot, too, had many sheep and cattle, almost as many as Abram, and servants to take care of them.

They had pitched their tents near a hilly country, where the water was sometimes scarce, and wells sometimes had to be dug with a great deal of trouble. When Abram's herdsmen and Lot's herdsmen met at the wells for water for the sheep and cattle, they would sometimes quarrel and fight. This made Abram feel

very sorry. He did not like to see such quarreling, and he was willing to do anything that they might have peace among them. One day he asked Lot to go with him, and as they were walking over the green plains, Abram said:

"Let there be no trouble between you and me, Lot, nor between our servants. Here is all this land before us, with broad, rich pastures on each side. Surely there is enough for us both. You take whichever you like best, and I will take the rest."

Lot chose the fields in the level plains, and went to live near a city called Sodom, and Abram camped on a grassy plain a little further away, and there was no more trouble between them nor their servants.

One night Abram was feeling sad that he had no son to be with him and to whom he could leave his great riches and the beautiful land which had been promised him; and he wondered how this land could belong to his children and his children's children, when he had no child. He looked up into the sky and saw so many stars that he could not count them; and the voice of the Lord told him he should not only have a son, but in time his people should number more than the stars in the sky. The Lord also said that Abram should have a new name. He should be called Abraham, which means "Father of a multitude," and Abraham should be father of a nation.

A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger; a soft answer turneth away wrath but grievous words stir up anger;" repeated Tommy Gray, as he sat by the window one warm spring afternoon. He was learning the verse he was to repeat the next Sunday. "A soft answer turneth away—" and he stopped in the middle of the sentence as his mother entered the room.

"What does this mean, mother?" and he repeated the words again.

"It means," said his mother, "that whenever anyone speaks cross words to you or does an unkind thing, you should answer kindly, or return their unkindness by some good act; because then no one could be angry with you. That is the way to get along without quarrels. But if you answer crossly, the one you speak to will be more angry, and you will grow angry, too."

"But a boy would be a coward who was afraid to speak back," said Tommy.

"No, it takes a brave boy to give a kind answer when he is spoken to crossly."

"A brave boy! How is that, mother?"

"Well," said his mother, "he must conquer himself before he can answer kindly."

Tommy did not answer. He was thinking. He wanted to be a brave boy. He was not afraid to go anywhere on the darkest night, and no one had ever said he was afraid of anything. Was he a coward after all? And he started to say the words he had been learning over and over again; and he made up his mind that if it was a brave boy who gave a kind answer, he would be a brave boy. But surely it would not be very hard to speak kindly.

A few days after this Tommy hurried home from school to go to the pond to try the new boat his uncle had sent him. He was very proud of it and had been showing it to some of the boys at noon. He was going to the barn to get it, and just as he got to the corner of the house, he saw Jim Clarey running through the yard as fast as he could go. Tommy and Jim were not very good friends just now. When he reached the barn, Tommy found some one had been there, and there was the boat with the sails torn off and thrown on the floor. He looked at it, and his eyes flashed with anger.

"It was Jim who did it," he thought, "and that is why he was running away so fast. Never mind! I will catch him and tell him what I think of him. I will get even with him any way," and he started to run in the direction he had seen Jim going. He was thinking of what he would say to Jim and how he would treat him when he caught him. All at once he remembered the words he had learned last week. He stopped running and repeated the words: "A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir up anger." His mother had said it was a brave boy who could give a kind answer or do a kind act instead of being angry.

Just then he saw Jim and called to him to stop.

"Well, what do you want with me?" asked Jim in a surly tone, as he stopped running. Tommy really wanted to fight with Jim, but he was trying hard to be brave. What should he say? At last he turned to Jim and said;

"Come over and let's make some kites and fly them."

Jim looked at him. Didn't Tommy know that he had broken the boat? He couldn't know, or he would not ask him to play with him. Poor Jim had his troubles, too.

"Do you know, Tommy," he said, as he stood rubbing his bare feet in the dust, "that I broke your boat?"

"Yes," said Tommy, "I know."

"And still you want me to play with you?" asked Jim. "I am so sorry I did it; but you didn't ask me to go to see it with the other boys, and so I broke it. I will do all I can to help you mend it."

So the boys went off together and worked for a long time, and at last the boat was mended, and they sailed it on the pond.

"Well, that verse is true after all," thought Tommy that night. "And I know what mother meant when she said I would have to conquer myself before I gave a kind answer."

Memory Gem.

"Help the weak if you are strong,
Love the old if you are young,
Own a fault if you are wrong,
If you are angry, hold your tongue."

"When angry, count ten before speaking."

QUESTIONS.

How did Abraham avoid a quarrel with Lot? What kind of a reply should be given to an angry remark? What should you do when angry? How does the Bible say to turn away anger?



LESSON VI.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY
HIS HOME.

In a little place in Kentucky, February 12, 1809, a little child who was named Abraham Lincoln was born. His father and mother thought there never was such a fine baby.

"He shall learn to read just as soon as he is big enough," said the father, who had not learned how to read. "He shall go to school, too, if I can earn money enough to send him."

His parents were very poor, and his home was just a log cabin—not as good as the barns we see now. In the cabin there were holes for doors and windows, and skins of bears were hung over to keep out the rain and snow and the cold; but the wind would blow in the house and sometimes the rain and snow would get in too. The house was built in the woods, and little Abraham could lie in his bed and hear the wolves howling outside, and through the cracks between the logs could see the stars shining in the sky.

There was very little furniture in their home, and Abraham's mother did not even have a stove. She used to bake the bread in an iron kettle, called a bake kettle. She would put the kettle on

some hot coals and put some hot coals on the lid of the kettle, and when the oven was hot, she would put the bread in to bake.

She had to make all the clothes too. She would spin the yarn and weave the cloth, and of course Abraham could not have many new clothes, because it took so long to make the cloth for them. Once his mother made him a suit of bear skin.

When Abraham got big enough he used to go to meeting. The meeting house was built of logs. It had no floor, and the preacher had a stump of a tree for a pulpit. He would stand on the stump when he spoke to the people, and they would sit around on logs and listen to him. Abraham used to like to play he was a preacher, and his sister would sit and listen to him, and then they would both sing a hymn.

HIS LOVE OF LEARNING.

Abraham grew big enough to go to school. It was a strange school; big men used to go with the little boys and girls, and they all learned the lesson from one book, called a Speller. Soon Abraham could read well, and stood at the head of the class. In the night when all the rest of the family were asleep, he would sit in the dim fire light, learning to read and write. His father was too poor to buy him a slate, and so he had to write on a wooden shovel. He couldn't get many books, because they were very scarce where he lived. There were only three books in his home. Every scrap of printed paper he could get hold of, he would read and read, and when he found a few words he liked, he would write them with a piece of charcoal on a piece of wood or anything he could find. He wanted to learn all he could, so he listened to all the people he saw who came from different places.

His father decided to move to another state. It was a hard journey; there were no trains and sometimes not even good paths, and the father would have to go before them and cut the brush away so that they could get through. Then they often had to wade through the streams of water. Abraham and his sister thought that great fun. When they reached the new home, they had to build another house of logs, which was very much like the old one. Books were just as scarce here; but Abraham did not get discouraged. He walked twelve miles once to borrow a book, and when he had read it, he walked twelve miles to take it back again. Poor boy! How he would have enjoyed reading the books the children have today.

One day a man let him have a book—the Life of Washington—but he told him that if anything happened to it he would have to pay for it. Abraham read it whenever he could find time.

Sometimes he had to wait until the rest of the family were asleep, and then he read it by the light of the fire. He had to be very careful with it, because he had no money to pay for it if any harm came to it. He used to put the book away very carefully, but once it fell into a crack between the logs. In the night a heavy rain storm came up, and when the boy got up in the morning he found the book soaked with water. He took it back to the man who owned it and told him about the accident. The man knew he was telling the truth.

"What can I do to pay you for it?" asked Abraham.

"Are you willing to work?" said the man.

"Oh, yes, I will do anything I can," the boy answered.

"Well," said the man, "I think you can pull fodder corn for me three days."

Abraham did it willingly, and when the work was done the man gave him the book. Abraham said he was never so happy in his life as when he got that book for his own.

HIS KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Abraham liked animals, but he wanted them to be free and enjoy life, just as God intended they should.

One day as he and some others were going through the woods one of them saw two black snakes hanging from the branch of a tree.

"Come quick," he said, "and let us kill them."

Abraham looked up and saw them and said, "No, no, their lives are just as sweet to them as ours are to us."

He used to make speeches to his schoolmates. One day while he was standing on a stump speaking to them, a turtle came crawling along. The boys were waving their hats and cheering Abraham. One of the boys seeing the turtle crawling along, picked it up and swung it around his head two or three times. Then he let it fall to the ground, all broken, at Abraham's feet. Abraham stopped speaking and looked at the poor thing with pity.

"Who did that?" he cried. "Brute! Coward!" and he told the boys that the poor creature had a right to live. Then the boys were sorry for the turtle and they carried it carefully down to the pond.

"HONEST ABE."

When he grew older he wished he might become a great man, so he studied harder and harder, for he knew that ignorant men never made great men.

After a while he went to work in a store. He used to tell stories that made the people laugh, and everybody liked him.

Once an old lady came to the store to buy some tea. Abraham gave her the tea but after she had gone, he found he had not given her enough. When the store was closed that night, he walked over a mile to take the rest of the tea to the old lady. People found he was so good and honest that they learned to call him "Honest Abe."

Before long the people all over the state had heard of him. He was beginning to be a great man. They sent him to the legislature. Our country was in great trouble then, and the people wanted a good, brave, honest man to be the President. They knew of no one who could do better than Abraham Lincoln so they chose him, and he was one of the greatest Presidents our country has ever had.

Memory Gem.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

QUESTIONS.

Describe Abraham Lincoln's home. How did he learn to write? What kind of a school did he attend? How did he get books to read? How did he think animals should be treated? Tell the story of the snakes. Tell the story of the turtle. How did he come to get the name of "Honest Abe?" Why was he chosen for President when the country was in trouble? What helped him to become a great man? In what ways can we be like him?



Lesson 7, in First Grade, is the general program for all the grades in honor of Washington's birthday.

LESSON VIII.

OBEDIENCE.

Abraham and Isaac.

The great promise which had been made to Abraham was at last fulfilled. When he was one hundred years and his wife, Sarah, was ninety-one years old, a little son was born to them. They named him Isaac. The father and mother were very happy, and were very proud of their little boy. The child grew and grew, and became a bright, strong boy, and Abraham loved him more than all his possessions.

One day the Lord called Abraham, and told him to take his son Isaac up to a mountain, and there offer him as a sacrifice. Abraham knew that his first duty was to obey the Lord, no matter how hard it might be for him to do it. So early the next morning he got his donkey, called Isaac and two servants, and told them to go with him on a journey. He took with him the wood ready for the offering. They traveled two days, and on the third day they saw the mountain the Lord had told about.

"You stay here," said Abraham to the servants, "and my son and I will go to the mountain to offer a sacrifice."

As they were going up the hill the father's heart was very sad. He loved his son so dearly. Isaac walked along in silence for some time, then he said:

"Father, we have the wood and the fire, but where is the lamb for the offering?"

Abraham looked sadly at his son and answered, "My son, the Lord will provide."

When they came to the top of the mountain, they gathered stones together and built an altar and laid the wood on it. Then Abraham bound Isaac's hands with cords and placed him on the wood. He took his knife, and as his hand was stretched out to kill his son, an angel of the Lord said:

"Abraham!"

"Here am I," said Abraham.

"Lay not thine hand upon the boy," said the angel; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me."

How gladly Abraham took the cords from his son's hands. Looking around he saw a ram caught in the bushes by its horns, and he offered that as a burnt offering to the Lord. Then Isaac and his father, feeling very grateful, went down to where the servants were, and they all went home happily together.

"A MISSIONARY STORY."

Elder T. and his companion were traveling in South Carolina, preaching the Gospel. They went without any money to help them, and they had to depend upon the people who lived there for something to eat and somewhere to sleep. The people were sometimes very kind to them, and even if they themselves were poor, they would share their dinner with the Elders; but some of the people would not give them anything to eat, and would not allow them to sleep even in their barns. So when night came on, the Elders would lie down in the woods, with only their valise for a pillow, and when they would wake up in the night, they could see thousands of stars peeping at them, and at other times they would wake with the rain falling on them. But they did not care for that. They were out preaching the Gospel, and they knew that the Lord would take care of them as long as they did as He wished them to do.

One night they were staying at the home of one of the Saints. Some of the people who lived near did not like the Elders, and did not want them to preach there. While they were sitting in the room that night, something seemed to say to Brother T., "You had better go." This made him feel very nervous; so he went to his companion and told him that something told him that they must go.

"It isn't anything," said the Elder. "You have not been in the mission very long, and so you are nervous. You must have imagined it."

Brother T. thought he had not imagined it, and soon he heard it again, "You had better go." Again he told his companion; but the Elder again told him he must be mistaken. They were in the very safest place in the whole state, and were not as likely to be harmed there as they would be in any other place.

A third time Brother T. heard the voice, and he was very much frightened by this time; but his companion still said they were all right.

Soon after this a large number of rude, rough men, called a mob, came to the house for the Elders. They took them out, and the mob told them that they did not want any more preaching around there, and if the Elders did not leave the country, they would be killed. Then the mob would not let the Elders go into the house again, but they took them away and treated them very cruelly.

While this was happening, Brother T. thought of the blessing he had received before he had left home. It had said he should go in peace and return in safety. "Well," thought he, "It was wrong this

time." Just then something whispered, "But you did not obey." He knew it was the Spirit of the Lord that had told him to go, and he was sorry he had not done as it had told him. He asked forgiveness, and prayed to the Lord to protect him. Then he spoke to the mob, and told them that those who really believed in Christ and did His teachings were persecuted, but that they never persecuted others. Soon the mob began to quarrel among themselves, and at last they let the Elders go, first telling them that they must leave the country. Brother T. and his companion had to walk for a long time to keep out of the reach of the mob again, and the next morning they went away.

A short time after this, they went to a house about two miles from the place they were before. About 9 o'clock at night, the Spirit of the Lord spoke to Brother T. again, saying, just as it had done before, "You had better go." He jumped up and called his companion, and told him what the Spirit had said. He was very willing to go this time, and they both soon left the house. As they went around one corner of the plantation a mob came around the other side. They hunted all around for the Elders, but could not find them.

The Elders were very grateful to the Lord for taking care of them and they felt that when the Spirit of God prompted them to do anything, the only safe way was to do it. Many times after his, the same Spirit led them out of danger, and they came back to Utah in safety.

Memory Gem.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy life may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

QUESTIONS.

How did Abraam show his obedience to the Lord? What is meant by obedience? What is the duty of children to parents? Which of the Ten Commandments contains a promise? Repeat the Fifth Commandment. What is promised to those who honor their parents? How do children honor their parents?



HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.—LESSON V.

KINDNESS.

Chapter 4, Church History.

FULFILLMENT OF PROPHECY.

Note to officers:

The lessons as outlined in "The Young Folks' History of the Church" are quite lengthy, and if the review questions are well prepared and given, there will not be much time for supplementary work.

In talking with some of the officers we have been told that the stories in our last issue are too long for the time allowed for class work. We will therefore give some suggestions on the lesson to be presented, with some short selections that may be prepared and given by some of the children.

The review questions at the end of the lesson and the supplementary selections should be copied and given out early enough to the children that they may have sufficient time to prepare them.

The review questions may be given at the close of the lesson, or, as we think still better, at the beginning of the next, as that will make a connection between the two lessons.

The chapter for this lesson is on the Sacred Plates, and illustrates the fulfillment of prophecy. It is suggested that a few of these prophecies be given to some of the children to memorize and repeat in the class. The teacher may also add anything else that she desires that will strengthen the testimony of the children as to the Divine origin of the Book of Mormon.

The officer conducting this lesson will need to be careful in explaining the passages quoted, referring to "Truth springing out of the earth." (The Book of Mormon), and "Righteousness shall look down from heaven." (Revelations to the Prophet Joseph.) We find this subject beautifully explained in the fourth and fifth chapters of Dr. J. E. Talmage's "Articles of Faith."

"The Lord said unto Enoch: 'Righteousness will I send down out of heaven, and truth will I send forth out of the earth.

. and righteousness and truth will I cause to sweep the earth as with a flood to gather out mine own elect from the four quarters of the earth, unto a place which I shall prepare.' ”

David, who sang psalms unto the Lord, declared: “Truth shall spring out of the earth, and righteousness shall look down from heaven.”

Isaiah declares: “Ezekiel saw in vision the coming together of the stick of Judea, and the stick of Joseph,” (signifying the Bible and the Book of Mormon.)

“And thou shalt be brought down, and shalt speak out of the ground, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust, and thy voice shall be as of one that hath a familiar spirit, out of the ground, and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust.”



LESSON VI.

BOOK OF MORMON.

Note to teachers.

This is a long chapter and contains many interesting incidents. It would not be wise to add more except to suggest that the prophecies given in the last lesson be repeated and the divinity of the Book of Mormon impressed strongly upon the minds of the children. Also encourage them to read and become familiar with its sacred writings.



Supplementary work to be used if desired:

HOW NEPHI GOT THE PLATES.

Many years ago, even a long time before Jesus was born, there lived in Jerusalem a man named Lehi. Many of the people in Jerusalem were wicked, and the Prophet Lehi told the king and the people of their wickedness, and that their city would be destroyed unless they lived better lives and obeyed the Lord. The people did not believe what was told them would take place, and they wanted to kill Lehi; but the Lord in a dream warned him to leave the city and take his family with him and go into the wilderness. Lehi had lived in Jerusalem all his life up to this time, and besides having a home, he had much gold and silver and other valuable things. But he left all of those things and went as the Lord had told him.

While Lehi and his family were living in their tents, the Lord told Lehi in a dream to send his sons back to Jerusalem to get some brass plates on which was written or engraved the history of Lehi's people, his father, grand father, great-grand father, and many others. The record also told about the creation of the world, about Adam and Eve, and many other things. Lehi wanted to take these plates with him so that all who were with him might know what their forefathers had done, and also the laws which God had given them, which were written on the brass plates.

At this time the people did not have books made of paper, such as you have. Instead of paper to write on, they used skins of animals and other materials, or they used sheets of brass or gold, which they called plates, and cut the words into these plates with some sharp tool.

Lehi asked his sons, Laman, Lemuel, Sam, and Nephi, to go back to Jerusalem. Laman and Lemuel did not want to go back, and found fault with their father for asking it. Nephi was quite willing to go because his father asked him, and finally they started on the journey.

When they reached Jerusalem they decided that as Laman was the eldest he should go and ask Laban, the man who had the plates, if he would give them to them. When Laman asked for the plates, Laban was angry, and called Laman a thief and said he would kill him. Laman was frightened and ran away to where his brothers were. He told them what had happened.

"Let us go back to father, now. We can't get the plates," said Laman.

"O, no," said Nephi, "we must get the plates before we go. Let us go back to our old home and get the gold and silver and other precious things we left there, and take them to Laban, and ask him if he will not give us the plates for the silver and gold."

"All right," said the brothers. So they gathered the gold and silver together and took it to Laban. When Laban saw so many valuable things, he thought he would like to have them; so he sent Lehi's sons out of the house and told a servant to go after them and kill them, and the brothers had to leave all their gold and silver and run for their lives.

"Well, we did not get the plates, after all," said Laman. "I didn't think we would. I am not going to try any more."

"Neither am I," said Lemuel. "You almost made us lose our lives that time, Nephi. We would all have been home now if you and Sam had not wanted to go again."

They were so angry at Sam and Nephi that they got a large stick and whipped them. Just then an angel stood before them and told them not to harm their brothers; but to go back to Laban and the Lord would help them get the plates. After he had gone, Laman and Lemuel were still angry.

"What is the use of going back," they said. "We shall only be killed."

But Nephi persuaded them to go back again, although they were still angry and did not want to go.

When they got to the gate of the city, Nephi said: "You hide here, and I will creep into the city and see if I can get the plates."

He went toward the house where Laban lived, and on his way he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. He looked at him and found it was Laban. Laban had a sword with him, which Nephi very carefully took. It was a very beautiful sword, made of fine steel, with a handle made of pure gold. While Nephi stood there with Laban lying at his feet, the spirit of the Lord told him to kill Laban. Nephi did not like to do this, for he was a good young man. But the Lord told him that it was better that Laban, who was a wicked man, should die, than that many other people should be hurt; so Nephi obeyed the Lord.

Then he put on Laban's clothes and went to Laban's house. Here he found the servant who had charge of all of the treasures in the house. Nephi told the servant to go and get the brass plates, and go with him. Zoram, the servant, thought that it was Laban who was talking to him, so he brought out the plates and went with Nephi outside the gate of the city where the brothers were waiting.

When Laman, Lemuel and Sam saw Nephi coming, dressed as he was in Laban's clothes, they thought it was Laban coming to kill them, and they were very much frightened; but Nephi spoke to them and then they knew it was their brother and not Laban. The servant, too, was frightened when he found he had given the plates to some one who was not his master, and he wanted to run away: but Nephi held him, and told him he should not be harmed, and then persuaded Zoram to go with them.

Soon they started back to the wilderness with the plates, and when they reached the place where their camp was, their father and mother were filled with joy to see their children again, and to learn that they had succeeded in getting what they had been sent for.



Lesson VII, in First Grade, will be the general program for all the grades in honor of the birth of George Washington.

LESSON VIII.

Church History 6

TESTIMONY.

Note to teachers.

This chapter on the history of the Church shows very plainly and forcibly what testimony means. The experiences of the three witnesses who, although separated from the Church, never denied that which they had seen, heard and felt, is a very valuable lesson.

At the close of this lesson a very good opportunity is given the teachers to impress the meaning of testimony—that testimonies can only be truthfully borne to something that *we know*.

It sometimes occurs in Primary meetings when testimonies are borne that the children simply repeat what they have heard others say. If the only point to be gained in a testimony meeting is to get the children to rise to their feet and express something, there may be value in a drill of that kind; but we are seeking something better and something higher; we want the children who attend Primary to learn to love the truths of our sacred religion.

There are many incidents which occur in the families of the Latter-day Saints which prove the wonderful love of our heavenly Father for His children, such as healing the sick, answer to prayer, etc., and when the children can bear testimony to that which they have seen and heard, then the bearing of such testimonies are of two-fold value, to strengthen those who testify and those who listen.

If there is time, it would be helpful to have some of the children bear testimony; but the greatest care should be exercised to have the children understand what they are saying, and that the sacredness of bearing testimony is thoroughly impressed on their young minds.

MY FIRST SERMON.

Never shall I forget the first time I was called upon to make an effort to preach the gospel.

My extreme youth prevented me from realizing the responsibilities of a mission. Being a beardless boy, it never occurred to me that I would be called upon to preach. Up to that time I had never been upon my feet to say a word in public.

At a meeting which had been advertised for two weeks, were gathered an assembly of six or seven hundred men, the largest meeting I had ever witnessed up to that time.

I came to this meeting from one part of the county, and Elder Shelton was expected to come from another quarter. But the time to commence meeting had arrived, and Elder Shelton had not.

The audience was impatient. A party of three or four of the leading citizens waited upon me, to know if I would not address the meeting. There had never been a "Mormon" meeting in that county before, and they could not afford to be disappointed.

I was sitting near the center of the meeting (not realizing that the stand was my place) when these men made the inquiry. If a battery of artillery had been discharged in our midst, I do not think it would have so startled me, as did this request.

For the first time I began to realize that it was my duty to try to advocate the religion I professed.

Just as I was going to answer that I would make an effort, Elder Shelton walked upon the stand, and this seemed to lift a mountain from my shoulders.

Brother Shelton looked wearied and sick, but opened the meeting with singing and prayer, and sang again before he discovered me in the audience. Then he immediately called upon me to come to the stand and preach, as he was too sick and feeble to attempt it.

To say I was scared, would scarcely convey a proper idea of my condition. I was in a tremor from head to feet, and shook like a leaf in a storm, scarcely knowing what I did.

I took up Brother Shelton's Bible which lay upon the front board, and without any premeditation, I opened at the third chapter of John, and read the fifth verse.

By the time I had finished reading, all my trembling had left me, and I felt as calm and collected as the quiet that succeeds the storm. The subjects of the first principles of the gospel were opened to me like print, only plainer and more powerful.

Faith, repentance, baptism for the remission of sins, and the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, came to me in succession and in their order. And those priests, doctors, lawyers and people did not appear to me more formidable than so many butterflies.

No miracle ever performed by the power of God could have had a more convincing effect upon me, than did the help that came to me through the power of the Holy Ghost on that occasion. And I am fully convinced in my own mind that never since have I preached a more effective discourse, nor one more accompanied by the power of God.—W. C. S. in "A String of Pearls.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

(SWEDISH.)

In arranging children for the exercises, place the shortest in front and the tallest behind, allowing each child sufficient room to move arms and legs freely. It is absolutely necessary to stand in a correct position when exercising.

Position. Heels together, toes turned outward at a right angle, knees straight without any strain, arms at side, the hands a little backward, chest well forward, abdomen in, head erect, eyes looking forward.

I. Order movements: Attention! One step forward march! One! two! (at one, step forward with left foot; at two, place the right in to the left; heels together.) One step backward march one! two!

Explanation. At the command attention the pupil should be in fundamental position; eyes upon instructor.

II. Leg movements: Hips firm! Feet close! Open!

Exp. Hips firm! Place hand on hips the thumb behind and four fingers in front pressing downward, elbows slightly back.

Feet close: Close the feet quickly together, heels and toes touching. Careful not to drag the feet.

III. Head, Hips firm! Head backward bend! Upward raise! Head forward bend! Upward raise!

Exp. Slowly bend the head backward with the chin in.

IV. Arms: Arms sideways raise! Sink! Arms forward raise! sink! Arms forward and upward raise! Sink! Arms forward and downward.

Exp. Raise arms upward from their position to shoulder level, palm of hands down.

Forward raise: Raise arms forward until on a straight line with shoulders, palms facing.

Arms forward and upward: Raise arms to forward position and from that above the head. Arms downward sink in same way.

Trunk movements: Hips firm! Trunk forward bend! Raise! Trunk backward bend! Raise!

Exp. Trunk forward bend is done by flexing the trunk forward in the hips, keeping head and shoulders well back.

Trunk backward bend: Raise or arch the chest well, careful not to bend far back.

V. Balance: Hips firm! Heels raise! Sink!

Exp. Raise on toes as high as possible maintaining a good balance, heels together without bending knees or body.

VI. Freeing fingers and toes.

Exp. Relax hand at the wrist then with quick movement fling hand downward.

Toes: Relax foot at ankle shake with upper leg.

VII. Breathing: Arms sideways raise (inhale)! Sink (exhale).

Exp. Raise arms at side until parallel with shoulders taking in a deep breath, as the arms slowly return to position let out the breath.

All of the exercises should be given at least ten times.

Isabelle S. Ross.

SUGGESTIONS.

It is usual for the officers of an association to have charge of the grades, each officer having assistants. It is suggested that the lessons be divided, for instance, the officer in charge give the suggestive talk, one assistant tell the story and another teach the memory gem. This would make the work easier, and also more varied and interesting.

The program that is given for Washington's birthday is intended for all the grades. It would make it pleasant for the children to invite their parents and friends and all who would care to meet with them to listen to their exercises.

Of course it is expected that the officers will add to or change the program so as to make it as interesting as possible.

If you have the words and music sing national songs for this exercise.

We hope that the lessons as suggested in this magazine will be helpful to the officers of the Primary Associations. Every grade should be supplied with at least one copy, the association should therefore furnish the officers in charge of the grades with the magazine. The funds of an association could not be used for a more worthy purpose than obtaining the necessary assistance in making the labors among the children more successful.

If there are any associations not yet supplied with the new roll books they may obtain them by sending to this office. The price is \$1.00 post paid.

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No. 3.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE EVER FOUGHT,

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouth of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is the battle-field.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave!
But oh, these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Joaquin Miller.

OUR CHILDREN.

What a wealth of eternal happiness and glory do these words imply to every Latter-day Saint. Worldly wealth, social preferment, and all that goes to make up the ambitious aspirations of mankind, without the pale of the Gospel, are incomparably valueless to the heritages given us of the Lord.

They come directly from His presence, pure as the angels that encircle His throne, to meet, and perchance to overcome the bitter evils of this low and fallen world. When they come to us they are the most perfect embodiments of helpless innocence. How fondly are their little lives entwined around our hearts, parts of our very existence. Without them home, one of the most blessed words of all the words we know, would cease to have its wealth of meaning, and life itself would be comparatively worthless.

To properly equip and qualify these precious souls for the perilous journey of life, is the first and greatest care of the loving mother; morning, noon and night her thoughts, hopes and energies are directed to their physical, mental, moral and spiritual development. She finds in them and their sweet companionship a foretaste of that heaven from whence they came, and to which through faithfulness we shall all return. No more ennobling or worthy desire can fill the soul of any woman than that which prompts her to be abundantly helpful to these precious ones, not only in her own home, but in every home to which her influence may be extended.

Is it any wonder when we think of the influence of the home that all great men, with rare exceptions, attribute their success in life so largely to the training received in their childhood days from their devoted mothers? For while the fathers are struggling with the hard problems of life without the home, the mother remains within, the almost constant companion of the children during their earliest and most impressionable years.

It is this experience of the home life that so eminently fits and qualifies the mother or it may be the inevitably childless woman who yet knows all the promptings of a mother's heart, for unbounded usefulness in the field of Primary work, and hence it is that the Lord through His servants has selected our sisters therefor. Through the promptings of His love inspiring spirit her motherly affection is extended far beyond the environments of her own home, and made to embrace every Primary child within the sphere of her acquaintance or appointed field of labor. Her heart

is filled with joy in beholding their cheerful, happy countenances wherever met and especially in their Primary meetings.

What joy we all experience in our Primaries. There the very innocence and humble simplicity of the children seem to draw from the throne of grace an abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and under its promptings what lasting impressions for good are made upon their plastic minds. It is at these meetings more than anywhere else that we are made to feel the force of the Savior's words when He said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Here we are made to realize the necessity of living the purest, humblest lives that we may become like the children of our Father's Kingdom, worthy to dwell within the radius of the heavenly light that emanates from His throne, and thereby be led back into His Glorious Presence when our labors here are ended.

Josephine R. West,

Second Counselor in the General Board.



Sister Belle S. Ross, one of the aids in the General Board of Primary Associations and also one of our best teachers in Physical Culture and Elocution, has kindly consented to furnish "The Children's Friend" with some simple lessons in Physical Culture.

These lessons are to be used as the presiding officers of each association may deem for the best benefit of the children.



Take care of your magazines. When you have the year's edition complete they should be bound and at least one volume be in the library of each association. The volume when complete will be valuable for reference, and while you may be furnished with new lessons, the stories, memory gems, etc., will always be helpful.

In ordering "The Children's Friend" be very particular to write your name and postoffice address very plainly. If you desire to change the address be sure to send the old as well as the new address.

"The Children's Friend" is sold only by subscription. Do not send stamps unless it is absolutely impossible to get a check or postoffice order.



LIFE OF CHRIST.—LESSON IX.

OVERCOMING TEMPTATION.

Suggestive Talk.

After Jesus was baptized, something came down from heaven and rested upon Him, who remembers what it was? What did the voice from heaven say? God was pleased with Jesus because He had done what was right and obeyed the will of His Father.

How do little boys and girls feel when they do what Papa and Mamma ask them to? It makes me happy to do what is right.

When Jesus came out of the water He went right away from all the people, away into the lonely wilderness where the wild animals and snakes live and where there was nothing good to eat and no bed to sleep in.

Jesus lived there forty days and when He was very tired and very hungry, somebody who was wicked came to Him and tried to make Him do wrong. This wicked man knew that Jesus was hungry and poor and he took Him on a high mountain where He could see towns and houses where Jesus knew that He could get something to eat and a nice place to stay, and the wicked man said, "I will give this all to you if you will do as I bid you." But Jesus told him to go away, and then God sent angels from heaven to comfort Him.

Suggestive questions which may be used if desired:

How would it feel to live in a lonely desert? Why? Why did God send His angels to Jesus? How do you think the Lord feels when we do right? Angels do not show themselves to us very often, but there is somebody at home who will comfort us and be very happy when we do right, who is it?

A TRUE STORY.

This is a true story of a man who did a great deal of good for the people while he lived, and like our Savior went about preaching and healing the sick. His name was Parley P. Pratt.

I am going to tell you how he was tempted to do wrong.

Some wicked men put Brother Pratt with the Prophet Joseph and other good brethren in prison, not because they had done anything wrong, but because they were preaching about Jesus.

Now when these wicked men saw how well-behaved Brother Pratt and his companions were they would allow them to go out and come in when they pleased, although a man was told to watch them that they should not get away.

One morning when it was quite early, Brother Pratt awakened and looked out of the window; the snow was falling and the ground was all white.

Brother Pratt thought he would like to take a walk, he was so stiff and tired; poor man, he had to sleep on the hard floor with only a block of wood for a pillow.

He got up and walking out through the door saw that no one was up but himself, not a person to be seen. So Brother Pratt thought he would see how far he could go before someone would be sent after him.

He went through the town, then into some fields, but no one seemed to notice him. By and by he came to a place where there were a great many trees; all was quiet, the falling snow covered his footsteps and if he should run away no one could find him.

Brother Pratt thought about his wife and children, how much he would like to see them. To be free to go to them and make them happy and comfortable, how nice that would be.

To go back to prison meant cruel, unkind treatment, perhaps he would be killed as others had been.

"Go and be free," whispered the tempter.

"No, no," he said, "never, while Brother Joseph and his companions are in the power of the enemy. What a storm of trouble, or even of death, it might subject them to."

He turned and walked back to the prison, and found that no one had missed him, but when he saw the Prophet Joseph and his brethren, he knew that he had done right in overcoming the temptation to run away.

Memory Gem.

"If you are asked to do what's wrong, don't fear to answer no."



LESSON X.

MISSIONARIES.

Suggestive Talk.

How many of the little girls and boys here today would like to go away on a mission? Do you know anybody who is away from home on a mission? (Let the children tell what they can about missions, the leaving of home and loved ones, working without

earthly pay, some of the unpleasant things a missionary must meet,—being careful, however, not to make much of that point—also speak of the return, seeing home again, meeting loved ones, pleasures of duty accomplished, etc.)

When Jesus grew to be a man He had such a wonderful mission to perform. He went into the wilderness to fast and pray for strength to do what God had commanded Him.

Then He left the wilderness and came back to the river Jordan. This time instead of a crowd of people, there were but two men, two poor fishermen, whose names were Andrew and John.

Perhaps John the Baptist had told them about Jesus; for just as soon as Jesus passed by them they seemed to know that He was the Son of God, and they left their work and followed Him.

They did not walk by His side but just a little way behind.

Jesus knew they were following Him, and He knew that they loved Him and that they wanted to help in the great work. They didn't know all that they must do; but they were quite sure that it was right to leave their work, their homes and everything to follow Jesus.

Then Jesus began to preach to the people. As He traveled along from place to place other men left their work and followed Him until He had twelve disciples. These men became the first twelve apostles, and they were the first missionaries that Jesus had and they went about doing good.

QUESTIONS.

What do you think a mission is? If Jesus and His apostles went about doing good, how can little children be missionaries?

POSEY'S MISSION.

Posey was just a little colored girl. Her father and mother were dead, and the poor child had no home.

Mrs. White offered her a home if she would help take care of her little daughter, and do the dusting or anything that so small a girl could do.

Posey was very happy to get a home and she decided to do her very best to please Mrs. White, by taking good care of Rosy, for that was the little girl's name.

Rosy had gone away for a few days and Posey felt very lonesome. She discovered that even if Miss Rosy wasn't always a good little girl, she had learned to love her.

One day Posey was standing in the middle of the sitting room and Mrs. White asked her this question: "Do you know anything of Mr. White's pin, Posey?"

Posey wondered why it was that she could hear the birds

singing when she felt so very bad, she looked down at her apron and said nothing.

"You have been keeping Mr. White's room in order for a long time," continued Mrs. White. "No one but you has dusted the articles on the bureau. The pin was in the cushion."

"It was there last Thursday," said Mr. White. "Perhaps she swept it out in the dirt. Where do you throw the dirt, Posey?"

"I always pick over the dirt," said Posey.

"Well," said Mrs. White, "what are we to do about it? The pin is gone. Of course, she didn't throw it out in the dirt. It was in the pin-cushion; I saw it there myself. The person who took the pin from the room also took it from the cushion. Posey," said Mrs. White in an awful voice, "you must tell us where you put the pin."

"I didn't put it nowhere, Mrs. White," murmured Posey, but again she did not meet the eyes of her accuser.

"She must be sent away, certainly," said Mrs. White.

Poor Posey's little wooden box was searched by the cook with Mrs. White standing over her. The pockets of her blue cotton frocks were looked through; her aprons were felt and shaken.

"She shan't take it away with her, anyway," declared the lady; and everybody knew that Posey with her little wooden box went away without Mr. White's pin.

Posey herself was hopeless. She went to the old cot where she used to live with her father and mother before they died.

An old colored man lived there now. He let Posey in and asked her what was the matter.

Posey sobbed and sobbed as she told her story.

The old man offered to go and help find the pin.

"It's no use," said Posey, "the pin's clean gone."

"What will Miss Rosy say, when she comes back and finds you gone?"

"She'll get another maid, somewhere," said Posey, "when she gits back and finds me gone."

"When Miss Rosy coming back?" questioned the old man again.

Then Posey just wailed aloud. "Mebbe she ain't never comin' back. I reckon if she'd been comin' back she'd been back 'fore now. She'll hear 'bout me—and—and, I want to tell you some-n; I most b'lieve in preachin' no more."

"O yes you does, Posey," said the old man.

"I tell you why," explained Posey. "I hered preachin' down to the white folk's meetin' house and I believed it, and I was goin' to do all I could for to make Miss Rosy the best little lady in the world. I come out that meetin' house with my head in the air; I said to myself: 'You's got a mission. Let 'em call you Posey;

you don't keer, you's used to it." I felt so big and proud. But I is gettin' paid now."

"De world is a quare place," said the old man, "and it seems like a body can't make it different."

"I used to believe in preachin' but now I don't," said Posey.

"I reckon they'll send a man after me," continued Posey. "I reckon mebbe they'll be wantin' me to sweep and make up de beds at the prison. Laws! I is gettin' paid back. There's someone comin' cross the field now."

"They's a whole pa'cel o' people," said the old man, peering over the field.

"One of 'em's a man," said Posey, and one of 'em—'pon my soul, ef one of 'em aint Mrs. White." Then Posey started up from the doorway. "That little person," she said, "is Miss Rosy, back from New York."

Mebbe dey's found de pin," suggested the old man.

"No they aint," said Posey, "that pin can't never be found."

But the pin had been found. It shone out resplendently from Mr. White's tie.

Posey saw the pin and stared at it.

"Why didn't you tell?" screamed the little lady. "O Posey, I think you are the best girl in the whole world."

"I aint no tattler," said Posey.

"I had lost the pin myself," explained the little lady, looking at Posey while she put her pretty little white hands on her shoulders. I had dropped it down a great crack between the back door and the porch, and both me and Posey thought it had gone forever. And now I am going to tell everybody that all those things that mamma scolded Posey for doing I did myself. I loosed the doctor's horse; I dropped the lemons in the water cooler; I broke the cream pitcher and the little plate; I just did everything, and Posey didn't do anything only just tried to make me good."

"Well Posey," said Mrs. White, kindly, "do you want to go back with us."

"We couldn't do without her," said Mr. White.

"Posey," said Rosy, as they walked along together, "I don't want you to preach to me any more; you only make me good when you're good yourself. And when I heard you didn't tell about the pin I was ashamed and I felt as if you had really come to live with us to make me good. Indeed I did, Posey."

A great light broke upon Posey. To make Miss Rosy good she must be good herself; that was her mission.—Adapted.

Memory Gem.

To be a missionary for Jesus,
I must be good and true,
For only when I'm good myself,
Can I help others, too.

LESSON XI.

FAITH.

Suggestive Talk.

How many of my little boys and girls are trying to be missionaries by being good?

When Jesus was filling His great mission, He did so many great things that those who loved Him believed just what He said; so when He would say to someone who was sick, "Arise and walk," they would get right up and be well, or if any were blind or lame, if they had faith in Jesus, they would be able to see and walk, just as soon as Jesus touched them and commanded them to be well.

In a place called Cana of Galilee there was a wedding and just as we do now, when anybody gets married, there was going to be a feast.

Mary, the mother of Jesus, was there, and Jesus was invited, but there were five disciples with Jesus. When it was known about the disciples they were asked to come too.

This made a great many more than were first invited to the wedding, and long before the feast was over all the wine was gone.

How badly the people who gave the feast must have felt to think there wasn't enough for everybody.

But when Mary heard them talking about it she knew that Jesus could help them and she went and told Him.

Then she said to the servants, "Do whatever Jesus tells you."

Just outside the door were six large waterpots.

Jesus said to the servants:

"Fill the waterpots with water."

And the servants filled them up to the very brim.

Then Jesus told them to pour some out and take to the governor of the feast.

As soon as the governor tasted it, he said it was the best wine that had ever been served.

Kind, loving Jesus had turned the water into wine! The six large waterpots were full to the very brim.

QUESTIONS.

What did Jesus and His disciples do as they went from place to place? If the people were sick or blind or lame, what must they do if they wanted Jesus to make them well? How did Mary know that her Son could turn the water into wine? When any of us are sick, what should we do? If we are in danger, whom shall we ask to help us?

A DUET.

Hattie Belle was all alone, except for grandfather, but he lay all day on his bed, under the blue mosquito netting, paralyzed and helpless. She had watched the hand car clanking over the rails until it disappeared in the big "cut." Her mother was on it, standing beside father, and she waved her apron at the little girl in the section house door.

"O, dear," thought Hattie Belle, a sudden feeling of loneliness coming over her, "I wish Aunt Hannah wasn't sick and didn't want mother!"

But she wasn't given to fretting over what she couldn't help, so she went busily to work setting the house in order.

"Oho! oho! Folks within!" someone was calling.

Hattie Belle hurried out. The agent from the little station just below had paused on his bicycle opposite their place.

"Morning, Hattie Belle," he said, "I thought I'd stop and tell you folks there's been an accident 'way up the line. All the trains are tied up, and the passengers won't be along till noon; it's got to wait here, so you fix your lunches and you'll do well today."

"Don't mention it! Good-bye!" and he glided away.

Hattie Belle stood still a minute. Could she do it? she thought eagerly. O she must! Everybody would be sure to buy, and they needed the money so much. Maybe she could get enough with what they had in the fruit can on the dark pantry's darkest shelf.

She fetched a piece of corned beef, sawed off part of a ham, and put them on to boil. There was a big batch of bread rising. She knew how to make it into little rolls; she had often done it for mother.

What was the next thing? O! to feed grandfather some cool water. How she wished he could talk, so that she might, too, for Hattie Belle had a lively little tongue. She told him all about it anyway, and pulled down the curtains so the light would not hurt his eyes.

Then she went out to hunt eggs.

How still it was, and how the corn leaves rustled in the great fields! Even the red station looked lonesome now that she knew Mr. Mason wasn't there.

She remembered suddenly that father had said there were "some pretty tough fellows cutting corn this year!" She did hope there would not any of them come here today.

What was that? Yes, a man coming out of the corn-field carrying a roll of blankets on a heavy stick!

Hattie Belle's heart almost stood still. What should she do—run and lock all the doors? No, she could not do that; there was smoke coming out of the chimney. Perhaps he'd go by; no, he was

coming right up their path. How slowly he walked, as if his feet were sore!

Hattie Belle watched him, her round face growing pale under the brown freckles. She went bravely out as he came up.

"Can I have a drink of water and rest a spell on your porch, ma'am. I'm powerful tired," he said.

"O—I guess so," stammered Hattie Belle.

She brought the dipper and dragged out father's big splint-bottomed rocking-chair. He drank eagerly, then stowed his blankets under a bench and sat down, the heavy stick beside him. She noticed that he panted a little, and his eyes were fixed on the distant corn.

Trembling so she could hardly work, she began to make her cookies. Now and then, as she went back and forth from the stove, she peeped at the tramp. His hat was off; he had gray hair. But why did he keep that stick so close to him? Perhaps if he thought somebody else was there he wouldn't hurt her. She began to talk to grandfather, a little quavering at first, then louder and with frequent questions.

"Are you coming out pretty soon? Speak louder; I'm so busy I can't come in there."

Still the tramp made no movement. Hattie Belle could almost have screamed with nervousness. She would never tell him where father's money was; no, not if he killed her. Would he ever think of looking among those dusty empty cans for the one heavy one?

She was praying, too, and then she thought she would sing. She began her mother's tune in a thin, trembling voice. "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord," and almost stopped in fright when the tramp struck in with a deep bass, that seemed to boom out over the yellow heat.

Why, he can't be a bad man or he wouldn't know that," and she caroled away with a lighter heart.

From one old hymn they went to another, Hattie Belle's little voice almost drowned in the big deep one. Suddenly she looked up. He stood in the door.

"If you've got an old gun, loaded or not, get it and fetch it out here. Don't stop singing," he said, in a low intense voice.

Hattie Belle ran and brought her father's old shot-gun; she did not understand, but somehow she felt that the tramp was taking care of her. He began to pretend to load it, and then Hattie Belle saw two burly and repulsive negroes halted at the edge of the cornfield.

As he rammed the pretended charge home the man on the porch kept on singing.

He sighted an imaginary mark and then laid the gun across

his knees. The two men seemed to be talking angrily, and after a while they slunk off and disappeared beyond the station.

The tramp watched them out of sight; then he said; "I guess we ran a bluff on them fellers, little gal. They had laid to rob this here place after they seen your folks go off. I was resting over there in the corn and I heard 'em. They didn't know I was there. Thinks I, 'I'm going to try to take care of that little gal, if I be all crippled up,' but I come mighty nigh scaring you to death myself, now didn't I?"

"O" cried Hattie Belle. "I knew you were a good man when you began to sing; and don't you think God sent you."

"Maybe, maybe."

They had lunch together, and then the old man helped her to carve the meat and fill the boxes for the hungry passengers on the train, and Hattie Belle sold so much that her little purse was fat with money to help pay father's debts.

Mother hugged her tight when she heard the story, and whispered:

"God heard you pray."

— Adapted.

Memory Gem.

God is our shield—He guards our way,
He helps His children day by day."



LESSON XII.

RE

VERENCE.

Suggestive Talk.

When Jesus was a little boy He went to Jerusalem to attend the passover.

Can you remember anything that happened at that time? (Help the children to remember the incident referred to.)

Jesus was now a man and again visited the Temple. He found great crowds of people gathered there just as before; but this time He saw something which made Him very angry.

Right in the Temple He found oxen and sheep for sale and doves and sparrows and men called money-changers who sat at little tables heaped up with money. Everybody was screaming and shouting, trying to buy and sell just as if it were a market-place instead of the Holy Temple.

Now this was very wrong and wicked; and when Jesus saw it all He was very, very angry. So He made a whip and went in among the people, and drove them away.

First He drove away the men with the sheep and oxen, afterwards those who had the doves and sparrows in cages; next He went up to the money-changers sitting at their little tables, and upset them so that the money rolled about in all directions.

"Make not of my Father's House a house of merchandise!" He said. And the money-changers rushed down the steps of the Temple. They did not even stop to pick up their money. All they wanted was to get away from Jesus, not from the little whip; they could bear that, but they could not bear to feel those pure and holy eyes gazing down to the very bottom of their hearts.

QUESTIONS.

When we go to meeting, we go to the House of the Lord, how should little boys and girls behave there? Where do you go to Sunday School? To Primary? What is done in the meeting house? What should boys do with their hats when they go into a meeting? How should we walk? If you think you are thirsty, could you be strong and brave enough to wait until the meeting was over for a drink?

STORY.

"Ye shall reverence my house," saith the Lord God.

That was a very big, hard sentence for Louis. He was only a little boy.

Mamma had told him about Jesus in the Temple, how He had driven out the men who sold oxen and sheep and doves and sparrows, and the men at the little tables who were called money-changers.

And Mamma had said, "I hope my little Louis will never make Jesus angry by being rude or noisy when he goes into a house of the Lord."

One day Louis was playing tag with some boys, they were having such fun chasing each other.

The meeting house was just up the street; the door stood wide open.

One of the boys, whose name was Frank, ran up the steps and peeped in; no one was there, the door must have been left open by mistake.

"Come on, boys," he called, "here's the most fun, let's try who can jump over the benches the quickest."

The boys all started up the steps, Louis with the rest; he was having so much fun he almost forgot, but he remembered in time.

"O Frank, and all you boys, come here quick," he called.

Everyone of them stopped running, they thought Louis had found something; they went back to where he was standing.

"Say, boys," he said, "did you ever hear the story about Jesus

whipping the men out of the Temple because they were selling things there."

"No," they answered, "tell us about it."

So Louis told them all he could remember of the story.

"O, never mind that," said Frank, "this isn't a Temple, this is only a meeting house."

"And we aren't selling things, either," said another of the boys, "we're only having fun."

Frank started back up the steps, some of the boys following him and some standing by Louis, who stood quite still.

"Come on Louis," shouted Frank, "don't be silly."

"No," said Louis, "If we can't play somewhere else, I'm going home. I never want to do anything that will make my mother feel bad or run the risk of offending God."

"But," persisted Frank, "Jesus didn't mean meeting-houses."

"Yes, He did," answered Louis, "because all meeting-houses are dedicated, that means given to the Lord, my mother told me so."

"Is that true?" asked a number of the boys at once.

"Yes, sir, it is, and here comes the Bishop, let's ask him."

It was the Bishop who had come back to lock the door of the meeting-house.

The little boys all gathered around him and asked him if what Louis had told them was true.

The Bishop was a good, kind man, so he sat down on the steps and told them the story about Jesus and the Temple, and that everybody should reverence any place where people meet to sing and pray to God.

Louis was very happy when he went home and told his mother about the talk the boys had with the Bishop.

Memory Gem.

"Ye shall reverence my house," saith the Lord God.





OLD TESTAMENT.—LESSON V.

TITHING.

Jacob's Dream.

Years passed away. Isaac grew up to be a man and married a beautiful woman named Rebecca. They had two sons, Esau and Jacob.

Once Jacob was going on a long journey. There were no trains in those days and it took a long time to go from one place to another. Jacob had been traveling all day, and when night came he took a stone for a pillow and lay down to sleep.

While he was asleep he had a marvelous dream. He fancied he saw a great ladder extending from heaven to earth. On this ladder were angels of God, going up and coming down, and above it stood the Lord, who said that he was the God of Abraham and Isaac. Then God promised that He would give the land to Jacob and his children and his children's children, and that He would go with Jacob and take care of him wherever he went.

When Jacob awoke he was very much afraid. "Surely the Lord is in this place," he said, "and I knew it not. This is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

He got up early in the morning and took the stone that he had used for a pillow and poured oil over it and called the place Bethel, which means the house of God.

Then Jacob made a promise to God that if He would go with him and watch over him and take him back to his father's home in safety, he would give one-tenth of all that he had to the Lord.

Suggestive Talk.

Jacob promised to give one-tenth of all that was given him—his flocks and his herds, and every thing else,—unto the Lord. He could not give it directly, but he could take it to the Lord's servants, to be used in helping the poor and all who needed help, and in other ways that the Lord might wish.

Abraham gave one-tenth of what he had to the Lord, who loves and blesses those who give freely. Once God told some of the people that they had robbed Him. The people wondered how they could rob the Lord, and He said they had robbed Him

because they had not given Him one-tenth of what they had received.

We call one-tenth Tithing. The Lord told the Prophet Joseph Smith that He wanted all of His people to pay tithing. This does not mean just the big men and women; it means the children, too. Sometimes boys and girls earn a penny or a nickel, and sometimes even more. How many have remembered that a part of that belongs to the Lord? Yes, one penny out of every ten pennies, and one nickel out of every ten nickels should be paid as tithing.

Some boys and girls are thinking: "But I do not often earn money." Perhaps not, but many of you have little gardens, where you raise peas and beans, or potatoes, melons, pumpkins, radishes, onions, and ever so many other things. What part of it belongs to the Lord? Tithing does not mean one-tenth of money alone, but of whatever is received. Jacob paid tithing on his flocks and herds, and the boys and girls can give one-tenth of what they raise.

Just think what a privilege it is to be able to give one-tenth of what we receive to the Lord. How happy we are to give a present to father and mother, to show them how much we love them, and how grateful we are for what they do for us. But God gives us all our blessings, our comfortable homes, our food, and our clothing, and all the good things we receive; and what can we give Him in return? (Let the children suggest.)

We cannot take our fruit, money, or vegetables to the Lord direct; but we can take them to those who have charge of the tithing. There is a place for it. In almost every town there is an office, called the "Tithing Office." Some one will be there to receive whatever is taken as tithing; and all who have given one-tenth of what they have received will be very happy, for they will know they have done as the Lord has asked them to do, and that He is pleased with them.

One night a lady was passing a meeting house. She saw people going in and coming out of the building, and she wondered what sort of meeting was being held there; so she asked someone who came out.

"Don't you know?" was the reply, "this is the day for settling tithing."

The lady went into the building, and she saw the Bishop and his counselors and the clerk sitting by a table. Just as she went in, a little girl, about eight years old, walked up to the Bishop.

"Well, little girl," said he.

"I want to pay my tithing, please," said the little girl.

"Have you some tithing to pay?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. I have had two dollars and fifty cents this year, and I have saved twenty-five cents for tithing."

The Bishop took the money, asked the little girl's name, and the clerk wrote it down in a book, with twenty-five cents after it. Then the Bishop looked proudly at the little girl, and said, "God will bless you."

The little girl seemed so happy that it made the lady feel that she, too, would like to pay tithing.

HOW THEY PAID THEIR TITHING.

Little Bessie Lane lived in Salt Lake City. She had two brothers and one little sister, so she always had companions for her play, study, or working hours. Bessie's mother was a very industrious woman, and she wished her children to learn to do all useful things, so that they might be industrious, too.

Their home was a plain little cottage; but they had a little garden and a few fruit trees, and it made a very happy home.

One morning in September, Mrs. Lane asked Bessie and Harry to take a peck of pears down to the Tithing Office. They had always paid tithing; but it had been money, and the children thought that was the only proper way. This time Mrs. Lane thought as the pears were such nice ones, she would send one-tenth of them as tithing. Bessie looked at the basket ruefully, and said:

"Why not let father pay money instead, as he has always done?"

"I have never seen boys taking things in baskets to the Tithing Office," grumbled Harry.

"I've been thinking," said their mother, "how we used to pay tithing. We used to give one-tenth of whatever we earned or raised or made, and when we know what the Lord wishes us to do, there is no reason why we shouldn't do it; so I want you to take these pears for me."

Bessie and Harry took the basket and walked seriously down the street. They were not gone long, and when they returned, Bessie's eyes were shining with pleasure.

"Oh, mother," she said, "you have no idea how pleased the man was to see those pears. He said they were the first ones brought in this season, and he gave us credit on the book for seventy-five cents. Who would have expected that? Then a man came in, and said, 'I'll take them all, if you please,' but the clerk said, 'Oh, no; these must be divided so as to make them go as far as possible. You may take three of them if you want them.' The man took three, and then another man said he would like three for his little girl who was sick; and a young girl said, 'I would like some, too, for my grandmother;' and while we stood

there, every pear was given out. I wish we had taken a bushel instead of a peck."

"I am so glad you thought of it, mother," said Harry. "See how well it has turned out."

"Yes, children, the Lord knows just what is the best way of doing everything; and when He is kind enough to teach us, we should be glad to obey."

After this the children were very anxious to keep an account and take a full tithing of all they raised in the little garden, and one day they were made very happy by the clerk's saying:

"You little children are the most regular, prompt, and best tithing payers in this department; and everything is so clean and fresh, and you come as if you were happy to bring it."

Can you tell why they were happy?

—Adapted from A. J. Crocheron's "Tithing and Fast Offerings."

QUESTIONS.

What would be tithing on ten nickels? On twenty apples? On forty melons? How many of you have ever had a dollar? What is one-tenth of it? What do we call the one-tenth we should give to the Lord? How can we give one-tenth of what we receive to the Lord? Why are we happy when we pay tithing?



LESSON X.

JEALOUSY.

Joseph's Dreams.

Jacob lived many years in a land far from the home of his father. He had married and had twelve sons, and he wished to go back and see his father Isaac once more. He went back and lived in Hebron. Jacob, or Israel, as he was sometimes called, was very rich. He had hundreds and hundreds of sheep and cattle, besides large droves of camels.

Ten of his sons were grown up, tall and strong, and spent a great deal of their time with the flocks and herds. Then there was Joseph, just a young boy, and last of all little Benjamin. Joseph was so gentle and yet so wise that his father could not help loving him, perhaps even more than he loved his other sons. He made Joseph a very beautiful coat of many colors, and so the brothers all became very jealous of him.

One day Joseph came to them and said:

"I had such a strange dream last night. I thought we were

all out in the fields binding wheat. The sheaf that I bound stood up straight and tall, and all of your sheaves bowed down to it."

"Do you mean to say," said one of the brothers, "that some day we will all bow down to you?" They believed that dreams told people what would happen, and then the brothers were more jealous than ever.

Soon he had another dream, and the next day he said:

"I had another strange dream last night. I thought that the sun and the moon and eleven stars bowed down before me."

"What!" said his father, "shall I and your mother and your brothers all bow down before you?"

His brothers were now very angry, and even his father did not like him to tell such dreams. The young men hated the boy all the more.

Soon the hot summer came, and there was not grass enough to feed all the sheep and cattle, so Jacob's ten older sons took the flocks and herds to a place called Shechem, where they could find grass.

It seemed very lonely in Hebron when they had all gone, and after a while Jacob began to wonder how they were getting along. He wanted some one to go and find out how they were. Finally he decided to send Joseph.

"Go get ready, Joseph," he said. "I want you to go to Shechem to see how your brothers and their sheep and cattle are getting along."

Joseph was very proud to be sent on such an errand, so he put on his beautiful costly coat and started on his journey. He traveled for a long time, and at last reached the place where he had expected to find his brothers; but he found the place deserted and bare. He could see that sheep and shepherds had been there, but a short time before. He ran along, calling and calling for his brothers, but no one answered him, and he began to wonder where he should go to find them. Then a man saw him wandering in the fields, and called to him:

"What are you looking for?"

"I am looking for my brothers," said Joseph. "They came from Hebron with their sheep, and my father wants to know how they are getting along."

The man told him that some men had been there a few days before with their sheep, but they had gone away. He had heard them say, "Let us go to Dothan," and he thought they must have gone, for the pastures were very good there.

Joseph thanked the man and left him. It was a long way for him to go to Dothan, but he knew that his father was anxious, and he would not go back without finding them.

The brothers were lounging around watching the sheep eating in the pastures.

"Who is that coming here?" asked one of them, as he saw some one coming over the hill towards them. They all watched as the boy came nearer and nearer, and as they saw the beautiful coat he wore, one of them exclaimed:

"Why, it is no one but our young brother, the Dreamer."

"Well, I am getting tired of his silly dreams," answered another. "I think we have had enough of them."

Then they began to talk among themselves how they could best get rid of this troublesome dreamer. They were a long way from home, and their father would never know what had happened. Reuben, the eldest brother, did not want to hurt Joseph, but he dare not say anything then about helping him, so he said:

"Let us not hurt the boy. We might put him in this dry well and let him stay there a while."

The other brothers thought that was a good idea, and consented to do that. Soon Joseph reached them, and said:

"Father was very anxious about you, and so I came to see if everything was all right."

Instead of being pleased with him for coming to see them, the brothers took his beautiful coat from him, and then put him down in the dry well. It was not very deep, and the boy did not have far to fall.

That night nine of the brothers sat eating their supper in silence, when they saw a long line of camels and men coming towards them. They knew it must be merchants with all kinds of goods to sell. They watched the caravan coming nearer.

"Here is a chance for us to get rid of the Dreamer," said one. "He would only die if we left him in the well, so we might just as well sell him to the merchants."

The others agreed to this, so they took Joseph out of the well and sold him to the merchants.

Reuben had been out searching for some sheep, and when he came back he went to the well to take Joseph out. He called and called, but no one answered; so he got a torch and looked in the well, and saw that Joseph was not there. He was frightened, and very sorry, and ran to tell his brothers that some one had taken Joseph out of the well.

Then the brothers took Joseph's coat home to their father, and told him they had found it on the road to Shechem. Jacob knew it belonged to Joseph, and he thought that the boy had been killed. His sons did all they could for him, but he could not be comforted when he had lost his dear boy Joseph.

THE FIR TREE.

Out in the forest stood a pretty Fir Tree. It had a good place; it could have sunlight, air there was in plenty, and all around grew many larger companions—pines as well as firs. But

the little Fir Tree wished to become bigger. It did not care for the warm sun and the fresh air.

Next year it had grown a great joint, and the following year it was longer still.

"Oh, if I were only as great a tree as the other!" sighed the little Fir; "then I would spread my branches far around and look out from my crown into the wide world. The birds would build their nests in my boughs, and when the wind blew I could nod just as grandly as the others yonder."

Two winters went by, and then a third. "Oh, to grow, to grow, and become old; that's the only fine thing in the world," thought the Fir.

In the autumn woodcutters came and felled a few of the largest trees. Then they were laid on wagons and horses dragged them away from the woods. In the spring time the Fir Tree asked the swallows and storks where the trees were taken. The stork said:

"I met many ships as I flew out of Egypt; on the ships were stately masts; I fancy they were the trees."

"Oh, that I were only big enough to go over the sea."

When Christmas time approached, quite young trees were felled, sometimes trees that were neither so old nor so large as this Fir Tree, that never rested, but always wanted to go away.

"Where are they going," asked the Fir Tree. "They are not greater than I—indeed one of them is much smaller. Whither are they taken?"

"We know that! We know that!" chirped the Sparrows. Yonder in the town we looked in the windows. We know where they go. They are all dressed up in the greatest splendor that can be imagined."

"And then, what happens then?" asked the Fir Tree.

"Why, we haven't seen them any more."

"Perhaps I shall tread that glorious path some day. That is even better than traveling across the sea. If it were only Christmas now."

"Rejoice in us," said the air and sunshine.

But the Fir Tree didn't rejoice at all, and it grew and grew. The people who saw it said, "That's a handsome tree," and at Christmas time it was felled before any one of the others. The tree fell to the ground with a sigh; it felt a pain, and could not think at all of happiness, for it was sad at parting from its home, from the place where it had grown up. The parting was not at all agreeable. The tree came to itself when it was unloaded in a yard with other trees, and heard a man say:

"This one is famous. We only want this one."

Then the servants carried it into a beautiful room and put it in a tub filled with sand. How the tree trembled! What was

to happen now? The servants and the young ladies decked it out; golden apples and walnuts hung down, and more than a hundred little candles, red, white, and blue, were fastened to the different boughs. It was splendid!

"Oh, that it were evening already! Oh, that the lights may soon be lit! I wonder if the trees will come out of the forest to look at me? Shall I grow fast here and stand here in summer and winter?"

At last the candles were lighted. What brilliance, what splendor! And now the folding doors were thrown open and a number of children rushed in. The little ones stood silent a moment, and then they shouted until the room rang; they danced gleefully round the tree, and one present after another was taken from it. The candles burned down to the twigs, and as they burned down they were extinguished. The tree stood all night quiet and thoughtful. In the morning the servants came in.

"Now my splendor will begin over again," thought the Tree. But they dragged it out of the room, and upstairs to the garret, and here they put it in a dark corner where no light shone. It leaned against the wall and thought and thought. And it had time enough, for days and nights went by and nobody came up, and the Tree stood hidden away, quite forgotten.

One morning the people came in and rummaged the garret; boxes were put away, and the Tree was brought out. It spread out its branches, but alas! they were all withered and yellow; and it lay in the corner among the weeds and thistles. It thought of its fresh youth in the wood, of the merry Christmas Eve.

"Past! Past!" said the old Tree. "If I had but rejoiced when I could have done so!"

Then the servant came and chopped the Tree into little pieces, and it blazed brightly under the great kettle. The children who were at play there ran up and seated themselves by the fire and looked into it.

"What a beautiful tree that was. How happy it must have been!"

The bright sparks flew up higher than ever as the Tree heard this; for it knew now that its life had indeed been beautiful.

— Adapted from Hans Anderson's Stories.

Memory Gem.

"To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me always kind and good
As children ought to be."

LESSON XI.

REWARD OF FAITHFULNESS.

Pharoah's Dreams.

The merchants took Joseph to Egypt, the land of the Nile. He was such a fine, handsome lad that they sold him to the captain of the King's guard.

Joseph was always cheerful, and he had been sold as a slave, but he determined he would make the best of it, and be faithful to all the teachings his father had given him, and whatever he had to do, he would do it just as well as he could. So time passed and he grew to be a young man. His master noticed that whatever Joseph did prospered, so he made him the ruler of his household. He trusted him so well that the master himself did not have to think of anything about his business and did not even know what he owned.

Misfortune again came to Joseph. The master's wife was a thoughtless, wicked woman, and she accused him of things of which he was not guilty, and had him put in prison where the King's prisoners were kept. Even here he was kind and cheerful, and the jailer found he was so faithful that he soon made him his helper. All the prisoners were placed in his charge, and nothing was done there without his orders. But still he could not go outside the prison doors.

While he was here, the King's butler and baker had both displeased the King, and were put in prison. One morning Joseph saw they were both troubled; so he asked them what was the matter. They told him that they had both had strange dreams, and they did not know the meaning of them.

"Does not the interpretation belong to the Lord?" asked Joseph. "Tell me your dreams."

The butler told his dream first:

"I thought I saw a vine with three branches, and while I looked at it I saw it blossom and bud, and clusters of large, ripe grapes came on it. I took the grapes and pressed them into the King's cup, and gave it to the King."

"The three branches are three days," said Joseph, "and in three days the King will send for you and make you his chief butler again. But I pray you, remember me when it is well with you. Tell the King of me. I was stolen away from the land of the Hebrews, and I have done nothing to be placed here."

Then the baker told his dream, and Joseph told him the meaning of it. It all happened just as Joseph had said. In three days it was the King's birthday, and he gave a great feast. He sent to prison for the butler, and gave him his place of honor

again. But when this good fortune came to the butler, he did not think at all of the young man in prison.

Two years passed away. One night the King had two dreams which troubled him greatly. He could not think of anything else. Like Joseph's brothers had done, he thought that the dreams came to people to foretell things which would happen. At last he called in his wise men.

"I have had two dreams," he said, "which greatly trouble me."

"Tell them to us, O King," said the wise men.

"In my first dream I seemed to be standing on the banks of the Nile. As I stood looking over the water, seven fat cattle came up out of the river. They were the finest cattle I ever saw. While I was admiring them, I saw seven poor, lean cattle come out of the mud. They saw the seven fat cattle and immediately ran after them and swallowed them. I looked at them in wonder, and strange to say, the lean cattle were just as lean as ever. Then I awoke."

"Surely it is a strange dream," said the wise men. "Now tell us the other."

"Well," said the King, "the second dream is very much like the first one. This time I seemed to be looking over the wheat fields, and I saw a stalk of wheat grow up beside me. On it were seven ears of golden grain, the finest that ever grew in any land. Just beside it sprang up another stalk of wheat, and on it grew seven thin, blasted ears. As I looked at them, the seven thin, blasted ears ate the seven fine ears, and as I wondered at it, I awoke."

The wise men thought and thought, but they could not tell the King what the dreams meant. Just then the butler stepped up to the King and said:

"O King, two years ago I was in prison, as you know. While I was there the baker and I both had dreams that troubled us. A young man, who was a servant of the captain of the guard, told us the meaning of our dreams, and it came just as he said it would."

"Bring the young man to me," said the King.

Joseph was brought from prison, and when he had shaved himself and had put on his best clothes, he was taken before the King.

"I have had a strange dream," said the King, "and no one can tell me the meaning of it. I have heard that you can tell me."

"God will give the King an answer," replied Joseph. "Of myself I know nothing."

The King told his dream to the young man, and Joseph said:

"The two dreams mean the same thing. The seven fat cattle and the seven fine ears mean seven years of plenty, when there will be good harvests in the land of the Nile. The seven lean

cattle and the seven blasted ears mean seven years of famine, when nothing can be raised, and during these years of famine, all that has been raised during the years of plenty will be eaten. As both the dreams came in one night, the time is near at hand."

"If the King can find a faithful ruler," continued Joseph, "to build storehouses and take care of the grain that is raised in the years of plenty, then there will be food enough during the years of famine."

The King was pleased with Joseph, and remembered how everything had prospered when Joseph had charge of the household of the captain of the guard, so out of all of the people of Egypt the King chose Joseph to be ruler of all the land, and to take care of the grain that should be raised, and all the people had to obey him. The King placed a gold chain around the neck of the young man and gave him fine clothes to wear, and called him the Ruler of all Egypt.

A BOY TO BE TRUSTED.

"Take these letters to the post office."

"Yes, sir"

Get a postal order to this address," indicating one of the letters, "and enclose it."

"Yes, sir."

"Carry these papers over to Mr. Hill's office, and stop at Mr. Brant's in the Jefferson block and ask him to come and see me."

"Anything else?" as the lawyer paused in his directions.

"Be lively about it."

No need to tell Jim to be lively. He had within a week been raised from his position as a newsboy to the dignity of office boy to Mr. Lane, the lawyer. A proud and happy boy was Jim, as he dressed himself in his new clothes which Mr. Lane had given him as an advance on his wages.

"Clean all over now," he said, surveying himself with an air of great satisfaction. "Clean from top to toe. And I'm going to keep clean. I'm going to keep clean inside as well as outside. He's given me a chance, and I'm going to show him I am worth it. Yes, I am."

"I'm not going to turn one way or another till I get my stuff to where it's to go," said Jim, as he tucked the papers securely under his arm and took a firm grasp of the dozen or more letters.

"What's that crowd? Somebody run over, or something."

Jim stood for a moment after rounding a corner and coming face to face with a scene of confusion common enough on city streets. Men and boys were running from different directions to a certain point. Jim was hustled rudely to one side, and the

package of letters thrown from his hand. With a cry of dismay he stooped to gather them. He was forcibly raised to his feet and pressed far to one side. Counting the letters he found that two were missing. He was obliged to wait until the crowd dispersed, and when he made his way to the place where he had lost them, no letters were there. He mailed the recovered ones and then began wondering if he should ever go back to the office.

"What'll I say if he asks me? If I tell him, he'll think I'm a good-for-nothing, and like as not he'll turn me off. Yes, I'll go back."

Jim went back and gave his best attention to his duties. Mr. Lane had a pleasant, trustful way, increased with a pity and liking for Jim, which led him to treat him with a kindness new to the little newsboy. Jim could have easily borne hard usage, but this was too much for him. As night came on, Jim sat on a box in the hallway, and did some very earnest thinking.

"I can't stand it no longer; no I can't," he said to himself. "He's thinking me a decent, honest sort of boy, and me losing his letters and never telling him. I'd rather be turned off any day than be going round here and him looking at me as he does."

Jim gave himself no time to change his mind, but the next morning was standing before Mr. Lane.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Lane, as Jim hesitated, scarcely knowing how to begin.

"Them letters," he stammered, the color growing deeper on his already flushed face. "You thought I mailed them all; but I didn't. I lost two."

Mr. Lane looked gravely at the little figure before him. Everything about seemed to tell the story of how hard life had been, and how heroic was his truth telling. His gravity melted into a smile.

"I like a boy I can trust," said Mr. Lane.

"Yes," said Jim, with a sigh. "You thought you could trust me to take care of the letters; and now—now you know you can't."

"Now I know I can trust you to tell the truth; you needn't go, Jim. I want you to stay as long as you can do the square and honest thing. If you hadn't told me, though, I should have let you go tonight, for I knew you had lost the letters. Somebody picked them up and gave them to me." — Adapted

Memory Gem.

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

LESSON XII.

FORGIVENESS.

The Ruler of Egypt.

For seven years there were good harvests in the land of the Nile. Joseph, as ruler, had large storehouses built, and the grain had been stored away to be used when the time of famine came.

At last the seven years were over, and there was a great drought. It was so hot and dry that nothing could grow; and people came from all the lands around Egypt to buy grain from Joseph.

One day ten men came from a far off land. Their faces were burned by the sun in the long journey. Joseph saw them, and knew they were his brothers who had sold him many years before. When they saw the ruler, dressed in his splendid clothes, with a gold chain around his neck, they bowed down before him, little thinking it was their brother, the Dreamer. Joseph remembered his dream of his brothers' sheaves bowing down before his sheaf.

"What have you come here for?" he asked roughly.

"We have come all the way from Hebron to buy grain for our families, for there is a famine in our land."

"No; you are spies. You have come here to find out what you can, and then you will go and tell it to our enemies."

"No indeed, we are not spies. We are all the sons of one man. There are twelve of us. Our father is an old man, and our youngest brother, who is a mere lad, is home with him. Our other brother is dead."

"I say you are spies," said Joseph again. "You shall have a chance to prove that you are not. One of you shall go and bring your brother, and the rest of you shall go to prison until he returns."

"But the boy cannot leave his father said one. Joseph still said they were spies and had them all taken to prison. Three days later he had them brought before him again, and told them he would let all but one go to take food to their families. One he would keep in prison until the others came back, bringing with them their youngest brother. This was done. One was taken back to prison; the sacks of the other brothers were filled with grain, and they started homeward.

At night when one of them opened his sack to get some grain, he found the money he had paid was still in his sack.

"See, brothers," he cried, "my money has been put back in my sack." Then they were very much afraid that the Ruler would accuse them of stealing.

When they reached home they told their father all that happened; that one of his sons had been left in prison in Egypt, and would have to stay there until they went back with Benjamin.

"No," said Jacob, "one of my sons is dead; another is in prison in a far off land; Benjamin shall not go with you."

Days and weeks passed; the famine grew worse. Jacob's family had used nearly all the grain his sons had brought from Egypt. There was only one thing to be done; they must go back for more. But they dared not go unless they took Benjamin with them. At last Jacob said his boy should go.

"But," he said, "take a present, some honey and spices and almonds and give it to the Ruler; and may God make him merciful to you."

When Joseph learned that his brothers had returned, he sent for them to come to his palace. They were more frightened than ever. When they saw the Ruler, they bowed down before him and gave him the presents Jacob had sent.

"Is your father alive, the old man of whom you spoke?" he asked; "is he well?"

"He is alive and well," they answered.

"And is this your brother you told me about?"

"Yes, this is Benjamin."

"God be merciful to you, my son," he said. His heart was so full at seeing his dear brother that he left them and went to his own room and wept.

The brothers were now happy; for the great Ruler had been kind to them, and had let their brother who had been left there come out of prison.

Soon their sacks were again filled with grain and they started on their journey homeward. They had not gone far when an officer of the Ruler came after them.

"What do you mean by returning my master's kindness in such a way? Why have you robbed him?"

"Robbed him! How can you say such a thing? Why should we steal from your master's home? You may search all our things to see if we have robbed him."

The officer said he would do so, and if anything belonging to his master was found with any one of them, that one should be his master's slave. They all took down their sacks, and the officer searched them, beginning with the oldest. When he opened Benjamin's sack he found a beautiful silver cup belonging to the Ruler. The brothers were terrified. They did not know that Joseph had had it put there. They put their sacks up again and all went back to the city. When they saw Joseph, they all fell at his feet.

"Why did you do this?" he asked. "Did you think I should not know?"

One of the brothers told Joseph how dearly his father loved Benjamin, and that he could not live without him, and begged that the boy might be sent home.

"I pray you," he said, "let me be your slave instead of the lad; for how shall we go to our father without him?"

Then Joseph knew that they were sorry for what they had done, and that they dearly loved their father and Benjamin. He sent the servants out of the room and said:

"I am your brother. I am Joseph whom you sold to the merchants long ago. Do not think that I mean to be angry with you, for I am not; I know that God sent me here to save life. It was His will."

Then he fell upon Benjamin's neck and wept. The brothers begged him to forgive them, which he freely did. Then he let them go home, giving them many messages for his father, whom he asked to come to Egypt with his family. Jacob was overjoyed to learn that Joseph was alive. He took his family to Egypt, and passed the rest of his days in peace with his family there.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

It would never have happened if the guinea pig had not died, for then Geoff would not have bought the bird, and Jim would not have let it out of the cage. Of course Jim had not meant to let it go; but it was gone, and Jim sat wondering what he could do for Geoff to make up for the loss of that pet bird. He looked at his fifty cent piece and wondered what he could buy with it to make Geoff happy again. Alfred Walton, one of his school mates, came up to him, and seeing the money in his hand asked: "What are you going to do with your money?"

"I want to do something for Geoff—to get him something he will like very much, because I was so stupid about his bird. But you must not tell Geoff, because I want it to be a surprise."

"Of course I won't tell," said Alfred. I know just the best kind of a surprise. If you'll give me your money I will do it for you. It's the best thing we've ever done. Just let me do it, and you'll be as surprised and delighted as any one; only it would spoil the fun to tell you."

Jim let Alfred take the money, and that night when they all went to their room, the boys were very much surprised when Alfred took candy cakes, and soda water out and gave it to them and told them that Jim had given it to them. This was quite against the rules of the school, and Geoff of course would not take any of it. Poor Jim; he was only a little boy, and when he saw that Geoff was not pleased he hid his head under the bed clothes and cried. One of the teachers coming past their door, heard some

of the boys laughing and talking. He went in and found them eating the cakes and drinking the soda water.

The next morning Mr. Allen, the teacher, called the boys in his office and asked who had bought the things. Alfred at last said,

"I bought them, please sir, but I did it for another boy."

"Then another boy is screening himself behind you," said the teacher. Jim looked up quickly and said:

"Please, sir, the money was mine."

"Did you tell him what to buy with it?" asked Mr. Allen.

Jim did not know how to answer. He would not tell how Alfred had misled him, and he would not tell a lie.

"Please, sir," he began, "I did not mean to break the rules,—"

"Answer my question, James," said Mr. Allen sternly. But Jim could only shake his head. Mr. Allen then sent the other boys out of the room, and gave Jim the punishment he thought was deserved. At first Jim's heart was full of anger. Why should he take all the blame? Why did Alfred not tell the truth, and he felt he could never forgive him for his meanness, never.

The other boys had gone to the playground. Geoff was sorry that his brother Jim had broken the rules and had to be punished. Alfred Walton was now so ashamed to think of letting the youngest boy in school bear his punishment, but he was not brave enough to tell his teacher that he was guilty, and not Jim. He could not get Jim's face out of his mind. At last he went to Geoff, and told him all about it; that he had bought the cakes, candy and soda water, and Jim did not know what he was going to buy. "But I never meant to harm him, I didn't, indeed," he said.

Geoff looked at Alfred in disgust, and called the other boys and told them what Alfred had done. Mr. Allen stood in the doorway, and as Geoff, in angry tones, told of Alfred's deceit, the teacher heard it.

"Boys," he said, "I am very sorry that this has happened. That one of you should be guilty of meanness and deceit is painful, all the more that an innocent little boy has been made to suffer. Alfred, you will remain in your room the rest of the day."

The teacher left them, and soon Jim came back feeling that his character was cleared, and the boys thought him quite a hero. In his happiness, Jim was quite ready to forgive Alfred, and he told the boys they must forgive him, too. This they promised to do.

The next day when lessons were over, Jim came to some of the boys and asked where Alfred was. Geoff said he didn't know. The boys would not play with him any more.

"Oh," said Jim, opening his eyes a little wider, "what will he do?"

"I don't know. He'll get along some way, I guess," answered Geoff. "Come and go skating with us."

"You can go," said Jim. "I am going to find Alfred."

"You mustn't, Jim, the boys won't like it."

"Very well," said Jim.

"But really, Jim, you mustn't. The boys won't like it, and they will make you miserable."

"But I thought he was to be forgiven," said Jim.

"Well, he is, in a way. But we won't have anything more to do with him," answered Geoff.

"Well," said Jim, "I should not like to be forgiven in that way. If Mr. Allen had forgiven me and then punished me, I should have thought it rather hard, and so would you."

"But Alfred has acted abominably," said Geoff.

"And I have forgiven him," answered Jim.

"That hasn't anything to do with it," persisted Geoff. "We have to forgive things, but we are not obliged to forget or be friendly with a boy like that."

"Well, that's not the way I forgive," answered little Jim, and he walked off to find Alfred.

The boys found they could not make Jim act as they did, and after a few days they began to think perhaps he was right, and they let him and Alfred join in their games once more.— Adapted from "Geoff and Jim."

Memory Gem.

"To err is human; to forgive divine."

"Forgive and ye shall be forgiven."





HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.—LESSON IX.

BAPTISM.

Chapter 7, Church History.

Note to officers:

Have each of your children make out a written record of his or her baptism; and if your class is not large, these records may be read. This will be a good opportunity to teach the value of keeping records. Encourage the children to keep a journal, beginning with the birth date, names of parents, where born, when blessed, baptized, confirmed and by whom. Then a record of special happenings. If the first members of our Church had failed to keep records, how much of its history, which is so interesting, would we know?

We would also suggest that one of the teachers relate the story of the baptism of Jesus, by John the Baptist and have one of the children memorize and recite the following hymn:

“Lo, on the water’s brink we stand,
To do the Father’s will!
To be baptized by his command,
And thus the word fulfill.

“Thou wilt accept our humble prayer,
And all our sins forgive;
For Jesus is the sinner’s friend;
He died that we might live.

“So when the trump of God shall blow,
The saints shall burst the tomb,
Immortal beauty crown their brow,
With an immortal bloom.”

LESSON X.

FAITH.

Chapter 8 of Church History.

Note to Teacher.

This chapter gives an account of the first conference. It would be well to call attention to the order which prevails in our Church, conferences having been held ever since this one in Fayette. Compare the gathering of saints then and now. How many general conferences of the Church have been held?

The Prophet Joseph Smith asked the people gathered in 1830 whether they were willing to accept the leaders of that time as teachers in the Church. How do presiding officers of the Church follow this order now? What is the promise of the Lord in regard to meeting together?

Have the following incident from the life of Parley P. Pratt related.

HOW A TEDIOUS JOURNEY WAS ACCOMPLISHED.

After making our escape into the county of Clay—being reduced to the lowest poverty—I made a living by day labor, jobbing, building, or wood cutting, till some time in the winter of 1834, when a general conference was held at my house, in which it was decided that two of the Elders should be sent to Ohio, in order to counsel with President Smith and the Church at Kirtland, and take some measures for the relief or restoration of the people thus plundered and driven from their homes. The question was put to the conference: “Who would volunteer to perform so great a journey?”

The poverty of all, and the inclement season of the year made all hesitate. At length Lyman Wight and myself offered our services, which were readily accepted. I was at this time entirely destitute of proper clothing for the journey; and I had neither horse, saddle, bridle, money nor provisions to take with me; or to leave with my wife, who lay sick and helpless most of the time.

Under these circumstances I knew not what to do. Nearly all had been robbed and plundered, and all were poor. As we had to start without delay, I almost trembled at the undertaking; it seemed to be all but an impossibility; but “to him that believeth, all things are possible.” I started out of my house to do something towards making preparation; I hardly knew which way to go, but I found myself in the house of Brother John Lowry, and was intending to ask him for money; but as I entered his miser-

able cottage in the swamp, I found him sick in bed with a heavy fever, and two or three others of his family down with the same complaint, on different beds in the same room. I thought to myself, "Well, this is a poor place to come for money, and yet I must have it; I know of no one else that has got it; what shall I do?" I sat a little while confounded and amazed. At length another Elder happened in; at that instant faith sprang up in my heart; the Spirit whispered to me, "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?" I said to the Elder who came in, "Brother, I am glad you have come; these people must be healed, for I want some money of them, and must have it."

We laid hands on them and rebuked the disease; brother Lowry rose up well; I did my errand, and readily obtained all I asked. This provided in part for my family's sustenance while I should leave them. I went a little further into the woods of the Missouri bottoms, and came to a camp of some brethren, by the name of Higbee, who owned some horses. They saw me coming, and moved by the Spirit, one of them said to the other, "There comes Brother Parley; he's in want of a horse for his journey—I must let him have old Dick;" this being the name of the best horse he had. "Yes," said I, "brother, you have guessed right; but what will I do for a saddle?" "Well," says the other, "I believe I'll let you have mine." I blessed them and went on my way rejoicing.

I next called on Sidney A. Gilbert, a merchant, then sojourning in the village of Liberty—his store in Jackson County having been broken up, and his goods plundered and destroyed by the mob. "Well," says he, "Brother Parley, you certainly look too shabby to start on a journey; you must have a new suit: I have got some remnants left that will make you a coat," etc. A neighboring tailoress and two or three other sisters happened to be present on a visit, and hearing the conversation, exclaimed, "Yes, Brother Gilbert, you find the stuff and we'll make it up for him." This arranged, I now lacked only a cloak; this was also furnished by Brother Gilbert.

Brother Wight was also prospered in a similar manner in his preparations. Thus faith and the blessings of God had cleared up our way to accomplish what seemed impossible. We were soon ready, and on the first of February we mounted our horses, and started in good cheer to ride one thousand or fifteen hundred miles through a wilderness country. We had not one cent of money in our pockets on starting.

We traveled every day, whether through storm or sunshine, mud, rain or snow; except when our public duties called us to tarry. We arrived in Kirtland early in the spring, all safe and sound; we had lacked for nothing on the road, and now had plenty of funds in hand. President Joseph and the Church in Kirt-

land received us with a hospitality and joy unknown except among the saints.

Memory Gem.

"There is nothing impossible with the Lord."



LESSON XI.

PERSECUTION.

Chapter 9. Church History.

Note to teachers.

Explain why the saints of God are persecuted. That the evil one is always working hard to overcome the Church of Christ. That when Jesus came to save mankind He was put to death, and all who believed on Him were persecuted for righteousness sake. That this is true also about our Church today and that persecution will continue until Jesus shall come to reign.

ELDER PATTEN'S POWER.

A Story told by President Wilford Woodruff.

A warrant was issued, on the oath of a priest, against D. W. Patten, W. Parrish and myself. We were accused in the warrant of the great "crime" of testifying that Christ would come in this generation, and that we promised the Holy Ghost to those whom we baptized. Brothers Patten and Parrish were taken on the 19th of June. I being in another county, escaped being arrested. The brethren were put under two thousand dollars bonds to appear at court. Albert Petty and Seth Utley were their bondsmen.

They were tried on the 22nd of June. They pleaded their own cause. Although men came forward and testified they did receive the Holy Ghost after they were baptized, the brethren were condemned; but were finally released by paying the expense of the mob court.

There was one peculiar circumstance connected with this trial by a mob court, which was armed to the teeth. When the trial was through with, the people were not willing to permit more than one to speak. Warren Parrish had said but few words, and they were not willing to let David Patten speak. But he, feeling the injustice of the court, and being filled with the power of God, arose to his feet and delivered a speech of about twenty minutes, holding them spell-bound while he told them of their wickedness

and the abominations that they were guilty of, also of the curse of God that awaited them, if they did not repent for taking up two harmless, unoffensive men for preaching the Gospel of Christ.

When he had got through his speech the judge said, "You must be armed with secret weapons, or you would not talk in this fearless manner to an armed court."

Brother Patten replied: "I have weapons that you know not of, and they are given me of God, for He gives me all the power I have."

The judge seemed to be willing to get rid of them almost upon any terms, and offered to dismiss them if their friends would pay the costs, which the brethren present freely offered to do.

When the two were released, they mounted their horses and rode a mile to Seth Utley's; but, as soon as they had left, the court became ashamed that they had been let go so easily and the whole mob mounted their horses to follow them to Utley's.

One of the Saints, seeing the state of affairs, went on before the mob to notify the brethren, so that they had time to ride into the woods near by.

They traveled along about three miles to Brother Albert Petty's, and went to bed. The night was dark, and they fell asleep.

But Brother Patten was warned in a dream to get up and flee, as the mob would soon be there. They both arose, saddled their animals, and rode into the adjoining county.

The house they had just left was soon surrounded by the mob, but the brethren had escaped through the mercy of God.—Leaves from my Journal.

Memory Gem.

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven."



LESSON XII.

MISSIONS.

Chapter 10. Church History.

Note to Teacher.

You have heard a good deal about the way some of the first members of the Church filled missions, how they struggled and suffered to bless others. Many of our brethren have laid down their lives for the Gospel's sake.

The Lord tells us that, "Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his friend." It is a great sacrifice to die for another, but how about living for others? Don't you think

that the Lord thought of that when He said these words? Sometimes it would be easier to die than to live and face some of the hardships of life. We may not all go on missions to distant countries, but perhaps if we should look around us, we should find many opportunities to be missionaries.

A HOME MISSIONARY.

Polly longed to be helpful. She had dreamed ever since she was a little tot of being a missionary, of going to nurse wounded soldiers fighting in a grand cause, or leading a great crusade against wrong. But there seemed little probability that these dreams would be realized.

At the age of sixteen she was just plain Polly Hopkins, with a snub nose and freckles. Not that she was an ugly girl; by no means. She was as fresh and wholesome as a peach that has ripened in a sunny garden. But Polly was dissatisfied with the likeness reflected by her little looking glass. Nobody would ever take her for a heroine she was sure.

But Polly began to look less in the glass and more at her duty as daughter and sister. She had been to the store one day, and was returning to the little red cottage where "the Hopkines" lived. Suddenly she heard her name pronounced by an unfamiliar voice.

"Hopkins?" said another voice.

"Yes," was the reply, "George Hopkins. He's a limb, an' no mistake. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he was concerned in that post-office business."

There was a chestnut-tree on the other side of the wall that skirted the street, and somebody was looking for nuts, unaware that the conversation was being overheard.

Polly's heart seemed to stop beating for an instant, then go on plunging as if it would suffocate her. That post-office business! Well, she knew to what the gossip referred. The post-office had been robbed, not long before, of an insignificant sum, and it was currently reported that certain boys were implicated in the affair.

There were boys in Bakerville, as in all villages, who had the reputation of being scamps and scalawags—boys who robbed watermelon patches, milked cows on the sly, stoned the windows of vacant houses, and frightened lone women out of their seven senses. Polly never dreamed that George was one of these; she did not now believe it; yet where there is much smoke there must be some fire. George must have been associating with companions that he would be ashamed of if he were found with them. He must have secrets from his sister and mother. How far had he gone in forbidden paths Polly had no means of guessing. She could not confide her trouble to her mother, for she, poor lady!

was an invalid from heart trouble, and had to be guarded from all excitement.

Polly had a staunch and wise friend, one of her teachers, Miss Weymouth. To her she went with her trouble next day.

"I am glad you have waked up," said the teacher, after hearing Polly's story.

"Waked up," echoed Polly.

"Yes, from your dreams of far-away exploits of missionarying and preaching, and nursing imaginary heroes."

"Don't you believe it is a noble thing to be a missionary?"

"Oh, yes, by all means; but not necessarily a foreign mission. The home field has its claims, too; pressing claims, in many instances."

"You mean there is work for me to do at home," said Polly.

"George needs a sister," said the lady, looking intently into Polly's anxious face.

"Tell me, Miss Weymouth, what I can do."

"Make home so bright, so beautiful, that it will eclipse every other place. Has he any special tastes?"

"He used to be always fussing with his flute till I made so much fun of it that he gave it up. He likes animals, too; he would bring home every dog that would follow him, if I would let him. You should see the gamins he used to pick up and make friends of! Oh, I fear his tastes are not very high."

"Well, you must try to get hold of him through his tastes, and then refine them if they need refining. So far, you have not told me anything very terrible. I should think him a kind-hearted boy who is so lonesome and strange at home that he has gone outside for companionship."

"Oh! Miss Weymouth!" exclaimed the convicted would-be missionary.

"There are many such boys, more's the pity!" said the teacher with a little regretful sigh. "Their mothers are sick, or busy, or so tired that they have no strength left for the boys; and the sisters are occupied with new gowns or hats, with their friends, their studies, or—"

"Dreaming about being missionaries," broke in Polly, her defenses all gone.

When Polly reached home, she found George in possession of the sitting-room, surrounded by a group of boys whom she could not altogether approve. She was greatly annoyed, but she wisely hid her feelings and began at once playing the part of the smiling, courteous hostess. Ignoring the uncombed heads, the unbrushed shoes, the soiled, and not overclean hands and faces, she got out the photographs that her Uncle George had sent her from Germany and Italy, and before she knew it was telling all about the cathedrals, bridges, ruins, etc. Then came her album of famous men and women, and the boys listened and looked till dull eyes bright-

ened, and heavy brows took on a new look of gentleness and intelligence. One by one hats and caps were doffed, and many a shame-faced glance was cast on hands and feet unfit for the surroundings and the young lady's company.

When the entertainment was over the boys showed very plainly, though somewhat uncouthly, their pleasure and gratitude. Then a bright idea flashed through Polly's brain.

"How would you like to form yourselves into a club and meet here once a week, for the present at least?"

"That would be jolly!" was the sense of the meeting.

"We will have some illustrated papers and make scrap-books," said Polly, "and if you like, I will get some books on travel out of the library, and we can take turns reading."

Jim Allbright remarked, his face getting red as he spoke, that, "it would be a good deal of trouble for Miss Polly."

When Polly found herself alone she sat down to reflect.

"I must have help," she thought. "I wonder if Clara and Maud wouldn't like to come over and assist me when the club meets. And we might have chocolate and simple cakes; and there ought to be books for the boys to take home. I know of a dozen families who have plenty of books that would help these boys, lying in the corners of their book-cases and of no use to anybody."

Polly talked over the matter of the club with her mother without telling her fears for George. She gained consent for the meetings by promising that they should be quiet and orderly, and not exceed two hours in length.

The first club meeting was an eventful occasion. No unblackened shoes nor uncombed hair, no soiled hands or uncared for nails appeared. There were some honest blushes—always a good sign—when the "members" were presented to the young ladies who had come to help entertain them and more than one resolution made to work hard and save money for new shoes or hats or coats, or whatever was most needed to make the young fellows presentable on terms of self-respect.

Miss Weymouth, who had come to spend the afternoon with Mrs. Hopkins, peeped in when the affair was in full swing.

"I shall never forget that picture," she said, "those bright, winning girls giving all their attention, exerting all their charm, to help and strengthen boys who had already begun to drift slowly downward."

"How things grow!" said Polly, as the last boy departed, book in hand. "One would think our club had been organized for months."

"It is like putting a seed in the earth. As soon as it is in we may be sure that many an unseen force will come to its aid," said Miss Weymouth, who had come into the club room unobserved.

"It was just immense!" said George. — Adapted.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

II.

I. Order movements. Attention! Hips firm. Position!

II. Leg movements. Hips firm! Feet sideways place! One! Two! Feet replace! One! Two!

Exp. Stand in fundamental position on one place, the left foot to the left the distance of one foot and on a line with the heels; on two, place the right foot the same distance to right. When replacing, start with the left foot.

III. Head movements. Hips firm! Head forward bend! Upward raise! Head backward bend! Upward raise! See Lesson I.

IV. Arm movements. Arms upward bend! Downward stretch!

Explanation. Bend arms forward, hands touching shoulders, on downward stretch thrust the hands down and a little to the back.

V. Trunk forward bend! Raise! Trunk backward bend! Raise! See Lesson I.
See Lesson I.

VI. Balance: Hips firm! Feet close! Heels raise! Heels sink! Position.

(Feet open and hands at side.)

VII. Freeing hands and toes.

Explanation. Let the hands drop at wrists; then by the action of the upper arm, shake the hands freely up and down.

Toes. See lesson I.

VIII. Breathing. Arms sideways raise! (Inhale.) Sink! (Exhale.) See Lesson I. I. S. R.



The following books may be obtained from this office:

The new Roll Book, \$1.00.

A Young Folks' History of the Church, by Nephi Anderson, 50c.

Primary Report Blanks, per doz., 25c.

Life Sketches, by Aurelia S. Rogers, 75c.

Minutes of the First General Conference of the Primary Associations, 10c.

Also the following, suitable for entertainments:

Fancy Drills, 15c.

Strange Visitors, or A Meeting of Nations. A short Cantata for children, 30c.

A Trip to Europe, 30c.

Who Killed Cock Robin? 40c.

Peggy's Dream. Musical Mother Goose Child's Play, 40c.

The Queen's Surprise, 40c.

The Little Gypsy, 25c.

Columbia's Party, 25c.

Dainty Songs for Little Lads and Lasses, 35c.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

ORGAN OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Edited and Published by the General Board:

VOL. I.

APRIL 1902.

No. 4

THE CHILDREN'S APPEAL.

Give us light amid our darkness;
Let us know the good from ill;
Hate us not for all our blindness;
Love us, lead us, show us kindness,-
You can make us what you will.

We are willing; we are ready;
We would learn if you would teach;
We have hearts that yearn towards duty;
We have minds alive to beauty;
Souls that any heights can reach.

We shall be what you will make us:-
Make us wise, and make us good;
Make us strong for time of trial;
Teach us temperance, self-denial,
Patience, kindness, fortitude.

Look into our childish faces;
See you not our willing hearts?
Only love us—only lead us;
Only let us know you need us,
And we all will do our parts.

Train us; try us; days slide onward,
They can ne'er be ours again:
Save us; save from our undoing;
Save from ignorance and ruin;
Free us all from wrong and stain.

Send us to our loving mothers,
Angel-stamped in heart and brow,
We may be our fathers' teachers;
We may be the mightiest preachers,
In the day that dawneth now.

Such the children's mute appealing.
All my inmost soul was stirred,
And my heart was bowed with sadness,
When a cry, like summer's gladness,
Said, "The children's prayer is heard."

—Mary Howitt.

A TALK TO SECRETARIES.

This little talk is given for the benefit of the secretaries of our associations; and, as it is often the case that those who are called to these responsible positions are but children, it is hoped that the Presidents will read this article carefully and make it their duty to assist the secretaries to be successful in the performance of their labors.

A good secretary is to any association like oil to a machine, a most essential help in keeping all the various parts running smoothly and in order.

The secretary should know the proper way to conduct a meeting, that is, the order of opening, presenting program, and closing exercises. Minutes should be kept of all business, but very rarely need be lengthy. Where an association is graded, we would suggest the following outline for minutes,—Place of meeting, date, name of presiding officers. (It would be well to note here, that when the President is present she always presides, but other officers may be named as taking charge of, or conducting the exercises.) After the opening exercises, if there be any business to present to the association, it should be done before separating into classes. The secretary should then record the exercises of each grade.

While the classes are in session, the secretary should go to each grade and mark the roll; if he or she is not well enough acquainted to do this without calling the names aloud, one of the aids in each of the grades should assist. This part of the work should be done very quietly that the lessons be not disturbed.

When the grades assemble for the closing exercises, the minutes should be read and approved. This plan will be found much more satisfactory than the old method of reading the minutes of preceding meeting, the children will easily know if they are correct, and be able to vote for them intelligently.

The minutes should be recorded after each meeting; the President should see that this is carefully attended to. If you have a recording secretary, he or she should bring the minute book to each meeting and show that the minutes are recorded up to date; and if desirable, as is sometimes the case, reference can be made to them or they may be re-read.

Presidents should see that secretaries are supplied with necessary materials, such as Roll, Record, and Minute books, etc.

In the preparation of a report, the President and secretary should always work together, and if the records and financial accounts have been carefully kept, a correct report may easily be prepared.

To Stake Secretaries:

Whenever possible the Stake Secretary should visit the associations in company with her presiding officers, and also meet personally with the local secretaries, find out how the books are being kept, and give such instructions as may be necessary.

One of the most difficult matters in our associations is to get good, complete reports.

If each Stake Secretary will make a resolution that she will get acquainted with each local secretary and know just how the work is being carried on, and where it is necessary to make improvements, she will perform a good mission.

The General Board desire but one report each year, and that a good one. We endeavor to reach each Stake Secretary, and if the Stake Secretary will do the same with the local officers, we feel satisfied that better work will be accomplished in the future than has been done in the past.

The General Board will furnish all Stake blanks free, and it is expected that each Stake Board will supply all local blanks.

May Anderson,
Secretary to the General Board.

We have been asked if we will give agents a percentage on subscriptions to the Magazine. The publication of *The Children's Friend* was undertaken by the members of the General Board in response to a general request for some assistance in the shape of guide work or lesson outlines.

The expense of printing a small number of magazines is very great, and unless we are able to sell the number printed we shall not be able to meet the expense of publication.

The material for the lessons is all prepared by the members of the Board, who give their services free of charge. We trust therefore, that every Primary President will not only be willing to act as agent, but will feel that it is her share of the responsibility in the success of the magazine to get as many subscriptions as possible.

Notice of Officers' Meeting.

The regular meeting of Stake Officers of Primary Association will be held Saturday, April 5th, 1902, in the Lecture Hall of the Salt Lake Business College, Templeton Building, immediately after the afternoon session of the General Conference.



LIFE OF CHRIST.—LESSON XIII.

KINDNESS.

Suggestive Talk.

When the Passover was ended, Jesus and the disciples left Jerusalem and were going again to Galilee. And as they were going through a place called Samaria, the disciples wondered why their Master did not go by some other way, for the Jews hated Samaria and the people who lived in it.

If a Jew met a Samaritan he would say spiteful, unkind things to him; and if a Samaritan met a Jew, the Samaritan would be rude and disagreeable. Each thought himself better than the other.

Jesus was a Jew, but too good and noble-hearted to dislike the Samaritans. Perhaps He went through the despised country to teach the disciples that they should love one another.

But, oh, what a long, long journey it was. How dusty the roads were, and how fiercely the sun beat down on the heads of those poor, weary travelers. They were tired and thirsty, and had had nothing all day.

"Master! look!" cried the disciples, "is not that the town of Sychar? Sit down on the side of this well, while we go and buy something to eat."

So Jesus sat down, and the disciples hurried off into the town.

Presently a woman—a Samaritan—came to the well to draw water, and, because Jesus was a Jew, she would not speak to Him, but let down her pitcher, and drew it up full of cool, sparkling water.

The sight of the water made Jesus wish for some, so He said kindly, "Give me to drink."

"What? a Jew ask a Samaritan for water? I thought you Jews would have nothing at all to do with us," said the woman.

Instead of rebuking her for speaking so rudely, Jesus talked kindly and told her many wonderful things.

The woman was so astonished that she ran back to the city and told her friends about Jesus.

And they went back with her and asked Jesus to stay a while with them.

So Jesus stayed with them two days, and taught them.

QUESTIONS.

Whom do you love? Why? Is there anybody that you do not like? Why? What did Jesus tell us to do to one another? Whom did Jesus mean when He said, "Love one another?"

ANNIE'S RIDE.

Three little girls, each with a new sled, started out one cold day to see which of them could reach the bottom of the hill first.

The tallest one, Amelia Ward, wore a bright red hood; her sister Kate had a nice warm shawl tucked snugly around her and Lucy Green wore the new white wool cap that her mother had made for her. They each wore mittens and rubbers, so that it didn't matter if it was cold, they were nice and warm.

Another girl, with timid eyes, passed shyly by them. She was bare headed and her shoes were old and had holes in them; her poor little feet must have been so cold. She was carrying a heavy basket home to her mother.

As the three warmly dressed girls ran by her, she set her basket down on the ground to rest a while, and stood there watching the sleds race down the hill.

The tears came into the poor little girl's eyes, and she wished that she, too, might have nice warm clothes and a sled and time to play.

As the girls came back up the hill, dragging their sleds, they saw Annie still standing there watching them. But they didn't stop to help and comfort her. Kate and Amelia called her names and made fun of her because she was poor, and asked rudely why she stood there on the road and watched them. Kate caught up the basket and started to run away with it crying, "Catch me if you can."

But Lucy Green caught her and said, "Shame on you girls, to be so mean!" and, turning to poor Annie, who was crying she said, "Don't cry for what they say; you're just as good as they are, if you are poor, I'll put you on my new sled and take you home."

So Lucy put Annie on her sled with the basket on her lap and away down the hill they went and soon reached Annie's home.

Kate and Amelia blushed when they heard the other children who were playing on the hill shouting, "Hurrah for Lucy! Hurrah for Annie!"

Memory Gem.

"If every boy or girl
Some loving word would say,
The wrong things then would soon be right
And all the world be gay."

LESSON XIV.

FAITH.

Suggestive Talk.

From Samaria, where Jesus asked the woman for a drink, He went with His disciples to Cana where He had turned the water into wine. (Review the incident of the marriage feast.)

In every town and village people were talking about Jesus, and of the wonders He had done in Jerusalem.

Everybody had something strange and beautiful to say of Him, either how kind He was, or how good; how He could heal the sick, comfort the sad, and was always ready to help those who were in trouble.

Hearing all these things, a rich nobleman, whose son was very ill in Capernaum, came and asked Jesus to cure him.

"Sir," said the nobleman, "Come and see my poor little son.

It is a long way, and there is not much time; yet, if we make haste, we may be able to save Him."

Jesus said, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." Perhaps Jesus meant, that unless He went to this nobleman's house, and let him see Him touch the little child, he would not think that Jesus could heal his child.

The poor father was too much troubled to notice what Jesus was saying. All he wanted was His promise that He would come and save his little son.

"Sir," he cried, "sir, come down ere my child die!"

Jesus was too kind to keep the poor father waiting any longer, so said gently to him:

"Go thy way; thy son liveth."

The nobleman was astonished at these words; yet he obeyed Jesus, and hurried away. When he was near home, he saw some of his servants running to meet him—running with such bright and happy faces as though they had some very wonderful news to tell their master.

"My son, my dear little son, how is he now?" cried the father.

"Your son lives," answered the servants. "Yesterday we were standing around his bed, thinking he would die before you came back, when, all at once, he sat up quite well. Oh, it was wonderful!"

Then the nobleman told the servants what had happened, and explained to them that yesterday, just as Jesus said these kind words, "Go thy way; thy son liveth," at that very moment the little boy must have sat up, healed of his sickness.

And from that day the nobleman and all who lived in his house believed in Jesus.

A TRUE STORY.

Willie was asleep in bed, just where he ought to be, because it was night. Everything was dark and quiet.

"Willie, Willie," somebody called. "Yes mother," answered the sleepy boy, he sat up in bed and for a minute wondered what was the matter, then he knew.

His mother was a good, kind mother, who always tried to do what was right and helped her children to be good, too; she sent them to Sunday School and Primary, where they learned to do right and be kind and helpful to others. In Primary meeting Willie was always ready and willing to do whatever his teacher asked of him; he had taken his turn in opening and dismissing the meeting with prayer, and had learned to pray so nicely that now he was ready to pray whenever it was his turn to pray at home.

Willie didn't have a kind father, so he knew when he heard his mother calling him, that she was sick again, and needed help. What kind of help did Willie's mother need? Yes, and Willie

knew that too, so he jumped out of bed and ran to his mother, who told him that the pain was so bad she couldn't stand it any longer. She had tried and tried to wait until morning, for she didn't like to send Willie out in the dark to get the Elders to come and pray for her.

But Willie still stood by his mother's bed.

"Are you afraid Willie?"

"No, mother, I am not afraid, if it is dark, but I was wondering if you would let me put my hands on your head, and ask the Lord to bless and help you while I go for the Elders."

Willie's mother could hardly answer for a minute and then she said, "Yes, my son, I shall be glad to have you pray for me."

Then Willie put his hands on his mother's head and said, "Oh, Lord, please take this pain away from my mother, and never let it come back again."

Then he turned away to put on his clothes and go for the Elders.

But his mother told him he need not go, for the pain had all gone.

Memory Gem.

"The Lord is always willing to bless us."

LESSON XV.

GOD'S POWER.

Suggestive Talk.

Who can remember about the nobleman's son? (Review preceding lesson.) Jesus and His disciples were going to all parts of the country, and every Sunday He would teach the people in the synagogues. But wherever He was, His words were so sweet and kind and comforting that the people loved to hear them.

At last He came again to Nazareth.

His own dear Nazareth! where His mother and friends and relatives lived.

There was but one synagogue or church in Nazareth, a very plain, humble, little place.

When Sunday came He went there with His mother and friends, not to listen as He used to, when He went as a child, but to teach and preach to the people.

At first Jesus read some beautiful words about the Saviour coming to live on the earth, "One who would heal the broken-hearted, comfort those who were sad, and open the eyes of the blind."

At first they listened gladly to Jesus. They felt proud because He belonged to Nazareth.

By-and-by Jesus began explaining that He was the Saviour that the good men had written about so many years ago, and that He had come to heal and comfort those who were sad, and open the eyes of the blind, then the people became angry and were dreadfully offended.

"He is only a poor carpenter," they said.

"Jesus, the son of Mary, a poor man like ourselves. How dare He call Himself the Son of God? Let us cast Him out of the synagogue."

Jesus heard them, but he went on quietly speaking.

"Come let us cast His out," they cried, "we will not listen any longer."

So they rose up and dragged Him from His seat and out into the streets, to the top of a very high hill.

"Let us throw Him down this hill," they said. They would have thrown Him down, for they were rude, rough men, but Jesus being blessed with the power of God, walked away from them and went to the City of Capernaum.

QUESTIONS.

What should the people have done when Jesus was preaching to them? How do we know that Jesus could heal the sick? What helped Jesus to escape from the rough men?

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

This is a true story about some people who belonged to our Church many years ago.

One morning Father Tanner hitched up the wagon to take some of the people to get gooseberries. There were three ladies and a little girl.

When they reached the place where the gooseberries grew, the old gentleman was told to go to a house which was in sight and rest while the berries were being picked.

Jane Grover took the little girl and went in one direction while the two other ladies went another way.

Jane and the little girl were busily picking berries, when, suddenly they heard shouts.

They ran to where the wagon had been left and saw a lot of Indians gathering around, yelling and whooping.

Father Tanner was trying to get the horses ready so as to drive away, Jane and the little girl climbed into the wagon, when four of the Indians took hold of it and tried to pull them out.

Jane wanted to run to the house for assistance, but Father Tanner said it was too late.

Poor old man, the Indians commenced to tear his clothes off and were very rough and unkind. Jane and the little girl felt sure that they would all be killed.

Then Jane began to pray for help, and while she was praying God's power came to her, all fears left her and she stood up and spoke to those Indians in their own language.

When the Indians heard her they stopped in amazement, for Jane did not know how to talk in their language. When Jane got through talking to them, they gave back the things they had taken, shook hands with Father Tanner, Jane and the little girl, went off and left them in peace.—Adapted from "Scraps of Biography."

Memory Gem.

Great is the Lord.



A General Conference of the Officers of the Primary Associations will be held in June, either the day preceding or the day following the M. I. A. Conference. Arrangements will be made with the railroad companies for rates. For further particulars see May number.



OLD TESTAMENT.—LESSON XIII.

GOD'S GOODNESS.

Several hundreds of years had passed away. Joseph and his brothers were all dead, but their descendants had become quite a great people, as the Lord had promised they should. You will remember that Jacob was also called Israel, and these people were called the children of Israel, and also the Hebrews.

They would often talk of one of their ancestors, Joseph, who had been sold into Egypt so many years ago. They liked to tell how he had been made one of the great rulers of Egypt and had been next to the king in power, and how all the people used to bow down before him.

But now the Egyptians had forgotten Joseph, and Pharoah, —all the kings of Egypt were called Pharoah—did not remember anything about him nor how much he had done to help the people during the time of the great famine. Great changes had come to the children of Israel. Their beautiful lands, which Joseph's king had given them, had been taken away, and many cruel laws had been passed to injure them. But still they had prospered. Now the king began to fear them.

"These people, who call themselves the Children of Israel, are becoming a great people," he said. "If we let them alone, there will soon be more of them than there are of us; and if there should be a war, they might join with our enemies and fight against us."

So all the Children of Israel were made the slaves of the Egyptians. Their men were sent to make brick and build large houses and cities, and they had masters placed over them, who made their lives very unhappy. Then a law was passed that every little boy baby that was born to any of these people should be put to death. The king thought in this way there would not be so many men to fight against him.

One mother resolved that her little baby boy should live. He was a fine, strong baby, and his mother loved him very dearly. She kept him in the house until he was three months old, and then she began to wonder what she could do with him. Then a thought came into her mind. She went down to the river and got some rushes which grew on the bank, and she wove them into

a basket. Then she daubed it with pitch to make it strong and water-tight. When the basket was finished, the mother laid her little child in it, and carried it down to the river. Her little daughter went with her.

"Miriam," said her mother, "stay here and watch your brother," and she placed the basket among the reeds in the shallow water of the river.

In a short time some ladies came near. One was dressed more richly than the others. It was the daughter of the king, who had come with her maidens to bathe in the river. She saw something strange among the reeds a little way off, and sent one of her maids to see what it was. The girls went and got the basket and brought it to the princess.

When the lid of the basket was opened, they found the dear little baby. It held up its little arms and cried. This touched the heart of the princess.

"This must be one of the Hebrew babies," said she, as she took it out of the basket. She could not help loving the baby, and she made up her mind to save it. "I should like to keep it for my own."

"Little Miriam had come near, and heard what was said. Now she came out of her hiding place.

"Shall I get one of the Hebrew women for the nurse for the baby?" she asked.

"Yes," said the princess, "go and bring one."

Miriam hurried home and told her mother all that had happened. Soon she came back, bringing with her the baby's own mother.

"Here is the baby," said the princess. "Take care of it for me, and I will pay you well."

She called the baby Moses, which means "Drawn out," for, said she, "I have drawn him out of the water."

The little child grew, and stayed with his own mother for some time. When he was large enough, he was taken to the princess, lived in her palace, and was educated and treated as her son.

THE CHILDREN WHO SAVED HAMBURG.

Hamburg was besieged. Wolff, the merchant, returned slowly to his house one morning. Along with other merchants of the city he had been helping to defend the walls against the enemy; and so constant was the fighting that for a whole week he had worn his armor day and night. And now he thought bitterly that all his fighting was useless, for on the morrow want of food would force them to open the gates.

As he passed through his garden he noticed that his cherry

trees were covered with ripe fruit, so large and juicy that the very sight of it was refreshing. At that moment a thought struck him. That would be the very thing. He knew how much the enemy was suffering from thirst. What would they not give for the fruit that hung unheeded on the trees of his orchard? Might he not, by means of his cherries, secure safety for his city?

Without a moment's delay he put his plan into practice, for he knew there was no time to lose if the city was to be saved. He gathered together three hundred of the children of the city, and gave them a few instructions. They soon returned, all dressed in white. They were taken to the orchard and loaded with fruit from the trees. Then the gates were opened, and they set out on their strange errand.

The leader of the enemy saw the gates of the city open, and the band of little white-robed children marching out, many of them nearly hidden by the leafy branches which they carried.

"It is only some trick," he thought. "The people in the town think they are going to deceive me while they are getting ready to attack my camp."

But the children came nearer and nearer. Then he remembered a cruel vow that he had made, and was just about to give orders that they should all be put to death.

But he saw the little ones close at hand, so pale and thin from want of food. He thought of his own children at home, and he could hardly keep back his tears.

Then, as his thirsty, wounded soldiers tasted the cool, refreshing fruit which the children had brought them, a cheer went up from the camp, and the general knew that he was conquered, not by the force of his arms, but by the power of kindness and pity.

Soon the children were relieved of their burden of cherries and were ready to go back to the city. The general would not be outdone by the people he was trying to conquer, and when the children returned, he sent with them wagons laden with food for the starving people of the city; and the next day he signed a treaty of peace with those whom he had vowed to destroy.

For many years afterwards, as the day came round on which this event took place, it was kept as a holiday, and called "The Feast of Cherries." Large numbers of children in white robes marched through the streets, each one bearing a branch with bunches of cherries on it. But the old writer who tells the story is careful to say that on these occasions the children kept the cherries for themselves.

Every age of the world's history has its tales of war and bloodshed, and cruelty, of wild struggles between nations, and of

great victories, but nowhere among them all do we find the story of a more beautiful victory than that which was won by the little children who saved Hamburg.—Adapted.

Memory Gem.

“Every good gift cometh from the Father.”



LESSON XV.

THE POWER OF GOD.

The Deliverance.

Moses grew to be a man. The princess had him educated as her son, but his own mother had probably told him that he was not an Egyptian, and had also taught him many things about the children of Israel. When he saw how cruelly they were treated, he used to wish he could help them.

At one time Moses did something that vexed some of the people, and he had to go away from the Land of the Nile. He took refuge with people called Midianites. One day some maidens, the daughters of Jethro, went to the wells for water for their sheep, and some very rude shepherds would not allow them to get any. Moses helped the maidens, and then went home with them, and became their father's shepherd.

Forty years passed away. Moses still stayed in Midian. The king who had brought so much suffering on the children of Israel was dead, but another Pharaoh followed who was quite as cruel. The poor Hebrews began to wonder what they should do, and at last they began to pray to God to deliver them from their troubles.

One day as Moses was tending his flocks on the side of a mountain called Horeb, he saw a bush beside him almost wrapped in flames, and burning with a blaze brighter than the sun; but strange to say, none of the branches were burned up. He heard a voice from the middle of the bush call him.

“Here am I,” he answered.

Then the voice said: “Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.”

Moses was very much frightened, and hid his face; for he knew it was the Lord, and he was afraid to look upon Him.

Then he was told that the Lord knew how cruelly the children of Israel were treated, and how they had prayed for help.

"Come, now, therefore," said the Lord, "and I will send you to Pharaoh that thou mayest bring forth my people, the children of Israel, out of Egypt."

It was a very hard task Moses knew, and he was afraid to undertake it.

"How can I do it?" he said. What can I say to persuade Pharaoh to let the children of Israel go?"

The Lord said that He would go with Moses, and help him, and that Aaron, Moses' brother, should also go with him. Moses was encouraged with this promise; so he left his flocks and started for Egypt. Before he reached there, he met his brother Aaron. He kissed him and told him that the Lord had commanded them to go to Egypt and lead the children of Israel out of bondage to the Promised Land.

The two brothers went boldly to the king and told him that the Lord had said that he should let the children of Israel go into the wilderness.

"Who is the Lord," said the king, "that I should obey his voice, and let these people go? I do not know the Lord, and I will not let them go."

He was very angry and made the burdens of the people heavier than ever.

Moses and Aaron again went to him and asked him to let the children of Israel go. Again the king haughtily refused. Then Moses raised his rod, and called terrible plagues, one after another, upon the Egyptians. As the plagues came, the king would promise that the people should go; but when all the danger was over, he would again refuse to let them go, and gave them harder work than before.

At last the tenth plague came. The angel of death had gone through all the land, and in every house the eldest child was dead. Even in the king's palace had this happened, as well as in the lowliest hut. But none of the children of the Israelites had been hurt. The people had done as the Lord told Moses they should do. They had sprinkled the blood of a lamb on the door posts, so that the angel might see it as he passed, and would not enter there; and their children had been spared.

Then Pharaoh sent for Moses and told him that the Israelites might go, and all the Egyptians seemed anxious that they should go, fearing that some new disaster would come upon them if the children of Israel should longer stay with them.

As soon as they got permission to go, the people got ready to start. They roasted and ate the lambs whose blood they had put on the door posts, and they carried with them the dough that had not had time to rise, and they baked it when they came to a stopping place.

In remembrance of the Lord sparing their children and lead-

ing the children of Israel out of their bondage in Egypt, the Jews celebrate the Feast of the Passover.

HEALED BY THE POWER OF GOD.

The following story from Wilford Woodruff's "Leaves from My Journal," shows how Sister Woodruff was healed by the power of God while traveling with her husband from Maine to Illinois in a wagon at a late season of the year:

On the 23rd of November my wife, Phoebe, was attacked with a severe headache, which terminated in brain fever. She grew more and more distressed daily as we continued our journey. It was a terrible ordeal for a woman to travel in a wagon over rough roads, afflicted as she was. At the same time our child was also very sick.

The first of December was a very trying day to my soul. My wife continued to fail, and in the afternoon, about four o'clock, she appeared to be struck with death. I stopped my team, and it seemed as though she would breathe her last lying in the wagon. Two of the sisters sat beside her, to see if they could do anything for her in her last moments.

I stood upon the ground, in deep affliction, and meditated. I cried unto the Lord, and prayed that she might live and not be taken from me. I claimed the promises the Lord had made unto me through the prophets and patriarchs, and soon her spirit revived, and I drove a short distance to a tavern and got her into a room and worked over her and her babe all night, and prayed to the Lord to preserve her life.

In the morning the circumstances were such that I was under the necessity of removing my wife from the inn, as there was so much noise and confusion at the place that she could not endure it. I carried her out to her bed in the wagon and drove two miles, when I alighted at a house and carried my wife and her bed into it, with a determination to tarry there until she either recovered her health or passed away. This was on Sunday morning, December 2nd.

After getting my wife and things into the house and wood provided to keep up a fire, I employed my time in taking care of her. It looked as though she had but a short time to live.

She called me to her bedside in the evening and she said she felt as though a few moments more would end her existence in this life. She manifested great confidence in the cause she had embraced, and exhorted me to have confidence in God and to keep His commandments.

To all appearances, she was dying. I laid hands upon her, and prayed for her, and she revived and slept some during the night.

December 3rd found my wife very low. I spent the day taking care of her, and the following day I returned to Eaton to get some things for her. She seemed to be gradually sinking and in the evening her spirit apparently left her body, and she was dead.

The sisters gathered around her body, weeping, while I stood looking at her in sorrow. The spirit and power of God began to rest upon me until, for the first time during her sickness faith filled my soul, although she lay before me as one dead.

I had some oil that was consecrated for my anointing while in Kirtland. I took it and consecrated it again before the Lord for anointing the sick. I then bowed down before the Lord and prayed for the life of my companion, and I anointed her body with the oil in the name of the Lord. I laid my hands upon her, and in the name of Jesus Christ I rebuked the power of death and the destroyer, and commanded the same to depart from her, and the spirit of life to enter her body.

Her spirit returned to her body, and from that hour she was made whole, and we all felt to praise the name of God and to trust in Him and to keep His commandments.

While this operation was going on with me (as my wife related afterwards) her spirit left her body, and she saw it lying upon the bed and the sisters weeping. She looked at them and at me, and upon her babe, and while gazing at this scene, two personages came into the room carrying a coffin and told her they had come for her body. One of these messengers informed her that she could have her choice; she might go to rest in the spirit world, or, on one condition, she could have the privilege of returning to her tabernacle and continuing her labors upon the earth. The condition was, if she felt that she could stand by her husband, and with him pass through all the cares, trials, tribulations, and afflictions of life which he would be called to pass through for the gospel's sake unto the end. When she looked at the situation of her husband and child, she said: "Yes, I will do it."

At the moment that decision was made the power of faith rested upon me, and when I administered unto her, her spirit entered her tabernacle, and she saw the messengers carry the coffin out at the door.

On the morning of the 11th, the Spirit said to me: "Arise, and continue thy journey!" and through the mercy of God my wife was enabled to arise and dress herself and walked to the wagon, and we went on our way rejoicing.

Memory Gem.

God hath power to help.

LESSON XV.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

The Long Journey.

Moses led the children of Israel into the wilderness. The Lord went before them leading the way, in a pillar of cloud in the day time and a pillar of fire at night.

They had not been gone long when the king began to regret that he had let them go. He could see all the work they had been doing standing still, and he began to think how much he had lost by letting them go, and he wished they were all back again. So he ordered six hundred chariots, with horsemen and a great army to follow the children of Israel and bring them back. The army was soon prepared and started in pursuit.

The Israelites with their families, their flocks and herds, could travel but slowly, and had just camped near the Red Sea. They heard that Pharaoh was sending his army after them to take them to Egypt again. They were terrified. What could they do? Here was the water before them and the great army behind them. But Moses did not doubt the power of the Lord. He knew they would be led aright.

"Do not fear," he said. "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord."

The pillar of cloud which had gone before them then moved behind them, and stood between them and Pharaoh's army. The side toward the army was very dark, but the side toward the children of Israel gave them light during all the night.

Moses stood up beside the sea and stretched his hand over it, and the waters of the sea parted and left a dry pathway. The Lord caused a strong east wind to blow to hold the waters back, and the children of Israel, men, women and children, with all their flocks and herds, passed through on dry land, with great walls of water on each side of them. At length they all reached the other side.

Morning came, and the king and his army pursued. But the sand was soft and the wheels dragged hard and came off, and the horses' feet sank in the sand. The army could not advance. Moses again stretched out his hand over the water; the wind ceased to blow, great waves came dashing up, and the king and his army were seen no more. The sea had swallowed them.

Now the people were indeed free. How glad they were to know that Pharaoh could trouble them no more. They all joined in singing a song of thanksgiving to the Lord for His goodness and mercy to them.

Moses then led them into the wilderness, and for three days they wandered along and could find no water, and they all suffered from thirst. At last they came to Marah, where they found

plenty of water; but how disappointed they were when they tasted it and found it was bitter and not fit to drink. Then they began to complain; but the Lord showed Moses a tree which He told him to put in the water. Moses did as he was commanded, and the water was made sweet and good.

They traveled still further, and again they could find no water. The people then complained more bitterly. "Give us water to drink," they said. Moses again went to the Lord and asked what he could do. The Lord told him what to do. He took the elders of Israel with him and also his rod, and went to a certain rock called Horeb. He struck the rock with the rod, and a stream of clear cool water gushed from it. The people could now satisfy their thirst and could again go on their journey. The Lord went with them and helped them in their time of need.

MULLIGAN'S ROW.

"It's isn't much of a house," said Mr. Cottrell, looking away from his niece, "but it's the best I can do, Nellie. And at any rate, it's better than taking mother into my house, among all my drove of young ones. You know yourself they'd drive her crazy in a week.

The young girl opened her lips to speak, but thought better of it, and closed them without saying a word. If she tried to talk she might cry, and there was her grandmother to be considered; and besides, Uncle William was really doing the best he could.

And yet, what an end this was to all her dreams and hopes and ambitions! A little while ago she had been at school, one of the foremost pupils of her grade, and throwing her whole soul into the study of music, to fit herself for her work in the world, she thought. Then, all at once, the uncle who had been supporting her grandmother and herself was killed in an accident and the shock had prostrated the trembling old lady. Nellie could go to school no longer, for her grandmother needed constant attention. The burden fell upon Uncle William, who, happening to own this one little house in Mulligan's Row, and remembering the somewhat uneven temper of his wife, bethought him of sending his mother and Nellie to this little abode, and taking care of them there.

This was why Nellie did not speak, but went on busily unpacking the books, and even hummed a little tune presently; for her heart was very heavy within her, and there was no one to whom she could speak.

So this was to be the end of it all, then! Instead of her longed-for graduating day, with the diploma which would en-

title her to a place and work, she had been swept into this obscure corner, where she must pass her life caring for a fretful invalid, who was too old to be a companion. Uncle William had sold her piano, as it was the only available thing which could be sold to help make her grandmother more comfortable, and in a little while her years of study and practice would go for nothing. From being a scholar and a musician, perhaps a composer after a while, she had come to live in Mulligan's Row and be nothing,—nothing at all.

The entire row had turned out to see them arrive. There were ten houses, all just alike, with a floor and a window in the front of each; and from all the doors and windows hung a fringe of unkempt heads, while ragged and undesirable children had overflowed to the sidewalk and shouted to others not so favorably situated:

"My, Jimmy, dey's got a lookin'-glass taller'n you! Whoop! I wish't ye'd look at dat rockin'-cheer! W'at ye reckon dey've got in dat box?"

For it must be remembered that the Row, when it moved, generally tumbled its unclean and battered household goods into a cart, tumbled itself in after them, and so rode in state to its new location. No wonder that there was wild excitement when a family arrived who needed three whole wagons for their belongings, and who themselves were driven up in a "kerridge."

Uncle William stayed long enough to see things settled in some kind of order, and then kissed his mother remorsefully.

"I do wish it were better, mother," he said, "but honestly, it's the best I could do. Don't fret about it, Nell. You'll find the Row isn't bad when it comes to being neighborly."

Nellie drew herself up a little indignantly.

"I'm sure I shouldn't wish to be neighbors with people like those!" she said with warmth. "We'll get along very well without them, thanks."

Whereupon Uncle William went away feeling very uncomfortable, and accusing Nellie of being an "affected little piece" who was trying to hold herself above her real station in life.

He had not been gone half an hour when Nellie, busily hanging the larger pictures and sticking the little ones up here and there with tacks and pins, was aware of a girl's face framed in the open window. It was a not uncomely face, with a great deal of color in the cheeks and a great deal of dark hair tumbled about the neck and ears. One hand had gathered up the muslin curtain and was holding it out of the way, and the whole countenance was radiant with utter and undisguised admiration.

"My!" she cried in delighted recognition of Nellie's glance. "If you aint made things look fine! An' how quick you did it, too. Ever'thing looks like it had growed there!"

"Thank you," said Nellie stiffly and coldly. She would have liked to close the window, or at least to ask the girl to go away, but somehow, when it came to the point, it did not seem possible to do either.

"I reckon you noticed me in the next house when you drove up," the girl went on affably. "That's where we live. My name's Katie Burke, and my father works in the Central yards, and I take keer of Johnny and Susie and the baby. You Johnny! You get back into that house and take keer of the baby till I come."

She removed her head from the window long enough to shriek this command at runaway Johnny and then she looked in again.

"It's awful when your ma dies, more especially when she leaves you with a lot of children to look after," she said, thoughtfully. "That's your gran'ma, aint it? How good you must feel to think you've got her yet! I wish I had a gran'ma. There, the baby's crying! I've got to go. If I can help you anyways, just let me know."

The head disappeared from the window and the curtain fell back into its place. Nellie's lips curled as she worked. She was thinking of her school friends, Libbie Grant and Mabel Sunderland and the others, and how they would stare to see her amid such surroundings. But behind those proud and indignant and rebellious thoughts came another: "How good you must feel to think you've got her yet!" She remembered all at once that she had never been especially grateful to have her grandmother; that she had even thought it hard for a girl of her age to be tied down to the care of an aged person, and so miss all the beauty and freshness of girlhood.

"I wish I had a gran'ma," her caller had said. Somehow there was a haunting note in the words. It haunted Nellie in the midst of her work; she went over to the side of the arm-chair, where she bent down with quite unaccustomed tenderness.

"You look so tired, grandma!" she said. "See here, I'm going to help you to bed, early as it is, and I'll bring your tea to bed, and you'll feast like a queen."

The feeble old lady, worn out in mind and body, laughed like a pleased child, and patted Nellie's cheek.

"I am tired, dearie," she said. "And you aren't sorry you've got your grandma, are you—troublesome as she is?"

Her words pierced between the joints of the armor. Never in all her life had Nellie been so kind, so cheerful, so thoughtful for her grandmother as she was that evening; yet she would have been very resentful if any one had told her that the new tenderness was the result of a speech made by an ignorant and blowsy girl, who pulled the curtain aside and looked in at the window uninvited.

She hoped she had seen the last of the girl, but Katie Burke's

large friendliness was at work and would not be repelled. The next day, in her eagerness to secure a shelf for a certain corner without delay, Nellie was out in the slip of back yard with a hatchet and a board, struggling painfully to evolve a smooth and orderly something out of very unpromising material. The hatchet would not strike where it was expected to; the handle was blistering her hand, yet she was persisting, hot and tired and out of humor, when Katie Burke's face suddenly appeared over the dividing fence.

"Good gracious!" called Katie. "What are you trying to do such work as that for? Don't you know you aint built for anything like that? Here, just wait until I get over there!"

Before she was done speaking, she had in some mysterious manner climbed up on her own side of the fence and fallen over on Nellie's side, and had possession of the hatchet and the board and was hacking away.

"I knew just the minute I see you that you wasn't fit for drudgery," she went on. "And so I fixed some boxes agin the fence so's I could come over and help you when it come to the hard work. Me, I aint fit for nothing else! Now whereabouts do you want this shelf to go?"

The shelf went into its place with much alert hammering, and then Katie Burke sat down on a box and looked at her handiwork.

"I can do things like that," she said gloomily. "When it comes to sawing boards or driving nails, I'm right there every time, but I'm no more fit to keep house than a cow. I've just looked at that white curtain of yours till my eyes ached, it's so pretty, but I couldn't make one if it was to save my life."

The shelf had softened Nellie's heart. She looked down at the gloomy face, and was moved with a sudden impulse of pity.

"Suppose I helped you make a curtain," she suggested, gently, "or showed you how to make it? That would be better still. Have you any material that would do?"

Nellie will never forget the wild shriek of delight with which Katie dragged her box to the fence and went over like a flash, or how she presently climbed and tumbled back again, her arms full of astonishing things which might be made into a white curtain. During the minute or two of her absence, the old lady in the arm-chair had said softly, like one in a dream:

"I was about her age when my mother died. It makes a great difference, dearie, a very great difference!"

That speech was the only thing needed to sweep away the last remnant of Nellie's reserve. When the bundle was laid at her feet, her eyes were very wide and bright, and she looked over the strange assortment with a lovely smile.

"Oh, some of these things will do nicely," she said, with a

little thrill in her voice. "See, we can join these two pieces, and this one is long enough as it is."

And so Nellie began her new work, all unconscious of its new meaning.

The curtain was made, and Nellie went over to the poor, disorderly, uncomfortable house to help hang it. But before a white curtain could be hung, the window must be washed; and under Nellie's gay directions, Katie scrubbed and polished the dingy panes; and they hung the curtain, and Katie stepped back from it admiringly.

"Land, but it lights up the whole place!" she cried with joy. "I've always wanted something pretty, but I didn't know how to fix anything no more'n a cat. And now this room looks like a hurrah's nest, by the side of this window! I wish I knowed how to do anything!"

Katie suddenly sat down and began to cry. It makes a great difference, this being without a mother! Nellie's heart softened more and more toward the poor, untaught girl.

"Don't cry! I'll show you all I can," she said cheerily. And so all that day she was running gaily back and forth from her own house to Katie's, bringing over little things that she could spare, and teaching Katie how to use soap and water and scrubbing-brush and needle and thread. It was the beginning of a new era in her life. She had never even thought of it before, but all her life she had been receiving help from others. How selfish she had been, and how she had complained because this selfish existence would not go on forever! And now she was helping some one else!

"Oh, but father was mighty proud of the house!" Katie came over the fence to tell her the next morning. "He put all his working clothes out in the shed, because he said the house was so nice he didn't want to litter it up."

"Now, just keep it clean," said Nellie, smiling, with the discontent all gone from her face.

"Oh, I'm going to, now I've learned how. And I've been further down the Row and helped Melissy Anders make a curtain for her window. She's crippled, you know, and sits in a cheer all day, but she might sew if anybody'd learned her how. She just sits there and looks at that curtain till it makes me laugh. I'm going to fix her house as I get time along. Her mother works, and she has no time to do nothing at home, even if she knowed how—which she don't."

"Oh, Katie, I'll help you take care of the crippled girl, whenever grandma can spare me," she cried, "and I'm so sorry for her, and I've been so useless all my life! And look here, that skirt you have on doesn't hang well, and I'm going to take it apart and show you how to make it over so that it will hang like mine. See

how nice it looks! And I'll teach you how to cut down and fix over things for the children. You have plenty of clothes that will make them look sweet and clean, if you only knew how to use them. You help me so much with my work, you know, and this is just like paying a debt."

Well, when Katie was over her crying and laughing, the work went on—the work that had been put into Nellie's hands in place of the grand career of which she had dreamed. As the days passed, the ragged and unkempt Burke family blossomed like the rose; and Melissy's dull little room was spotless, with snowy curtains and bed, and flowers in the window, and herself like a lily, smiling and working in the midst of them. Not only that, but the entire Row without delay set up white curtains, into some of which most astounding material had entered; and the curtains brought the other unsavory surroundings so prominently into view that there was a great epidemic of scrubbing and cleaning throughout the Row. And Katie, having come forth neatly and becomingly attired, Mrs. O'Rafferty's girl must needs know the secret of it; and Nellie's lessons in sewing were passed on, with somewhat queer results, at times, but what did that matter? She did not know the extent of her own work; she was quite unconscious that her influence went beyond the immediate circle that was nearest her.

In truth, her mind began to be occupied with other things; for the white-haired grandmother was nearing the end of her long journey. Then, how they stood by her—those people of Mulligan's Row. How Katie was with her day and night, it seemed, lifting the invalid in her strong, young arms, and easing the pillows under the tired head, and doing all the work of the house; and how Katie's father went for the doctor at any hour of the night, tired as he was; and how Mrs. O'Rafferty when she could find nothing less to do, scrubbed the front steps furiously, and made everybody that passed walk on tiptoe and nearly choked a bootblack because he whistled in front of the house, shall be left to the imagination.

And when the journey of life was really done at last, it was the flowers from Melissy's window that were clasped in the peaceful hands as they left her to her last sleep.

"And I am so glad she lived till I learned to be kind to her," was Nellie's cry from the depths of her sorrow.

The next day came a letter from the president of Nellie's school.

"We have to employ an assistant music teacher next session," she said, "and I have determined to offer the place to you. The work will not interfere with your studies, and by doing extra studying for a month or two, you can be up with your grade. Please let me hear from you at once."

Ah, the desired way was open again. Nellie's hands trembled and her eyes filled. Her dreams were going to be realized after all; but what was this pang at her heart? Surely she was not sorry to leave Mulligan's Row!

But while she still sat with the letter in her hand, there was a knock at the door; and a certain faithful missionary, whose work was in this district and in regions beyond, came in.

"You have changed the Row so much," he said, warmly, "that I was moved to come in and ask your help for other places. I cannot enter a house in this neighborhood without seeing what a missionary you have been. Where did you learn the work?"

Then Nellie laughed, and cried a little, too, and blushed very much; but after a little, she called Katie, neat, comely, and smiling.

"This is the real missionary," Nellie said, humbly; "and I know she'll work with you and do a thousand times more good than I. I am going back to school, but when I come out, wherever I am, whatever I am doing, I hope to help in the world; if not in your field, then in another."

But Katie protested valiantly, with many tears.

"She won't take any credit to herself," she cried, "but you've seen the Row before she came, and look at it now! Of course I'll help all I can, when I can leave the children, but I won't be doing a living thing but just passing on her work—passing it on to other people."

Passing on her work! A week later, Nellie was pouring out her full heart to her teacher.

"Oh, I went there so unwillingly!" said she, with a mist in her eyes. "It just seemed to me that wind and wave had driven me into a poor, obscure little corner where my life was at an end. And yet, do you know, it seems to me now that if I ever accomplished anything really worth while in the world it will be due to Mulligan's Row."—Youth's Companion.

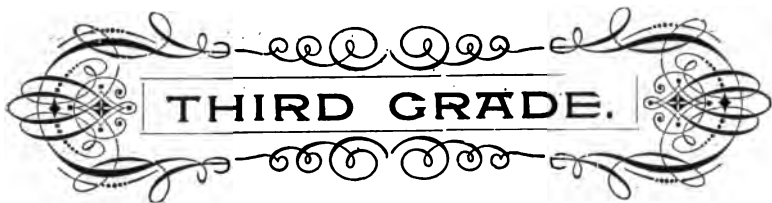
Memory Gem.

"The Lord is my helper; the Lord will provide."



QUESTIONS.

Questions of importance are often asked at our Officers' meetings, many of which require time for careful consideration before they can be answered. We would therefore suggest that Stake officers desiring to ask important questions, put them in writing and mail them at once to this office; so that the members of the General Board may have an opportunity to give them the necessary consideration before the time of meeting.



HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.—LESSON XIII.

GATHERING.

Chapter 11 Church History.

Note to Teachers.

Probably many of the children in your class are descendants of people who have obeyed the commandment to gather to the land of Zion. Have them tell what part of the world their parents or grandparents came from. Point out how wonderful it is that people so widely separated should all be filled with the same desire as soon as they embrace the Gospel. If you know of any experiences in relation to this subject you may find them more interesting or more easy to relate than the following incident.

LEAVING HOME.

Robert Aveson was born in the town of Bradford, Yorkshire, England, on August 22nd, 1847, and tells the following story himself:

On the 11th of February, 1862, I was engaged to work at a printing office in Middlesbrough. My wages were three shillings per week. A young man, named William Henry Scott also worked for Mr. Gould; he was a fine, courteous young man to whom I became very much attached.

William became a member of the Mormon Church; he was very zealous and energetic and desired that all those with whom he was acquainted should embrace the Gospel.

Working together in the same room, we had many opportunities to discuss the subject of Mormonism.

I had long continued to pray for the forgiveness of my sins, but seemingly without effect.

One day while conversing with William I experienced a heavenly feeling. The principles of the Gospel became clear to me, and I received a testimony which I shall never forget. I told William I was ready for baptism.

Like the rest of the Saints, after embracing the Gospel, the spirit of gathering came strongly upon me, and I wanted to emigrate to the land of Zion. In order to do this it was necessary to obtain means for that purpose.

I worked overtimes and sometimes all night, and the extra money I made in this way I saved to pay for my emigration. In three years and a half I had saved enough to take me to where the teams start to cross the plains to Salt Lake.

My home life now was a very uncomfortable one, my parents did not belong to the Church, and were very much opposed to my leaving for Zion. Twice I had everything ready to start on my journey, but was prevented each time.

One Saturday, my mother asked me to go with her to a Wesleyan meeting. "Mother," I replied, "I can't serve two religions at once."

The next morning, on going to my trunk to get my Sunday clothes I discovered they were not there, and on asking my mother where they were, she said:

"Those clothes you wear every day are good enough for you to go to Mormon meetings in."

Pleased to think that she would allow me to go even on those terms, I answered that it did not matter with me what kind of clothes I had on so long as the privilege was granted of attending "Mormon" meetings.

After breakfast, I went to the front door and sat on the step meditating, while people passed to and fro, dressed in their Sunday clothes. Then I looked at myself in my everyday attire, with no coat on, as mine was not to be had. It seemed to touch me on a sore part to go through the streets in my shirt sleeves, while all others were dressed in their best clothes. But I revered my religion, loved the Saints and was not going to stay in the house all day notwithstanding the clothes worn by me were shabby for the Sabbath.

The church bells were pealing and the people passing to and fro to their respective places of worship as I hurried to my place of destination—Sister Scott's—and related to the folk there how my Sunday clothes had been locked up by my mother. From one of the Saints, a young man living at Scott's, I obtained the loan of a coat. They asked me to come to the afternoon meeting, to be held at their house, which I promised to do.

Returning home about noon, my father commanded that I should stay in the house the remainder of the day. So I was prevented keeping my promise.

That afternoon was one of the most unpleasant of my life. Oh, how slowly the time passed away! I retired early to rest. My prayers were not forgotten; and while on my knees big tears rolled down my cheeks.

Soon after this my mind was fully set to make a third attempt to leave home.

The working hours in the printing office were from 8 a. m.

to 7:30 p. m. The train by which I intended to leave had to start at 7:45 p. m.

Shortly after 7 o'clock that evening it began to rain. The suit I wore was very thin and I would soon be wet through. I discovered also that a new pocket knife, recently purchased, had been left behind; so, thinking of the rain, my poor clothes and the knife, I was in two minds whether to go that night or not. I walked up and down the room in which I worked, hardly knowing what to do. Twenty-five minutes past seven came, but I was still undecided in my mind.

Presently I left the place and hurried down to where one of the Saints had agreed to meet me. He had the things which he was told to bring. Borrowing twelve shillings from him and, with the five shillings loaned me by Sister Scott, my total stock of cash was seventeen shillings.

The rain still continued and my clothes were wet. I parted with my friend and went on a small steamboat which crossed the river Tees. After crossing, I purchased a ticket to Newcastle-on-Tyne for three shillings and a penny and soon boarded the cars and started on my journey.

In the next lesson we will learn how Robert succeeded in gathering to Zion.



LESSON XIV.

Chapter 12. Church History.

Note to Teachers.

Give a brief review of the first part of "Leaving Home," before continuing the narrative.

LEAVING HOME.

Newcastle was reached about half-past 10 o'clock that night. Getting out of the cars I looked around for a few moments at the elegant and spacious railway station and began to wonder what was the next thing to do, as it was my intention to go the Leith next morning. After finding out where the Leith steamer sailed from, I procured lodgings at a private boarding house.

At four o'clock I was aroused and quickly dressing myself, left the house and walked the streets for nearly two long hours. About 6 o'clock the steamer started. We arrived at Leith about 5 o'clock in the evening. Among the passengers whose acquaintance I made was an Irishman, bound for Glasgow; and having the

address of the president of the Glasgow Conefrencce, I thought it would be best to go there.

We walked from Leith to Edinburgh, about two miles distant, and then took train for Glasgow, reaching the latter place about 8 o'clock.

Next morning I started out to find work—called at printing offices, paint shops and other places; but after traveling about all day met with no success.

In the evening I went to the Conference House where they gave me a bed that night.

Next morning I started out again in search of employment. It appeared strange there should be numerous advertisements for boys wanted in many stores, but whenever I applied they made some excuse.

For two long days I had tramped the streets; I was anxious and willing to work but could not obtain any. All the money I had borrowed was spent—every cent—for traveling expenses, food, etc. And here was I in a strange country, without home or friends, and worst of all, no money. * What was I to do? My situation was a trying one: I had left home, friends and employer, thinking to easily obtain employment and earn enough, with that deposited with the Perpetual Emigration Fund to emigrate next year to the frontier.

In the evening I returned to the Conference House, where I saw Brother Cluff, the president of the Conference, who advised me to go to New York.

Immediately making up my mind to do as Brother Cluff had advised, I wrote to the office at Liverpool asking for my money in the P. E. Fund; also to Sister Scott, telling her of my resolve.

The steamer "Virginia" was advertised to sail for New York the following Wednesday, June 27th, and I made arrangements to embark on that vessel.

Queenstown was reached the next day. A small steamer brought us some Irish passengers, also some officers in search of some one. I felt somewhat nervous on seeing them and wondered who they were after. Who did they want? Was it I? Being anxious to ascertain, I inquired of an Irishwoman who was near me:

"What do these men want?"

The answer she made surprised me.

"It's only a runaway boy they're after."

I was thunderstruck at these words, but still kept my eye on the officers. At last, seeing them make their way in the direction where I was, if it were possible for me to have sunk into the cabin, I should certainly have done so. Could I hide? No, there was no time for that.

As they approached near me I sat down, folded my arms and

said to myself: "Take me if you will!" Oh, how my heart beat! Another moment and they passed by. How thankful I felt it was not I they were after.

We arrived at New York, July 13th, being sixteen days on our voyage.

Two or three hours after arriving I started out to find Mr. Thomas Taylor's office and was kindly invited in. No time was lost by me in accepting the invitation, as the heat was oppressive. I felt it very much, for no sooner was I seated than faintness overcame me. Some cold water and a fan were brought and I soon recovered. H. P. Folsom and others were present.

After being in the office a few minutes, Brother Folsom asked me if I was from Middlesbrough, to which I answered in the affirmative. Knowing that I had worked in a printing office, Brother Folsom spoke a good word for me to Brother Stenhouse, editor and proprietor of the Salt Lake Daily Telegraph, who asked me how long I would work for him if he paid the remainder of my fare to the frontier. I responded, two years. He then said:

"I'll make a proposition to you, Robert: I'll give you twelve dollars a week for the first year and fifteen for the second."

This proposition was eagerly accepted by me.

After a long, weary journey of about seven thousand miles, I at last reached Salt Lake—a little over three months since I started from home. It was a fine, sunny morning; everything around me looked charming and lovely, and my heart was filled with rejoicing and thanksgiving to my heavenly Father, that He had preserved me to mingle with the Saints in Zion.

Correspondence with my parents and also my relatives was regularly kept up from the time of my arrival in Utah. I was very anxious to induce them to join the Church, and did all in my power to get them to do so.

After waiting patiently and anxiously for over thirteen years my prayers, which were so often offered up, were answered, my parents were both baptized and I had the pleasure of assisting them to emigrate to Zion.

Memory Gem.

"O God of Israel, look down
And bless thy faithful band,
Who fain would win a glorious crown
And in thy presence stand.
In mercy light each honest mind
That strives to do thy will,
And grant that all who seek may find
A home on Zion's hill."

LESSON XV.

JACKSON COUNTY.

Chapter 13. Church History.

Note to Teachers.

This chapter is a very sad one, and describes some of the horrors which our people had to pass through in Missouri.

It is true, however, that many bright spots are found in these dreadful days, which strengthened and uplifted them in the hours of trial and persecution.

The following story is a true one and shows how the Saints rejoiced and with what kindness and fortitude they bore their sufferings and hardships.

NOBLE WOMEN'S LIVES.

When the lower room of the temple was completed an invitation was issued to all the Saints to assemble on the 27th of March, 1836, to witness the dedication of the first temple that had been built to the name of the Lord in these days. On the appointed day a large congregation was gathered inside and outside the building.

At nine o'clock, services were commenced by Sidney Rigdon reading the ninety-sixth and twenty-fourth Psalms. Singing and prayer were then offered, after which a discourse was delivered by Elder Rigdon.

An intermission of twenty minutes was made between the morning and afternoon services; the people, however, did not leave their seats. In the afternoon, after the usual preliminary exercises, Joseph made a short address, and called upon the various quorums to sustain the presidency of the Church and all those who were called to preside. After singing Joseph offered the dedicatory prayer, which will be found in the Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 109 of the new edition.

At the close of this sublime prayer the congregation shouted as with one voice, "Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna to God and the Lamb! Amen! Amen! and Amen!" The Sacrament was then administered. F. G. Williams arose and testified that while the prayer was being offered, a personage came in and sat down between Father Smith and himself, and remained there during the prayer. He described his clothing and appearance.

Joseph said that the personage was Jesus, as the dress described was that of our Savior, it being in some respects different to the clothing of the angels.

David Whitmer testified to seeing angels present.

The services were closed by singing and prayer. The Saints enjoyed a glorious day, and the temple was filled, as Lydia says, with the glory of God.

Shortly after this Brother Knight was released from his labors on the temple, and decided to return to his home in Clay Co., Mo.

But how were they to get home? Newel had received no remuneration for his year's labor on the temple, but he freely donated it to the cause of God.

One day as they were talking over his difficulty Lydia remarked, "If we only had the sum I gave to the Prophet when I first came in, we could fit ourselves out very comfortably."

"Why, did you give the Prophet some money? Well I'm sure I thank God that you were able to help him in his distress, and I have no fear but what God will remember us as you remembered His servant."

This faith was not in vain. The following day Joseph stepped in, and after shaking hands, said, "So, Newel, you are about to depart for your western home. Are you amply provided for? Are you in rather straightened circumstances? I know how you have worked for nothing for the past year, and I know also that you will get your reward."

"Yes, Brother Joseph, we are rather cramped just now for means," replied Newel.

"Just so. Sister Lydia, I have not forgotten how generously you helped me when I was in trouble."

"Oh, Brother Joseph, I have never felt for one moment that you were under the slightest obligation to me; I was only too glad to be the humble instrument of your release from our enemies."

"All right, Sister Lydia. However, I shall remember you."

He then left the house, but returned again in a little while and placed in the hands of this worthy couple about double the sum Lydia had given him, telling them to fit themselves out, and go comfortably provided for to their new home.

This little act well illustrates the just, and, at the same time, generous character of our noble martyr.—From "Lydia Knight's History."

Memory Gem.

"Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He whose word cannot be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode."

ARBOR DAY.

We suggest that all Primary Associations observe Arbor Day by having the children plant a tree. Let them each donate a small amount and get a good tree. If possible, plant it near the meeting-house. Have a very short program and light refreshments. Make it a very happy day for the children.

If the weather will permit, have your exercises out-doors.

HAVE YOU PLANTED A TREE?

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship, which will cross the sea,
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales,
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see:
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag;
We plant the staff for country's flag;
We plant the shade from the hot sun free;—
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

—Henry Abbey.

SONG.

The gifts of Nature brighten earth,
And make her garden gay,
They give a cheery greeting bright
On this—our Arbor Day.
The trees put forth their greenest leaves,
On this—our Arbor Day.
And welcome now the chosen tree,
That we shall plant to-day.

—Selected.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

ORGAN OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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No. 5

GENERAL CONFERENCE.

With the approval of the First Presidency, it has been decided to hold a Conference of the officers of the Primary Association.

The necessity of holding such a conference has been apparent for some time, past experience having shown that it is almost impossible for the Primary officers to get sufficient time during the General Conferences of the Church in April and October, to accomplish satisfactorily the ever increasing business which is so important to the work.

It is also believed that much good may be accomplished by bringing together the officers of the various Stakes of Zion, so that subjects of interest may be discussed, and views and methods in regard to the work exchanged.

All Primary officers, Stake and local, are cordially invited to attend this conference. It is expected, however, that every Stake Board will have at least one representative present.

If all Stake officers expecting to attend this conference will kindly send in their names to this office as soon as possible, arrangements will be made for the accommodation of those desiring them.

The date for this conference will be May 29, the day preceding the Mutual Improvement Association conference, and those wishing to come can have the benefit of the reduced rates over the railroad.

We sincerely trust that there will be a large representation of the officers of the Primary Association at this conference, and that by gathering together in this way we may be able to arouse much enthusiasm and a determination to press forward in our labors among the children of the Saints.

Louie B. Felt.

Lillie T. Freeze.

Josephine R. West.

Program for General Conference of the Officers of the Primary Association to be held in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, Utah, Thursday, May 29th, 1902:

10 A. M.

Singing.....Children's Chorus.
 Prayer.....
 Singing.....Children's Chorus.
 Opening remarks.....President Louie B. Felt
 Parents' meetings.....Edna L. Smith.
 Vocal solo.....Selected.
 Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain...
L. L. Greene Richards
 Industrial work in connection with Primary meetings.....
Lillie T. Freeze.
 Remarks.....
 Singing.....Children's Chorus.
 Benediction.....

2 P. M.

Singing.....Children's Chorus.
 Prayer.....
 Singing.....Children's Chorus.
 "The Children's Friend,".....Eliza Slade Bennion.
 Violin solo.....Susie Grant Mann.
 Physical Culture.....Isabel S. Ross.
 Vocal solo.....Selected.
 Duties of Presiding Officers.....Olive L. Derbidge.
 Remarks.....
 Singing.....Children's Chorus.
 Benediction.....
 Musical Conductor....Ida D. Snow.
 Organist.....Kate R. Stewart.



LIFE OF CHRIST.—LESSON XVII.

OBEDIENCE.

Suggestive Talk.

One day Jesus went down to the seashore to preach. At every step He took, the crowd grew thicker and thicker. Some of the people who were ill, and wanted to be made well, reached out their hands to touch Him. All of them wanted to hear the sweet words that came from His lips, and drew nearer and nearer to listen, so that Jesus could scarcely move for the crowd that was about Him. A little way out at sea in a fishing boat, busily mending his net, sat Simon Peter, one of the Lord's disciples. Jesus beckoned him to bring his boat to shore; then making His way through the crowd, He stepped into the boat and went on talking to the people.

Jesus knew that Simon, Andrew, James and John, the poor fishermen on the shore mending their nets, had been out in their boats all night but had caught nothing. He knew, too, how poor they were, and how badly they needed the fish to sell in the village for money. So when He had finished talking to the people, He bade them push their boats out to sea once more and throw in their nets.

Simon Peter and Andrew, who were in the boat with Jesus, told Him they had been toiling all night but had caught nothing. "But at Thy word," said Peter, "we will let down the nets."

So they pushed out the boats and let down the nets, and immediately they were full of fish, so full that they could scarcely drag them into the boats.

QUESTIONS.

Why did the people crowd around Jesus? Why did the sick want to touch Him? What was Simon doing in his boat? How do you think the poor fishermen felt if they had been up all night? Why did they obey Jesus? When the nets were full of fish, do you think the fishermen were happy? What would they do with the fish?

HOW HARRY WALKED.

Harry had been left all alone in the station-house. His father had gone with the men to mend a part of the road that had been washed away with the rain.

Mr. Fetrow had said as he kissed Harry good-by, "If anything happens, you'll have to walk down the track and tell us."

About seven o'clock Harry was very sleepy; so he blew out the light and went to bed. At first he felt very lonely. He had never been in a house all alone before, and the wind blew, and the rain beat, and the house creaked now and then in a way he did not like; but he could see the big, red light over to the station and it was company for him, so he dozed off quite comfortably.

It was a long time before he woke.—Above the howling of the wind and the splashing of the rain and the strange creaks of the house, he heard a great rushing of water.

He felt sure there was trouble with the culvert, "but," he argued with himself, "what can I do? The operator has gone, and I can't telegraph. If it took father an hour to go to Six-Mile-Dump on his hand-car, how long will it take me? What can I do?"

And still he could hear the rushing of water. Then he answered himself: "Certainly you can't do anything while you are lying here—Get up!"

So he got up and lighted his candle. Then he dressed himself, and put on his coat and cap and boots.

Downstairs he found that there was one lantern, left standing in the corner. He lighted it, and leaving his candle on the window seat he started out with the lantern into the night.

The rushing of the water was coming from the culvert. The rain had been melting the snow up in the mountain, and instead of the brook he had seen last night, there was a large stream rushing down from the culvert. But that was not all. He walked up the track till he was just over the culvert, and turned his lantern so that it shone down. There was a real lake of water on this side, and just against the culvert was a great tree which had floated against it, branches and all. There were smaller trees and logs tangled up in the branches, and together they made a dam over which the water was pouring like a waterfall. Then he thought of his father's last words to him, "If anything happens, you must walk."

So, without going back to the house, he started down the track in the way his father had gone. At first it was not hard. His lantern gave a good light, and he trampled along on the sleepers right merrily. But it was raining very hard, and first his knees grew wet, then the rain came through his clothes on his shoulders, and he began to feel cold and wet. Then his lantern grew dim. He did not dare open it to try to fix it, it blew so hard. So with the bad light he could hardly see his way, and at last he stumbled so that he fell into the ditch and filled one of his boots with water, and his lantern went entirely out. Then he

stopped and pulled off his boot to pour out the water. He had just pulled it on again with some difficulty, for his stocking was all wet, when he heard a great rumbling, and had only just time to jump off the track as a train came up behind him and passed him, going with a rush.

He called up from the ditch, "Stop! stop!" But no one heard him.

"Oh, if I were only on that train!" he cried, and the tears came into his eyes; and as he pulled out his handkerchief to wipe them, he found it was wetter than his eyes.

"Come, come now, Harry," said he, aloud, though in rather a quavering voice; "if you can't ride, you can walk." So he limped along on the other track, and forced the tears back.

He could see very little, but he walked close to the rail, so that he could kick it now and then, and kept himself straight. He walked on and on, sometimes in cuts and sometimes on the tops of embankments, where the wind nearly blew him off the road. He did not mind being wet now, but he was growing very cold, and his feet had to be dragged from one tie to another.

At last he saw ahead of him a red light; it was very far off, but he thought he could get there. He counted a hundred steps, then a hundred more. As he was finishing the third hundred, he reached the door. Somehow he got it open, and clambered up the stairs on hands and feet. As he reached the top, he saw someone sitting on the table.

"Quick," said he, "quick! Tell father there's a washout at Ganister culvert. Quick, or he'll be too late!" Then he laid his head on the top step.

The operator stared; then he telegraphed the superintendent. "A messenger from Ganister reports a washout at the culvert." Then he picked up the fainting boy, stripped off his clothes, built a roaring fire, and rubbed some life into him.

The message was in time. The road had just been mended at Six-Mile-Dump, and the whole force was loaded on the wreck-train to go up to Ganister. They stopped at the tower from which the news had come; and there Mr. Fetrow found his boy sitting up and eating the operator's supper.

"Father," said he, "any one would have come who heard what I heard."

So his father carried him down to the train, and they all went up to Ganister. The water was nearly up to the top of the culvert now; a little more, and the bank might have gone. But they pulled and cut at the logs and trees till the water flowed through untrammelled, and the road was safe.—Adapted from Sunday School stories by E. E. Hale.

Memory Gem.

"Give us hearts to love Thee truly,
And to love each other, too;
Make us gentle, kind, obedient,
In all things we say or do."

**LESSON XVIII.****"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."****Suggestive Talk.**

One night Jesus went to the top of a high mountain to pray. No one knows what He said to His Father through the long, dark night, for none were near to listen, not even the beloved disciples. But in the morning, as soon as it was light, the people came crowding into Capernaum, as they did every day, asking for Jesus.

"Where is Jesus?" they cried. "Where is He? Tell us, that we may go to Him."

When they heard that He had gone up the night before into the mountain, they hurried after Him. The sun was shining, and the dew sparkling on the grass and flowers, and the little boats rocking on the Lake of Galilee. But the people did not notice this.

And what a strange crowd of people it was! Mothers with little white-faced babies, strong men leading the blind, or carrying the sick in their arms, lame men limping on crutches, mad people with their chains rattling behind them; and every face had an eager, longing look upon it, and every voice was talking of Jesus.

Jesus saw them, and came part of the way down the mountain to meet them, and smiled pityingly, and made them better with a touch, or a word, or just one kind, gentle look.

And when they were all made well and happy, He bade them sit upon the grass, and listen while he taught them.

Many lovely and beautiful things Jesus taught those people as they sat upon the mountain. Among other things He said, "Blessed are the merciful."

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

A company of people were going together to a beautiful home. They were told that it was the home of a great and glorious king, and that he called them to come and be with him. So they started. The journey was long, and they came from many different places and by many different ways.

As they journeyed they saw a little child who had had no breakfast nor supper; the little one was very hungry, and they said, "We must give some of our food to that little one;" and so the child was fed. By and by they came to an old man—a stranger, toiling all alone up the long road. "Let us help him," they said; "it will be nicer for him to be with us;" and the stranger was made happy. Another day, as these people went on their journey, they found a mother with her little children, all of them cold and in rags, for they had no warm clothes nor money to buy any. "Oh, we have more clothes than they have! we must stop awhile and give them some;" and once more the people stopped. While they were staying they found many sick ones, too, and some who were kept in a large house and could never go out. So they waited to visit them, and tried to make them happy.

At last the journey was ended, and they came near the palace of the king. The light from the palace was more beautiful than any they had ever seen. The king met them as they entered, and he said: "Come, ye blessed ones, come and share this home with me; for when I was hungry ye fed me; when I was thirsty ye gave me drink; when I was a stranger ye took me in; when I was sick ye visited me." And the people said, "What does this mean? We never saw the king hungry or sick." And the king said, "No; but as you did these things for all whom you did see, it was just as good as if you had done them for me."

Memory Gem.

"Blessed are the Merciful."

**LESSON. XIX.****"THE LORD'S PRAYER."****Suggestive Talk.**

While Jesus was on the mountain preaching to the people, He taught them the prayer that ever since has been called "The Lord's Prayer."

Let us repeat this beautiful prayer:

"Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever, amen. (If the children are not familiar with the prayer, repeat until all know it.)

QUESTIONS.

What does our Father do for us? Where and what is heaven? What do we mean when we say "Hallowed be Thy name?" Thy kingdom come? Thy will be done? Give us this day our daily bread? Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors?

Note.—These questions could hardly be answered by the small children, but the teacher may review them and explain their meaning.

WHY TOMMY CHANGED HIS MIND.

School was out and Tommy was slowly making his way homeward. He was such a chubby, good natured little fellow and usually went home whistling a merry tune or in some way giving vent to the feelings that had been suppressed during the long school hours of the day; but tonight the merriment seemed to be all gone, and over the little heart hung a dense shadow of gloom.

As he walked slowly along the dusty country roads, digging his little bare toes farther and farther into the hot sand, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, the old straw hat crushed down on the little head, nearly hiding the honest blue eyes beneath from which a tear now and then trickled down over the tiny, freckled face, he muttered to himself:

"Johnnie Clark is just the meanest fellow I know. He went and told the teacher that I peeped in my book in the spelling class so as to make me stay after school half an hour, and he knew all the time it wasn't so. I'll just pay him back to-morrow, now see if I don't."

And he trudged on toward home, trying to think what the awfulest thing he could think of would be.

He reached home feeling very miserable and as yet undecided as to Johnnie's fate. Mamma met Tommy at the door, for she had been waiting for him to come home from school as she had some errands she wanted him to do for her; so he was kept busy till supper time. But some way even then he wasn't very hungry. He didn't feel very well anyway. There was something the matter with his throat. It seemed to be swollen, or else there was something in it he couldn't swallow. And then, too, there was some one who seemed to be whispering to him about Johnnie.

By and by it began to grow dark and at last it came Tommy's bed time. As usual mamma came in to hear him say his prayer. It was the Lord's Prayer that he prayed. How often he had said that prayer, but some way to-night it was different than ever before.

"I can't ask God to forgive me just as I forgive Johnnie," thought he, and so when he came to the part, "Forgive us our

debts as we forgive our debtors," his voice trembled a little and he was taken with a violent fit of coughing, for that dreadful lump in his throat was growing larger and larger, and Tommy's little brown hand stole up to his throat to see if it didn't show on the outside. Finally the prayer with the exception of that line, was finished and mamma tucked a very unhappy little boy into bed, kissed him good night, blew out the light, and left him, alone.

Tommy shut his eyes tightly and kept perfectly quiet for a long time, but he couldn't sleep. How that great star looking in at the window did blink at him! He rolled over, but he knew that the star was still there; and some way it reminded him of how good Johnnie was to let him use his sled last winter when his own was broken, and how he divided marbles with him when he went over to play with him the other day. One by one many of Johnnie's little kindnesses came back to him, and in a minute a white robed little figure slid out from between the sheets and kneeling down, said, "Please, dear Jesus, I don't want to do nothin' awful to Johnnie 'cause I'm goin' to forgive him, so 'forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.'"—Chrissie M. Nuffer.

Memory Gem.

"Forgive and ye shall be forgiven."

At las tthe journey was ended, and they came near the place



DECORATION DAY.

We would suggest that the program of the meeting nearest to Decoration day be devoted to suitable exercises in honor of our country's dead. Have the three grades meet together and each perform a part of the program. Invite the parents and friends and make the occasion a pleasant and profitable one.

We expected to insert a number of suitable selections, but through lack of space we are compelled to omit their publication.



SECOND GRADE.

OLD TESTAMENT.—LESSON XVII.

THE SABBATH DAY.

Manna.

The children of Israel now led a very different life. As long as they could remember, they had lived in a level country, watered by the river Nile, where there were large cities in which everything needful could be bought. Now all this was changed. They traveled through mountains and over deserts, where there were no gardens or grain fields, no cities. They would not buy food in this desolate country, and that which they had brought with them had given out.

Then the people began to complain. They told Moses that although they had been treated cruelly in Egypt, at least they had had enough to eat; and now they had been brought into the wilderness where they would all die of hunger.

But the Lord was able to care for them then as always, and Moses trusted in him. The people would not perish.

One morning when the people got up, they found everything wet with dew, and when the dew was gone, the ground was covered with something white.

"What can it be?" they exclaimed.

"This is bread which the Lord has given you," said Moses.

The people called it manna. Then Moses told them that the Lord had provided it for them, and had said that they should gather it according to the number of persons in their families; "But," said Moses, "no one must leave it until morning. Gather just what is necessary."

Some of the people, fearing no more would come, took more than they needed, and kept it, and when morning came, the manna they had kept was not fit to eat.

The next morning the manna lay upon the ground, and the people gathered it as before; and the next day, and the next. When the sixth day came, Moses told the people that the Lord wanted them to gather enough for two days, as the next day was the Sabbath Day.

The people did as Moses told them, and gathered enough for two days, and in the morning they found the manna fresh and good.

"Eat that to-day," said Moses; "for to-day is the Sabbath of

the Lord; to-day you will not find the manna in the fields. Six days you will find it, but on the seventh there will be none."

There were a few who went out on the Sabbath Day to gather manna as usual, but they found none there.

Forty years, every day, excepting the Sabbath, manna was provided for the Children of Israel.

The Lord gave the people many lessons about the Sabbath Day, and gave them many strict rules about what should be done on that day; and those who would not obey those laws—those who would not keep that day holy—were punished very severely.

While the Children of Israel were in the wilderness, the Lord met Moses and gave him Ten Commandments, which the Lord himself had written on tablets of stone. One of these commandments teaches us how the Lord wishes us to keep the Sabbath Day. He says:

"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath Day and hallowed it.

EDGAR'S DECISION.

The large doors of the bakery swung open, the proprietor, a short, fat, rosy-cheeked man, entered with a fussy, consequential air, and looked around sharply.

"Goymer, I shall be glad of a few minutes' conversation with you," he said, addressing his chief baker. "Ahem—now, please," he added abruptly.

Edgar Goymer looked up inquiringly, and an expression of surprise was visible on his face as he followed his employer into his private room.

"The fact is," begun Mr. Richards, "at the request of several of my best customers, I have decided to commence baking Sunday dinners, therefore after the first of the month I shall require your services every Sunday from ten till two o'clock."

"I'm very sorry, sir, but—"

"Don't attempt to give an answer now," interrupted his master, "we're only in the first week in July, so I can allow you a fortnight to think the matter over. You see, I must make this arrangement, for, of course; if I refuse to oblige my customers, I shall lose them. I'll give you two dollars a week extra, I think that will make it worth your while to come."

Edgar shook his head; Mr. Richards gave him a searching look, then rose and brought the interview to a close.

"Of course, if you will not oblige me, Goymer, I must find some one who will," he said, in an independent tone. "However," he added pleasantly, "I should be sorry to dismiss you, for I must say I never had one in my employ who suited me so well in every respect as yourself."

Edgar's face flushed with pleasure, for the compliment had fallen like balm upon his troubled heart, troubled because that unexpected communication and request dealt a shattering blow to his fondly cherished wish to remain in Mr. Richards' employ until able to commence business on his own account.

He had become greatly attached to his little abode; for he had lived in that little town long enough to form pleasant connections, to leave which would be a sore trial, and he feared he would have to do so if dismissed from Mr. Richards' service, because he felt sure of being unable to obtain a similar situation in the neighborhood.

He had no near relatives; his parents, whose only child he was, had been called from this world several years previous, but with God's help he had not departed from the right way in which they had taught him to go.

He had not neglected to pray to his Heavenly Father, both in private and in public, and he had endeavored to rule his life according to the advice given by his Almighty Friend in the Bible. As he returned to the bakery, precious words from that Book flashed into his memory to aid him in making a decision.

"Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it."

"God's blessing if I keep holy His Sabbath day," he said to himself, softly. "No, indeed, I'll not spend four hours of it in doing unnecessary work. God's blessing, ah, that's worth far more than two dollars a week."

So, notwithstanding the remonstrances of one or two young acquaintances, he firmly, yet respectfully, made known to Mr. Richards his decision. The result was that his master instantly gave him his dismissal, and then turned away with a secret consciousness that he could not easily find a worthy successor.

Poor Edgar's faith was sorely tried during the month that followed; for all efforts to obtain a situation failed; however, the remembrance of the promise, "They that trust in the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good," gave him courage.

One evening on returning from a meeting, he was met by an elderly man, and questioned as to whether he was still in need of a situation.

He answered in the affirmative; and was then told to go with the stranger to the house of his brother, where he was stay-

ing, and was assured that there he would hear of some opening. And Edgar's hopes were realized beyond his expectations.

On reaching their destination, which proved to be the private residence of Mr. John Markham, one of the leading tradesmen of the town he was kindly received by that gentleman, and informed by him that having heard, on good authority, the reason why Edgar received his dismissal from his former situation, and that reason showing that he was a good young man, he had been recommended to Mr. Markham, who required the services of such a one, as manager of the large bakery and confectionery business which he had arranged to open on a prominent street of the town.

Edgar's eyes filled with tears of gratitude as he attempted to thank his friend for the kind interest he had taken in him.

"Don't thank me," was the quick remark. "Thank God for the strength which enabled you to make a wise decision."

Mr. Markham was willing to engage Edgar at once and upon the most liberal terms. And the very next day the young man entered upon his new duties, with a grateful heart for his blessings.—Adapted from Daphne Hammonde.

Memory Gem.

"Thank Him for the Sabbath,
Holy day—and blessed,
Best of all the seven,
Hallowed day of rest."

QUESTIONS.

What has the Lord said in regard to the Sabbath Day? How can we keep the Sabbath Day holy? Give some reasons why we should do so. How did the Lord teach the Children of Israel that they should be mindful of the Sabbath Day? When the manna was kept over, the people found it unfit to eat, excepting on the Sabbath Day. Why was it good then? Repeat the fourth Commandment.



LESSON XVIII.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Balaam.

After years of wandering the Children of Israel came to the inhabited country near the river Jordan, and God helped them to conquer their enemies.

When they came near Moab, the people living there heard of the great victories of the Israelites over their neighbors, and they became very much afraid. Balak, their King, called together some of his wisest men, and sent them to a man named Balaam. They reached the place where Balaam lived, and told him of the people calling themselves the Children of Israel.

"We are not strong enough to stand against them," they said, "and so our King has told us to say to you: 'Come, I pray you, and curse me this people; for they are too mighty for me; then I shall prevail and drive them out of the land; for I know that he whom you bless is blessed, and he whom you curse is cursed.'"

Balaam could not decide what to do, but he told them to stay until the next morning, and then he would tell them.

Soon the Lord came and asked Balaam who the men were and what they wanted.

"They are men from Balak, the King of Moab," Balaam said, "and they have come to ask me to go with them and curse the Children of Israel."

But God answered, "Thou shalt not go with them; thou shalt not curse the people; they are blessed."

In the morning the princes of Balak went to Balaam for an answer. "Go back to your King," said Balaam, "and tell him that I will not curse the Children of Israel, for the Lord will not allow it."

The men hurried back to their King and gave him Balaam's message. Soon after this other men from the same country went to Balaam. These were all great princes. They brought with them rich presents from the King, and said:

"Our King prays that you will not let anything hinder you from going to him. He will give you a high position in his kingdom and will do whatever you ask, if you will but go and curse these people."

Balaam thought the King was very generous and kind, but still he was afraid to tell the men he would go with them.

"If your King would give me his house full of silver and gold," he said, "I could do nothing but what the Lord wished me to do. Stay with me tonight, and then I may know what the Lord wants done."

The Lord again came to Balaam at night, and told him he might go with the princes, but he should say only those things the Lord should tell him to say.

The next morning when the princes awoke, they found Balaam, with his donkey all saddled, ready to start.

They traveled on over hills and through deserts, Balaam riding on his donkey, and his servants walking behind him. They came to a place where the road was quite narrow. Suddenly the donkey sprang out of the road, and ran into the field. Balaam

wondered what was the matter, and beat the donkey with his cane and forced it back into the road.

In a short time they reached a place with a high wall on both sides. Again the donkey stopped and then sprang to one side, crushing its master's foot; and again Balaam beat it with his cane.

Soon they were in a very narrow road where it was impossible to turn around. Here the donkey stopped and fell down on its knees.

Balaam was now very angry and took a stick and gave the donkey many a blow.

Then the Lord let it speak: "Why have you beaten me," it said. "What have I done to you?"

"You have mocked me," answered Balaam, "and if I had a sword in my hand instead of this stick, I would kill you."

"But," continued the donkey, "you have ridden me ever since I belonged to you, and have I ever acted like this before?"

"No," said its master; and then the Lord let Balaam see what had so frightened the donkey. An angel of the Lord stood before them, with his sword drawn in his hand. Balaam was frightened and bowed his head and fell on his face.

"Why have you beaten your donkey so?" asked the angel. I knew you were going to the King because of the great rewards he had promised you, and I came to meet you. The donkey saw me and turned away three times; and if it had not done so, I should surely have killed you and left it alive."

"I have done wrong," said Balaam. "I am sorry. I didn't know you stood in the way. If you wish it, I will go back to my own country."

"No," said the angel. "Go with the men, but speak only the words you are told to speak."

When Balak heard that the wise man had come, he went out to meet him, and told him the great rewards he should have if he cursed the Israelites; but Balaam said:

"I have no power to say anything myself. The words God puts in my mouth I will speak."

The King then took him to a high hill, where he could see all the Children of Israel, and their flocks and herds. Seven altars were built and an ox and a ram offered on each altar. When this was done, Balaam went all alone to a very high place. Here the Lord told him what he should say, and he went back to Balak; but instead of cursing the Children of Israel, he blessed them.

"What are you doing?" said Balak. "I brought you here to curse my enemies, and you have blessed them!"

"I can only speak the words the Lord puts into my mouth," answered Balaam.

Balak, thinking there must be some mistake, took him to an-

other mountain, where he could not see all the Israelites, and told him to curse them from there. Again seven altars were built and seven oxen and rams offered, and again Balaam left the King and went away by himself. The Lord met him and told him what to say, and when he reached the King, he blessed the Children of Israel a second time.

The King became angry at this and took Balaam to a third hill. Here as before the altars were built and the oxen and rams offered. This time Balaam did not go away, but he looked towards the camps of the Israelites, and the Spirit of God rested on him, and he gave those people a greater blessing than ever.

Balak was enraged: "Did I not bring you here to curse my enemies, and you have blessed them three times. You shall go to your country without any reward."

"But," said Balaam, "did I not tell the princes that if you would give me your house full of silver and gold, I could not speak good or evil except as the Lord desired me to speak?"

And after again blessing the Israelites, Balaam returned to his own country, and the King went on his way in sadness.

JACK'S LESSON.

"Look out, Jack! That branch isn't strong enough to hold you," called out some of the boys, as Jack Holiden was reaching for the branch of a tree to help him climb over a large stone on the side of the hill.

But Jack did not heed the warning, he usually thought what he did was all right, and that he knew best; so he grasped the branch and commenced pulling himself up. Soon a crash was heard, and Jack fell heavily to the ground.

His playmates gathered around him, terribly frightened, for he lay white and still. At last he opened his eyes a moment and groaned. The boys gently raised him, and seeing a gentleman coming along in a carriage, they stopped him and got him to take Jack home.

Weeks passed and the poor little boy was still very ill; and it was whispered among the boys that he had hurt his back, and would have to lie still for many months.

Poor lively Jack! This was indeed a hard trial for him. He had always been so full of life, so strong and active, a leader in all the games, and had become so used to having his own way that if anything was denied him, it made him cross and disagreeable.

Now all of his games and lessons had to be given up; and the hot tears would sometimes fall as he thought of all he was missing. Every now and then some of his playmates would come in, and by their thoughtless words caused him many a heartache which was much harder to bear than the pain in his back.

"I can't bear it," he moaned one day, as his mother came in and found him sobbing bitterly; "I can't bear it."

"What is it that you can't bear, dear?" said mother, lovingly smoothing his pillow.

"George Wilson has just been here telling me how far he can jump—farther than any of the boys in the fifth grade. It was bad enough to hear him tell it; but then he said, 'Don't you wish you could do that?' I suppose he thought afterwards, for he said, 'O, I forgot,' and began to whistle. But it's more than I can bear. Why can't I be well and strong as I used to be?"

"Because, dear," said mother, "it is the Lord's will you should not. You know His ways are not always the same as we want them to be; but He knows what is best. Perhaps He wanted you to learn to be stronger than you were."

"How's that, I'd like to know? My back isn't going to be well for a long, long time," and again Jack burst into tears.

"But he may have sent that very pain and weakness to help you to grow strong in courage and patience. Try to be content with what the Lord wishes you to have. Try to say in your prayer, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.' Will you Jack?"

Jack promised, although it was plain to see that the words came hard.

His mother sat beside him for a long time, talking to him tenderly, and told him how Jesus, when suffering and in great trouble, went into a garden to pray to His Father in Heaven to give Him help, and at the end of His prayer, He said, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Jack kept his promise; he did try, and he succeeded, although he often found it very hard.

"Jack isn't half so touchy as he used to be," said one of his friends one day, "and he bears his pain like a hero. I believe he's got more nerve than I have, even if he can't walk."

When spring came again Jack was well and strong. He took his place among his schoolmates again; but he never forgot the lesson he had learned.

Memory Gem.

"Renew my soul from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

QUESTIONS.

Why did Balaam wish to go to Balak? Why did he bless the Children of Israel? Why did the Lord wish that they should be blessed? Who taught the prayer "Thy will be done?" Tell the story of Jesus in the Garden.

LESSON XIX.

KEEPING PROMISES.

The Taking of Jericho.

Forty years the Israelites had traveled in the wilderness. The Lord had taught them what he wanted them to do, and how he wanted them to live, and had led them in the journey.

Moses' work was finished. The Lord had shown him the Promised Land but had told him that he should not enter it. So Moses blessed the people and went up to Mount Nebo. Here on this lonely mountain he died, and no one ever knew where he was buried. The people mourned for their faithful leader for thirty days before they thought of entering the Promised Land.

Joshua, a great warrior and a good man, was chosen leader. He sent two spies into Jericho to learn the condition of the city. They stopped at the house of a woman called Rahab. The people of Jericho became alarmed when they heard of these men and wanted to capture them; and the gates of the city were closed so that they could not escape. Rahab carefully hid them on the roof under some stalks of flax, which she spread about.

"I know," she said to them "that the Lord has given you this country, and all the people in the land are afraid of the Children of Israel; for we know how the Lord has led you through the Red Sea, and how he preserved you; and when the people heard these things, there was no more courage in any man. The Lord your God, is the God of heaven and the God of the earth beneath."

"I have been kind to you," she continued, "and I ask you and beg of you to show kindness to me and my family. Promise me that you will save my father, mother, and my brothers and sisters and our families, and keep us from death."

"It shall be as you wish," said the men. "When the Lord gives us the land, then we will be kind to you."

Rahab's house was built by the city wall. When night came she let them down by a cord, through a window, outside the wall. She warned them to hide themselves three days in the mountains until search for them was over, and then they could go back to their people.

The men again promised to save Rahab and her family when the Lord should give them the city. They told her to wind the red rope or cord, by which she had let him down over the wall, about her window, and then get all her family in the house, and no harm should come to any of them who were in the house.

After staying in the mountains three days, the two men went back to Joshua and told him how they found things in

Jericho; that all of the inhabitants of the land were afraid of the Children of Israel.

Joshua now prepared to cross the river Jordan. When the Priests carrying the Ark, reached the water's edge, the river divided, leaving a dry path for the people to pass over. Joshua told the Priests to stand in the river bed until the people were over. When all had gone across the river, the Priests followed and the waters went back to their places.

When Joshua was wondering how he should take the city of Jericho and trying to think of the best way, an angel came to him and told him to march around the city, once a day for six days, with his people, seven of his Priests blowing trumpets as they marched before the Ark. On the seventh day they were to march around the city seven times, and at the end of the seventh time, they should blow a loud blast on the trumpets and all shout, and then the Lord would cause the walls of the city to fall.

Joshua told the people how they would take the city.

"You must not shout," he said, "nor say anything at all, until the day I tell you, and then you must all shout."

So the people walked around the city once, the first day, and then went back to camp. The second day they did the same thing, and continued doing this for six days. When the seventh day came, the people walked around the city seven times, and at the end of the last time, Joshua cried, "Shout! for the Lord has given you the city."

The people sent up a great shout, and the walls of the city began to totter and fall.

The men Rahab had saved from the soldiers remembered their promise. They went into the city and searched for her house, which they recognized by the red rope wound about the window; and Rahab, her father, mother, brothers and sisters, and their families were taken to the camp of Israel and saved, while in the city of Jericho and its people were destroyed.

JOHN THROCKTON'S GUARDIAN.

"Please sir, lend me a quarter?" It was a small ragged boy that repeated the request, addressing a number of passing men one winter night by the light of the street lamps. Some of the men shook their heads; others passed on without noticing the appeal. Finally two men who were walking together stopped.

"Why don't you ask me to give you a quarter?" one of the men questioned the boy.

"Because I'm going to give it back to you," was the prompt answer. "I ain't a-beggin'."

The man that had asked the question laughed not altogether pleasantly.

"Ho, ho, here is refinement," he said, with ironical emphasis to his friend. To the boy he continued:

"Look, here, little man, I lend money only on good security. What security can you give me?"

"S'curity?" repeated the boy helplessly. The two eager eyes brightened as the meaning of the word was suggested, and he added, "I can't give none—only my word and my willin'ness to work."

The men laughed a great haw, haw. "Good! You've earned your money, little Ready Wits," he said, as he tossed a quarter to the boy, and started up the street with his friend.

"Please sir, you ain't told me your name yet, nor where you live," pursued the boy.

"Not done with you yet?" said the man sharply, as he stopped again. "Are you getting up a directory in the interest of beggars, boy?"

"No, sir," said the little fellow, seriously; "it's in the interest of you." Both men laughed.

"Well, my name is John Throckton, and I live at No. 16 Fairview avenue," said the giver of the quarter.

Mr. John Throckton's house was large and handsome, and full of fine furniture and works of art. He was very rich, but by no means generous with his money. He had given in this instance merely out of caprice. The boy's manner of asking had amused him. Seldom did he give so much as a quarter for charity. Meanwhile little Bernard Wells invested the borrowed quarter in a loaf of bread, a little piece of meat, and a little paper of tea, and carried the provisions home. His home was a single room in a poor tenement house. His father was dead, and his mother made a living by sewing on shirts. This week, however, she had been too ill to work, and her money was all spent.

"Oh, Bernard, where did you get these things?" Mrs. Wells asked when her son came in. Bernard told his story.

"We must return the money as soon as possible," said the mother. But Mrs. Wells was not able to go back to her work. Bernard earned a little money now selling newspapers, but this money was needed to buy food and coal. Finally Mrs. Wells died, and a brother of Bernard's father, a poor, hardworking man, came forward and offered the little boy a home. Bernard worked for his uncle, who kept a little store. But the boy was not given any money. Once Bernard asked for a quarter that he might pay Mr. Throckton, and was laughed at by his uncle.

A year passed. Bernard did not forget his obligation to Mr. Throckton. Many were the plans that he made for redeeming his pledged word. One day when he was passing along a crowded street, it was his good fortune to find a pair of eyeglasses that a

lady had accidentally dropped, and the lady rewarded him with a quarter.

Bernard set out immediately for No. 16 Fairview Avenue. "How pleased mother will be! I hope she knows!" he thought to himself as he hurried along with a light, springy gait. His steps were not lighter than his heart. It was about five o'clock, and Mr. Throckton had returned from his banking house, and was in his library. He was not particularly engaged, and he told the servant to show the boy in.

"I came to pay you the quarter, Mr. Throckton," said Bernard, advancing into the splendid room, and holding out the money. "I'm 'bliged to you for trustin' me. I couldn't get it for you no sooner."

Mr. Throckton gave Bernard a searching look. "Have you not made a mistake, my boy?" he said. "I never lent you a quarter to my knowledge, nor do I know you."

"It was on the street, sir," said Bernard, "one night—"

"Oh, ho, yes, I do remember you now! Well, well, well!" Mr. Throckton laughed again as the recollection defined itself more clearly. "So, you are that little chap that wasn't begging!"

"Yes, sir; I'm him," and Bernard laid the silver coin on the table beside Mr. Throckton's hand.

The man of business appeared to be interested. "Well, my little fellow," he said, "I confess you have taken me by surprise." He leaned back in his armchair and regarded the boy narrowly while he slipped the quarter into his vest pocket. Mr. Throckton liked to investigate the motives of actions that seemed strange to him. Directly he resumed:

"Now, little boy, if you don't mind telling me, I should very much like to know why you returned this money. Didn't you understand at the time that I never expected to see it or you again?"

"I kind of thought that a-way, sir," said Bernard, "but I didn't 'low as that made any difference."

"Yes, I see," said Mr. Throckton, "you wanted to feel that you were honest, and it isn't a bad thing to plume one's self on either. Was that it?"

"No sir, I don't know as it was," answered little Bernard thoughtfully looking his questioner in the eyes. "It was more this a-way; If I hadn't brought you back your money, you would have thought I was deceivin' you. Then, 'sposin' somebody else'd ask you fer somethin', some one as was real honest and needin' and you, thinkin' of me and the mean trick I'd played you, would say, 'No' to the other fellow, then I'd be 'sponsible for making somebody suffer for want of food, and I'd be 'sponsible fer makin' you mean and s'spicious and on-feelin'—see?"

Mr. Throckton did not smile now. His fine, self-satisfied face

flushed as he looked at the earnest little speaker before him. He was perhaps more surprised now than he had ever been in his life. He was touched too. The idea of this crude, little, common street boy considering himself responsible for the doings of John Throckton! The man felt his hardness ebbing away, and in its place there came to him a desire to do something good and worthy with his money. And what better thing could he do, he reasoned, than to care for the child that had been the means of saving him from his own selfishness?

Mr. Throckton's acquaintances were considerably amazed when they learned that the bright-faced little boy that appeared often in Mr. Throckton's company was an orphan whom the rich man had adopted. A friend said to him one day:

"I wonder you were not afraid to assume so great a responsibility, Mr. Throckton, as guardian of a child!"

"My little boy was my guardian first," answered Mr. Throckton with a smile.—Jane Ellis Joy, in "New York Observer."

Memory Gem.

"Before you make a promise, consider well its importance;
And when made, engrave it upon your heart."

QUESTIONS.

What is a promise? When a promise is made, what should be done? Why are some boys and girls always to be relied upon?



Don't forget the General Conference of Primary Officers. Be sure to attend and get the instructions and counsel that will be given for the benefit of Primary workers.



HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.—LESSON XVII.

CONTRASTS.

Chapter 14 Church history

Note to teachers.

This part of the History of the Church is very sad and we therefore present a picture of the last years of one of the Saints who lived in the days of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and passed through the tribulations and sorrows of the early period of the Church; but through the blessings of the Lord was preserved to gather to Zion and enjoy many days of peace and happiness.

PEACEFUL DAYS.

Newel and Lydia Knight were the first couple married by the Prophet Joseph Smith. They were a worthy couple who endured patiently and faithfully the many and severe trials through which the Saints passed during the days of persecution.

Sister Lydia was preserved to come to Zion and settle in St. George.

Her posterity are numerous; they outnumber that of her eleven brothers and sisters put together. She has upwards of eighty children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and is proud of her labors and the "helps" she has raised to assist in the upbuilding of this kingdom.

When the Relief Society was organized by the Prophet Joseph in Nauvoo, Lydia was one of its active members, and from that time until now she has almost continuously labored in one of these societies.

In the old-time fairs she has often taken prizes for the production of her hands. She has always taken a very active interest in silk-culture since its introduction into this State. There is now on exhibition in the Philadelphia silk rooms several silk skeins of various colors so well spun and twisted as to be indistinguishable from the imported article; also nets, mits, etc., of Lydia's make.

Her labors in the Temple are constant and full of the greatest joy and pleasure. She has labored there as a work-hand six hundred and twenty-one days, has received endowments for over

seven hundred of her dead and those of her friends; and has blessed many sick, sorrowful and afflicted. Shall I paint a little scene of almost daily occurrence during the past season in St. George?

Tall trees shade a modest house so deeply set in its leafy frame that the passer-by scarcely discerns its shape. Birds sing in their bright green home, and the grass hides many a harmless insect. The dewy freshness of the morning shimmers on every bough and grassy hillock. The chickens cluck over their morning meal; the cow stands in her cozy shed, happy with her dewy green breakfast and chewing the cud in contentment.

Out of the front door steps a brisk little woman with so blithe an air, and free a step that you are surprised to look under the veiled bonnet and find a kind, withered face surrounded with a silvery halo of pure white hair. The firm lines around the mouth are rather deepened with experience, but the lips wear that pleasant half-smile seen on the faces of the cheerful; the blue eyes, a little dimmed with age and tears, but full of a sunny light; and the expression so soft and sweet that little children love to kiss the dear old face. Over the path goes she, and steps into the waiting temple carriage before the clock strikes eight; her house as neat as wax, everything about her clean, happy and well fed. This is Lydia, now seventy-one years old, and living alone, but for the beloved spirits of Newel and her children who who often visit her in dreams and visions. She has earned her present peace and rest, and today as it passes, is but the one link less between her and her longed-for, eternal home with her beloved husband, but it is a very golden link, for it is gilded with precious blessings and privileges which but few mortals enjoy. She blesses and is blessed.

And here let us leave her, with the prayer to know and greet her when we shall be united on the glorious resurrection day.—
Lydia Knight's History.

Memory Gem.

"They only wear His crown who share His cross."



LESSON XVIII.

OBEDIENCE.

Chapter 15. Church History,

Note to Teachers:

This lesson shows the wonderful influence of the Prophet Joseph Smith and how the people obeyed when he revealed to them the word of the Lord.

SARAH ANN'S OPPORTUNITY.

"Sa-rann!"

"There she is, pa, down in the gooseb'ry bushes."

Billy raised his misshapen figure from the floor and pointed with a skinny finger in the direction his sister had taken.

"Sa-rann!"

The voice was loud and harsh, and the girl crouching under the bushes emerged reluctantly from her retreat and slowly and wearily came up the narrow path, her freckled face being nearly concealed by her sunbonnet.

"What do you want, pa?" she said, trying to speak carelessly, as she entered the little cottage with fear and trembling.

"What you been doin' all this time?" demanded her step-father with a scowl.

"Pickin' gooseb'ries," she answered, blushing as she glanced involuntarily at the battered old pail she carried, the bottom of which was scarcely covered with the green spheres.

"H'm! Glad you told me that," sneered Jake Gresham, raising a threatening arm. "Now get me some supper jist as quick as ever you done anythin' in your life, or—" and he ended with an oath.

Sarah Ann went over to the cracked old stove, and with hasty fingers proceeded to kindle a fire, keeping on her bonnet to hide the traces of tears. Crippled Billy watched her with a derisive grin on his ugly face, as she filled the teakettle and set out the few battered plates and cups. In a short time the room was filled with the fumes of frying bacon and liver.

"Supper's ready," announced Sarah to the sullen-faced man standing in the doorway.

He drew up a rickety chair and proceeded without ceremony to dispose of the greater portion of the food.

Sarah Ann lifted the boy onto a high chair and spread a piece of corn-bread with bacon grease and set it before him. She was then about to leave the cottage, when her step-father exclaimed angrily:

"Take off your bonnet, and eat your supper, Sa-rann."

"I ain't hungry," she said shortly.

"Do as I tell you," and he brought down his fist heavily on the table.

She untied the strings of her bonnet, and, dropping upon a box which answered the purpose of a chair, began to nibble mechanically at a piece of bread.

"Where's my cup? I don't want this," and he angrily pushed back what she had put before him.

"Its—its broke," she replied, hesitatingly.

"Broke!" he echoed, with an oath, "Who broke it?"

Looking up eagerly from his supper little Billy piped out:

"Yes, it's broke, pa—Sa'rann done it!"

The girl shivered and bent her shoulders to receive the blows that came thick and fast from the hand of her stepfather. Not a sound did she utter, however. Infuriated by her silence, his punishment was even more severe than usual. Then gulping

down the coffee from the tin cup, he snatched up his hat and stumbled down the path, making his way to the village where he spent all his evenings with boon companions at the saloon. Without a word, the girl cleared away the dishes, and made the kitchen tidy, her little brother watching her curiously under his eyebrows. When the work was done, she seated herself on the doorstep, resting her elbows on her knees, her chin being propped up by her palms.

The boy, growing tired of the long silence, began to whimper, but she paid no attention. After a while he whined:

"Say, Sa'rann, I want ter go to bed. Won't you sing?"

"No, I won't," she said shortly, rising, and in silence getting him ready for bed. Generally he needed to be reminded of his evening prayer, but a little frightened by his sister's taciturn manner, he stumbled through it of his own accord, she making no comment whatever. Then lifting him onto his little cot Sarah Ann again seated herself on the doorstep. The crippled boy watched her cunningly and after a while feigned sleep.

Listening to the regularity of his breathing, the girl arose, and going to the little inner room, collected the few articles she could call her own, making them into a bundle. Then she glanced cautiously over toward Billy's bed. He appeared to be sleeping soundly, so, dropping on her knees in a corner under a poorly executed photograph of her mother, who was gone, Sarah Ann burst into a storm of tears and sobs:

"Oh, my! oh, my! Our Father which art in Heaven! You know all about it. Ma said you always knew our trouble, and she told the truth every time. So you know how I've stood it as long as I kin, and how he told me this morning I'm a-eatin' off'n him as has no claim on him. I thought I'd put up with it a while longer, and now he's beat me ag'in and Billy hates me, so there's no use to stay here no more. I tried for ma's sake to stand by him, but there's no use. So now I'm goin'. Make me a good girl and bless—and bless—"

The conclusion of this incoherent prayer was lost in a wild burst of sobs, and after a while she proceeded:

"And bless little Billy. Ma told me to pray for them that's ugly to me, so I'll have to pray for pa too. Yes, make him a better man, so he won't drink and swear no more. For Thine's the kingdom and—"

"Sannie!"

Was that Billy's voice, usually so fretful now so soft and coaxing? "Sannie!" the name used by her own dear mother, and which Sarah Ann liked so much better than the harsh Sa-rann."

Rising and groping her way through the twilight toward the child's cot the sister knelt beside him.

"O Sannie!" exclaimed the boy, his voice trembling with fear. "What'er you going to do? Not to run off. Oh, no, no!"

And he threw his thin little arm around her neck. Her heart throbbed with joy. Did her little brother really love her then!

"I thought you were asleep Billy," she said gently. "Yes, I'm going. You and pa don't care for me, and I've got a good chance to live with a kind lady, and learn to work. She lives down the road apiece. She's wanted me ever so long, but I always said I must stay by you. Ma told me never to leave you."

"And now you're a goin'," he interrupted, sitting up and clasping her hands in his. "Who'll sing to me, Sannie, and who'll head him off when he's mad? You've saved me many a beatin' Sannie, and say," here the child lowered his voice to a whisper, "it was me that broke pa's cup. I was mad, and I throwed it on the floor."

Sarah Ann nodded.

"I know, I saw you do it."

Billy opened his eyes wide in astonishment.

"You saw me Sa-rann! And you took the beating for me?"

Why did you do it? Oh my!"

He burst into a loud wail.

"Hush, hush, Billy You know that ma told me to be good to you, and I've tried to be—"

"And you have, Sannie," he sobbed. "Oh, tell me that you won't never go off and leave me—never, never, never!"

His voice was raised to a scream.

"Be still, then, Billy. Now lie down, and let me sing to you."

"Promise me first," he urged.

"All right then."

The child laid down, and holding his thin little hand, the girl sang in her clear, beautiful voice several old church hymns taught her by her mother who was gone. The boy's eyes gradually closed and his grasp relaxed its hold as she sang.

Sarah Ann arose and quietly slipping away to her own bed was soon asleep. Hours after, Jake Gresham staggered over the threshold, and tumbled into bed, unconscious of the fact that his lighted pipe had fallen among some straw at his feet.

Some time later Sarah Ann awoke from a troubled dream to find the little cottage in a blaze. Scarcely realizing what it meant, she sprang to her feet, and rushed to her little brother's cot. To get him safely out of the house was a matter of great

difficulty, but it was accomplished at last, and the child was laid on the grass beyond reach of the flying brands. The girl's heart was raised in gratitude for their deliverance, when a sudden thought struck her. What if her stepfather was still in the burning building! What if he had been unkind and cruel to her? What if he had daily given her kicks and blows? Must she not love her enemies? "O Lord! O Lord!" exclaimed Sarah Ann, leaving the terrified Billy, and flying up the pathway.

It seemed madness to enter the cottage, but her courage faltered not.

"Fire! Fire!" she screamed.

Nearly two weeks later Sarah Ann opened her eyes to find herself in a strange bed. What had become of her hair, and why were her limbs bandaged? She tried to speak, and a gentle voice said:

"There now, don't worry my dear. It's all right."

A kind, motherly face looked into hers. Too weak to make inquiries, Sarah Ann smiled faintly, and fell asleep. A few days later the same kind person leaned over her, and said, in response to the girl's question:

"Yes, Billy's all right, my dear. He's well and happy."

"And—and—" hesitated Sarah Ann.

"Yes, yes, I know what you would ask. I must tell you the truth. The smoke was too much for him, and as far you, you fainted at the door just as my husband got to you, that's all, child. The Lord has preserved your life. Let us praise Him."

The girl's lips moved, and as good Mrs. Hale stooped down to listen she heard Sarah Ann say:

"You know Lord, I really tried to be good to those that were not good to me."

"Mrs. Hale," said a familiar voice, and Billy came creeping up to the bed, "I want to see Sannie."

She smiled into the child's face, and, eager as he was to greet her, his own needs, as usual, were uppermost in his mind.

"O Sannie! I'm so glad you're better, 'cause now you kin rock me to sleep again."—Selected.



LESSON XIX.

WORD OF WISDOM.

Chapter 16 Church History

Note to Teachers.

In this chapter we learn about the revelation on the Word of Wisdom. It would be well to speak of the benefits derived from the observance of this revelation and how necessary it is to take the proper care of our bodies.

A GOOD MACHINE.

"A splendid present," said Uncle Phil.

He was walking along the graveled garden path when Felix came rushing by on his new bicycle. Uncle Phil made a jump to one side, as if in mortal terror of being run over, but the boy proudly showed his skill by an abrupt halt just before reaching his uncle.

"You needn't get out of the way for me, Uncle Phil. I can stop in a minute, you see."

"I see you can," smiling at the air with which the boy sprang from his steed and now stood rubbing some dust from its shining wheel. He's a fine fellow for a horse, isn't he? He never needs feeding, nor much grooming."

"No," said Felix, looking with much satisfaction at the bright machine. "But, Uncle Phil, I'll tell you—though I wouldn't tell papa for anything, for he got me the thing he thought I'd like best, and I wouldn't make him feel bad, you see—"

"Well, if there was one thing I wanted more than a bicycle, it was a box of tools."

"Why are you so anxious for tools?"

"Oh, there are lots of things that I want to do. I want to make a kennel for Carlo, and a coop for the little chickens, and some frames for Aunt Mary's plants, and a thing for Jane to wind her clothes line on, and a box for the kindling, and, oh—ever so many other things."

"I see you have plenty of work ahead," said Uncle Phil, with a sympathizing smile at the would-be carpenter. "But you have plenty of time before you yet. In another year, perhaps, you will have your tool chest."

"But I'm afraid all these things will be made by that time."

"Then there will be other things to make, you may be sure. I knew a boy once who had a magnificent set of tools."

"Who gave them to him?" asked Felix, in great eagerness, seeming to forget his bicycle as he followed his uncle to a garden seat which stood near. "Was it his father?"

"Yes."

"How old was the boy?"

"Well, he was younger than you are."

"Ho!" Felix gave a half discontented grunt. "Was it full of all sorts of tools? Was there a bit, and a plane, and an adze, and a drawing knife, and every kind of hammers and gimlets and things?"

"Well, this was really more like one complete implement made up of parts which could be put to a great many uses. Indeed I don't know of a single thing which could not be done with one or another of the attachments, if the proper use were made of them."

"Whittle and bore and screw and saw?" asked Felix, his face beaming with the enthusiasm belonging to a born mechanic."

"Yes, all that and much more. With proper care and practice it could be made to construct anything, from the greatest machine down to the simplest thing you see. There was an arrangement to the machine too, by which its owner could get over the ground much more cleverly even than you can with your bicycle. You have to keep on smooth ground with that, but with this machine any boy could go over any kind of rough places, leap over high things, or make the most sudden turns and twists."

"I'd like to see it! Tell me some more about it, Uncle Phil."

"There was one part of the machine which helped its owner in getting instructions from different sources. Another which showed him the exact shape and color of anything near him. And there was one part which governed all the other parts, directing them what to do."

"Did they wind it up with a key," asked Felix.

"Not exactly with any key, such as you have ever seen. But it had to be wound up every day with things ordered for it. At the very center of its power was a little organ which kept up a constant ticking."

"Just like a watch?"

"Yes, and as with a watch, the usefulness of the whole thing depended upon whether this ticking kept on regularly. If it was out of order the tick went slowly or irregularly. It could be tinkered a good deal and set to rights if out of order. But if the ticking once stopped there was an end of the whole thing—it never could be set going again."

"Well," said Felix, with a sober look. "If I had such a machine I'd take care of it, I know."

"You would think any one would. But many people treat them as if they did not value them at all, so that while they would do good work for seventy or eighty years, if well cared for, they are worn out and useless in a third or half of that time. Some work them without proper seasons of rest until they give out from overwork. Some, instead of giving them the proper things to keep them going, pour into the delicate machinery a number of things which they themselves know will injure and in time destroy it."

"They must be crazy," said Felix.

"Just so. It is a dreadful thing to put into the most beautiful of all machines what will be sure to rust and dim and dull its perfection."

"Uncle Phil, did you ever see one of 'em."

"Yes," said Uncle Phil taking the boy's hand, as in his eagerness he pressed closer to him, "I see one now."

"Oh—where?"

"You might go a long way, I think, ere you would find anything to get over the ground more satisfactorily than those active feet, or any tool which could be put to so many uses as this small hand. The seeing part of your machine is good, so these bright eyes tell me, and these ears are good for helping you to learn all you may want to know. Your brain does its good part in directing hands and feet, and your heart will keep the whole thing running for a long time if you treat it well."

"Oh, Uncle Phil! You mean me?" Felix laughed as he straightened out his limbs, opened and shut his hand, and took a few jumps, as if to make sure that his machine was in good working order."

"Yes, I don't know of any better machine than your father made when he gave you this perfect body of yours. It will take a good deal of care to keep it in good running order."

"Yes, lots," said Felix. "Bread and meat and water and milk and good things—and—keeping it clean and going to sleep."

"I hope you will keep your beautiful, tool-chest as it should be kept. Some men pour into it the liquor which stupifies the brain, making it unfit to rule the other members; which dulls the sight and the hearing, weakens hand and feet, in short, renders the whole of the beautiful machine unable to perform its work. They help the evil on by another poison called tobacco. The two together do their deadly work of ruin until the poor heart gives up in despair, and stops beating."

Make the best of your good machine, my boy. Train it with the best and highest education you can get. Polish it with the best habits. Keep your hands and your mouth and your heart clean. And then this good body of yours will, for years of happy life, bring its service to those about you and honor to the Lord who has blessed you with his choicest gifts."—Adapted.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

III.

I. Order movements: Attention! Hips firm! Position! One step forward, march! One! Two! One step backward, march, One! Two!

II. Leg movements: Feet close! Open! Left foot forward place! Replace! Right foot forward place! Replace.

Explanation: Place the foot one step forward from the heels, weight on both feet.

III. Head movements: Hips firm! Head to left bend! Raise! Head to right bend! Raise.

Explanation: Bend head slowly to side and raise to erect position, without moving the trunk.

IV. Arm movements: Arms upward stretch, one! Two! Arms downward stretch one! Two!

Explanation: One, bend arms forward: two thrust arms upward at side of head, palms of hands facing. One! Arms bend forward. Two! Thrust arms down and back.

V. Trunk. Hips firm! Trunk to left bend! Raise! Trunk to right bend! Raise!

Explanation: Bend trunk slowly to side, allowing the head to follow the trunk.

VI. Balance: Hips firm! Left foot outward place Heels raise! Sink! (Replace) Right foot outward place! Heels raise! Sink! Replace.

Explanation: Place the foot one step outward in direct line from the instep.

VII. Freeing hands and toes: Arms forward raise! (Inhale.) Arms downward sink! (Exhale.)

Explanation: Raise arms forward to shoulder level, then slowly sink to position.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

ORGAN OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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No. 6

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
That gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten;
The letter you did not write;
The flower you did not send, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way;
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle, winning tone,
Which you have no time or thought for
With troubles of your own.

Those little acts of kindness
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which we poor mortals find,
They come in night and silence,
Each sad reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging
And a chill has fallen on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late;
And it isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—Mrs. Sangster.

SUGGESTIONS.

As the success of the local Primary Associations depends largely upon the president, great responsibility rests upon her and her duties are numerous.

A clean, bright, cheerful room in which to meet seems to add much to the good feelings of both officers and members. When the room is dirty or untidy, the children seem to think that their actions should be in harmony with their surroundings, and disorder will usually prevail. From experience I have found that it is often necessary for the president to go to meeting early, so that she can make a fire and sweep up the room; and, although I do not think that the officers of the Primary Association should be required to do this to keep their room in order, still it is much better to do so than to leave it undone; and if the officers will take an interest in these things and see that they are attended to, much more can be accomplished. Come out of the bright sunshine into a dull, perhaps dirty, uninviting room, and notice the great change. Is it any wonder that the children are restless and anxious to get out into the open air? In the schools now the rooms are fitted up cheerfully and some of them are really beautiful with the pictures on the walls and the flowers in the windows. The children will contrast these things with their surroundings in their Primary meetings, and I fear that often our rooms will suffer by the comparison. Of course there is not a great deal of choice to be exercised in the selection of a room, those must be taken that can be obtained; but a little care and work would make a great difference in a room, and the good results obtained would more than repay the effort expended. Children love light and brightness and beauty. A few good pictures on the walls and when possible a bouquet of flowers on the table or in the window will add much to the appearance of a room. The room should also be kept well ventilated, for the children will not be interested in their meetings when they are compelled to breathe foul air.

Sometimes but little can be done to brighten the room, and then comes the greater demand on the president. Her own personality must make up for the loss of other ornament. Then her cheerfulness and enthusiasm will be of the greatest benefit. A kind word of greeting to the little ones will make them feel welcome and at home at once. It may be rather hard to speak to each one where the association is large, but this is almost a necessity with the timid little ones. There was one little girl who did not want to go to Primary, but her mother always tried to persuade her to go. One day she went home feeling very happy, and she said, "Well, mamma, I want to go to Primary all the time now, for my

teacher said she was glad to see me there." It cost the teacher very little, but it meant a great deal to the little one. A pleasant, cheerful manner with the president will make up for many defects in the room, and the children will feel the influence of it.

Every person and everything exerts some influence over us, either for good or evil. We have all felt the chill when we come in contact with a cold, unsympathetic person, and a feeling of happiness when in the company of one who has a cheerful disposition, and children are far more sensitive to these influences than older people. Their little hearts are made glad with a smile and a few kind words, which cost the giver nothing, and are indispensable in the Primary Association. The little folks are soon infected with the cheerfulness and the meeting will go on pleasantly.

Children are great imitators. Have you ever noticed them at their play? They are seldom themselves in their games, they are impersonating some one else; and if you watch carefully, you may see some little act that you have performed or some little word that you have spoken woven into their play. Sometimes it will not bring a feeling of pleasure with it, as children often see things in us that we do not wish them to notice. There is an old saying that is very applicable to the Primary officers, and that is, "Be what you would have your children become." Do nothing that you would not be willing to have them do. Now is the time when they are very susceptible, and the teachings they receive by example are of much greater benefit than that given by precept. There is a great responsibility in this, as it is not only in the meetings that example should be given, but at all times.

I think it is better, if possible, for the president not to have the direct charge of any one class in the association, but to be able to visit any of them; to be acquainted with the work being done in each one of the classes, and so well acquainted with it that if any of the other officers are unavoidably detained, the president can take charge of the class and go on with the lesson for that day. The work in all of the classes should all be planned out. Haphazard work is not nearly so effective. The officers can meet together and make a suggestive plan for at least three months. These plans need not be made in detail; but, as one subject naturally leads up to another, these connected subjects can be taken up in turn, and some means of teaching them suggested in the plan. A more detailed plan can be made a week ahead, and each part of the lesson assigned to one of the teachers of the classes.

Each lesson should be well prepared, so that it can be given in an interesting manner. If the teacher is not interested in the subject she is teaching, surely there can be no interest expected from the children; and if she is not thoroughly acquainted with the subject in hand, the children will feel this, and get only a vague idea of the lesson. Enthusiasm is infectious, and when the

teacher enjoys giving the lesson, the children will take equal pleasure in learning it. With the small children it is necessary that the lessons be given in a manner simple enough for their comprehension. Easy words and plain illustrations must be made and comparisons with things they are already acquainted with; for you can only lead the child to know new things by associating them with things already known. Pictures and other objects are a great help with the little ones. The lesson should not be read to them. Of course a book may be used in preparing the lesson, but the teacher will get greater attention if the book is laid aside when the lesson is being given. Children can learn principles much better by means of stories than by sermons. Their minds cannot comprehend abstract ideas; for that reason I think it is better to use as little preaching as possible.

While they are learning these beautiful principles, there is something quite as important for them to learn, in fact, I think more important, and that is to put these principles into their lives. No matter how well the mind is stored with beautiful truths, if these same truths are not made a part of the daily life, they are of but little use. When the children are hearing beautiful stories, their minds are filled with good, true thoughts and impulses, and it is one part of the teacher's duty to teach them to put these good impulses into actions and after a time the good actions will become habits. As an illustration of this, when the subject is kindness or reverence for the aged, after the lesson is taught by means of stories and talks on the subject, if possible let the children do something for some old person. In one class, after a lesson had been given on this subject, the teacher told the children of an old lady who had to gather her own wood. It was in cold weather and a great deal of wood was needed. The teacher enlisted the sympathy of the children in behalf of that old lady, and suggested that they should help her. One day the children each brought an arm full of wood, and they with the teacher went to the house of the poor woman. The dear old lady's gratitude and her fervent "God bless you" more than repaid the children, and the doing of that kind act did more towards teaching them real kindness and love than many lessons. If the children find that the officers of their association are putting into their lives the principles they teach in their meetings, they will learn to follow the example.

The office of president is one that requires tact and patience—a great deal of patience. Perhaps the little ones have been in school all day, and by the time their primary meeting is held, they are getting very tired and restless. When the interest of the meeting is beginning to flag, a song and a few brisk little exercises will rest the children and they will be ready for their work again.

In order to have a successful meeting, it is necessary that the officers are punctual in attendance. If the officers are in the habit

of staying away, it seems to give the members license to do the same. No officer should be absent when such absence can possibly be avoided. Especially is this the case in regard to the president. She is the head of the association, and when she is absent, the meeting lacks its head. The association is like a machine, if it is well regulated, and as each part of the machine has its particular work to do, if one part fails to perform its task, then the working of the whole machinery is deranged. Just so with an association: when some of the officers are absent, some of the motive power is gone. Be prompt in opening meeting and the children will be prompt in coming.

That which the officers can give to the children, that and that only will they receive. If a president goes to meeting because she feels it to be her duty to go, and not a pleasure, and with a desire to get away as soon as possible, the children will partake of that feeling; for, as I said before, they are very susceptible to influences. Thus there is a greater necessity for the president to go with a willing, cheerful spirit; and if she goes with her heart full of love for the children and with a prayer for her success, then her labors will not be in vain.

And now I come to what perhaps should have been spoken of first, as it is one of the greatest requirements, and that is love for the children and an appreciation of the responsibility that rests with the officers of a local association. It seems to me that a person who does not love children must indeed have something lacking in his nature, for, as the poet says:—

“Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more;
We would dread the desert behind us,
Worse than the dark before.

“What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
'Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood.

“That to the world are children.
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches its trunk below.”

If the president's heart is filled with love for the children, they will return that love. I have seen a few children who seemed to be starving for want of love. To them a smile and a few kind words would be of worth more than the costliest gift. There is

no better or surer way of governing children than by love. It is the one thing that we can give and still have plenty left.

Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Surely we must be better for coming in contact with children to whom the Kingdom of Heaven is likened. Then how great is the responsibility of the Primary president; for in some cases, the teachings of this association and the Sunday School are the only teachings the children receive. So it is in the power of the teacher and the officers to lead these children back to "Heaven which is their home."

The future is dependent upon the present; and the future men and women are the present boys and girls. In making a large building the architect is very careful to put in a good, strong foundation; for on this depends the strength of the entire building. We are building or are aiding in the building of the foundation of the children's lives. If it is good and strong, then we can expect the remainder of the structure to stand; if it is weak, a great deal of work will be required in repairing the poor work done, and perhaps it will be beyond repair. Children seem to know instinctively where to find love. They never go to unkind, unsympathetic people with their troubles. And their little joys and sorrows are very real to them and make deep and lasting impressions. Impressions with them last a long time, and we often hear old people recalling the events of their childhood, when the happenings of their later years, although to us they seem much more important, are forgotten. How great, then, the necessity for right impressions in childhood.

Should we not then think it a great honor to be chosen as the teachers of these little children? It is one of the highest positions and requires some of the greatest efforts.

You're engaged in the noblest of callings,
That God in His mercy has given,
In leading these dear little children
To wisdom and virtue and heaven.

Olive Derbidge.

Address all correspondence to 413 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City.

PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG'S BIRTHDAY.

Every Primary Association is requested to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of President Brigham Young.

The meeting nearest the date—June 1st—should be set apart for this purpose. All the grades should meet together and the program should consist of suitable exercises in honor of the Great Pioneer.

We have prepared a few exercises, and would also suggest that one of the older members prepare a short essay on the Life of Brigham Young.

To be Recited by Class of Children:

REASONS WHY WE HONOR BRIGHAM YOUNG.

1st. Born June 1st, 1801, in Whitingham, Windham County, Vermont. Through the training of his parents, he was an obedient and God-fearing boy.

2nd. He was an intelligent, honorable mechanic of good, moral character and industrious habits, and received the Gospel when it was presented to him. He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints April 14th, 1832.

3rd. He was chosen by revelation from God to be one of the first quorum of Twelve Apostles, Feb. 14th, 1835. Was zealous in preaching the truth, and suffered much persecution for the Gospel's sake.

4th. He was a true and faithful friend to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and valiantly defended him against his enemies.

5th. He became the President of the Twelve Apostles, and led the first company of Saints across the trackless plains, entering the valley of the Great Salt Lake, July 24, 1847.

6th. He was chosen President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Dec. 24, 1848, and until the day of his death, Aug. 27, 1877, he was the Prophet, Seer, and Revelator to God's people.

7th. He was the foremost colonizer of the 19th century, and by his counsel and the blessing of the Lord, the Great American Desert was made to blossom as the rose.

8th. He was the first Governor of Utah Territory, entering office Feb. 3rd, 1851. Was a staunch friend to the Indians, and was prominent in the work of uniting the Atlantic with the Pacific oceans by the means of the Union Pacific railway.

9th. He was a great leader, the friend of all mankind, and sought to protect the weak and benefit the poor and oppressed.

10th. He loved the children of the Saints and encouraged

their education in everything that would make them intelligent, loyal and useful citizens of the land of his birth.

11th. He was a noble and mighty man, inspired of God to build up His kingdom on the earth, and was a patriotic citizen of the United States.

12th. He was faithful to God and His people in all things. and for his exalted virtues and heroic deeds should be held in honorable and loving remembrance among all men.

Recitation:

ANGEL GUIDES.

Just as the May moons ended,
At the sweet June roses' birth,
As Spring with th' Summer blended,
Came a baby boy to earth.

The sunshine shimmered brightly,
Softly his angels sang;
His parents' hearts beat lightly,
And they named him Brigham Young.

Little they knew the story
The world would hear, some day;
But angels of light and glory
Guided him all the way.

Heeding those angels' voices,
He became a leader, too;
Now, how the world rejoices,
O'er what he was led to do.

A shepherd true and tender,
This land with th' Saints he filled;
Behold the Temple's splendor,
God taught him how to build.

His work in the flesh was finished;
He died, 'twas the Father's will;
But his power was not diminished,
He's a guide and leader still.

Oft we think he can hear us,
Sensing our joys or distress;
We feel he is often near us,
To comfort and aid and bless.

The nearer such guides we treasure,
Following in and out,
The more we shall find true pleasure,
The less be burdened with doubt.

If we'll visit the Temple often,
Doing our duty besides;
Our spirits and hearts will soften,
'Till we know our angel guides.

L. Lulu Greene Richards.

To be Related by One of the Children:

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S FAITH.

This instance of President Young's faith is related by President Wilford Woodruff in "Leaves from my Journal:"

"Mary Pitt had not walked upon her feet for eleven years. We carried her into the water and I baptized her.

"On the evening of the 18th of May, 1840, at Bro. Kingston's house in Dymock, Elders Brigham Young, Williard Richards and I laid hands upon her and confirmed her.

"Brigham Young, being mouth, rebuked her lameness, and commanded her to arise and walk, in the name of the Lord. The lameness then left her, and she never afterwards used a staff or crutch.

"She walked through the town of Dymock next day, which created a stir among the people."



LILLIES AND ROSES.

When a child breathes a pure and gentle prayer,
Or cheers with gentle words another's gloom,
In heavenly gardens springs a lily fair,
Before the angels evermore to bloom.

But when he works with strong and earnest will
Some kindly act, beneath God's watchful eyes
A fragrant rose, more rare and precious still,
Makes glad the shining fields of Paradise.

So live, dear child, that each new day may see
Lilies and roses owe their life to thee.

Mrs. Mary E. Blake.



LIFE OF CHRIST.—LESSON XXI.

FAITH.

Suggestive Talk.

One day, as Jesus and the disciples and a little crowd were going to a place called Nain, they saw a number of people coming towards them. Something must surely be the matter, they thought, for the people walked sadly and slowly, and were carrying a burden.

But as the crowd came nearer, Jesus and the disciples saw it was a funeral.

"Who is dead?" asked one of the disciples of a man running on in front of the procession.

"A young man," he answered, sadly, "an only beloved son and alas, his mother is a widow."

And now they saw everything quite plainly. There was a bier, and a lot of people crying, and a poor widow walking close beside the bier crying more than any of the others, as though her heart would break.

Jesus pushed gently through the crowd, till He came to the side of the poor, weeping mother.

"Weep not," said Jesus. "Weep not."

"Poor woman, she cannot help weeping," said her friends, gathering round her. "We have tried, but we cannot comfort her. She is a widow, and the young man was all she had in the world."

"Weep not," said Jesus, "I will make thy son alive again. I will give him back to you."

"What does this man say?" cried the people. "That He can make a dead man alive again."

"Hush!" said some of the others. "Hush! this must be Jesus of Nazareth; let us see what He is going to do."

And when they had finished speaking, and all was quite quiet, Jesus said to the men who were carrying the body:

"Stand the bier upon the ground."

And as the men did so, the crowd pushed forward and stood upon tip-toe, and peeped over each other's shoulder, to see what would happen next.

Jesus went to the side of the bier, laid His hand upon it, and cried in a loud voice:

"Young man, I say unto thee, arise."

And immediately the young man heard Jesus, sat up and was quite well, and began to speak.

THE OPEN DOOR.

Poor Mrs. Van Loon was a widow. She had four little children. The eldest was Dirk, a boy of eight years.

One evening she had no bread, and her children were hungry. She folded her hands, and prayed to God; for she served the Lord, and she believed that He loved and could help her.

When she had finished her prayer, Dirk said to her, "Mother, don't we read in the Bible that God sent ravens to a pious man to bring him bread?"

"Yes," answered the mother, "but that was long, long ago, my dear."

"Well," said Dirk, "then the Lord may send ravens now. I'll go and open the door, else they can't fly in."

In a trice Dirk jumped to the door, which he left wide open, so that the light of the lamp fell on the pavement of the street.

Shortly after the burgomaster passed by. The burgomaster is the chief magistrate of a Dutch or German town or city. Seeing the door open, he stopped.

Looking into the room, he was pleased with its clean, tidy appearance, and with the nice little children who were grouped around their mother. He could not help stepping in; and, approaching Mrs. Van Loon, he said, "Eh, my good woman, why is your door open so late as this?"

Mrs. Van Loon was a little confused when she saw such a well-dressed gentleman in her poor room. She quickly rose and dropped a courtesy to the gentleman; then, taking Dirk's cap from his head, and smoothing his hair, she answered, with a smile, "My little Dirk has done it, sir, that the ravens may fly in to bring us bread."

Now, the burgomaster was dressed in a black coat and black trousers, and he wore a black hat. He was quite black all over, except his collar and shirt-front.

"Ah! indeed!" he exclaimed cheerfully. "Dirk is right. Here is a raven, you see, and a large one, too. Come along, Dirk, and I'll show you where the bread is."

The burgomaster took Dirk to his house, and ordered his servant to put two loaves and a small pot of butter into a basket. This he gave to Dirk, who carried it home as quickly as he could. When the other children saw the bread, they began dancing and clapping their hands. The mother gave to each of them a thick slice of bread and butter, which they ate with the greatest relish.

When they had finished their meal, Dirk went to the open

door, and, taking his cap from his head, looked up to the sky and said, "Many thanks, good Lord!" And after having said this, he shut the door.—John de Liefde.

Memory Gem.

"The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him."



LESSON XXII.

FORGIVENESS.

Suggestive Talk.

"Everybody is talking of this man who has raised the widow's son to life," said Simon, a Pharisee, "so I will ask Him to come and dine with me."

Simon did not love Jesus. He only asked Him to his house because everyone was talking of Him. Now, a Jew's house was never shut up as our houses are. Anybody could go in or out whenever they liked, even strangers out of the street.

So when the time came for Jesus to go to Simon's house He went quietly in and took his place at the table; but nobody noticed or seemed glad to see Him. But as soon as the other guests came in—the rich ones—Simon ran to them, and called servants to wash the dust off their feet and pour oil on their heads, and made a great fuss to welcome them. And when the feast began a lot of people came to look at Jesus and some to see the guests and hear all they were saying. Only one poor woman seemed afraid to come in—a woman who had been very wicked; everybody knew she was wicked, and would have nothing to say to her. But she crept in and stood behind Jesus. And as she stood there listening to His voice she remembered all she had done, and felt so sorry for those things, that she fell down before Jesus, and cried so much that her tears were like great drops of rain falling on His feet. Then the woman took her long black hair and wiped the tears away from Jesus' feet, and kissed them, and put precious ointment upon them.

"Why does Jesus let her touch Him when He knows she is such a very wicked woman?" said Simon.

"Simon," said Jesus, "seest thou this woman? I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet; but she hath washed my feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head; thou gavest me no kiss, but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint, but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment." Then He turned to the woman and said, gently and lovingly, "Thy sins are forgiven thee—go in peace!"

TRUE HEROISM.

Boys and girls, like men and women, often look only at the outside, and judge by that false standard alone. But the lesson must be learned that a fine dress will not make a man or woman really worthy, nor will a poor dress or a humble occupation prevent either man or a boy from being truly noble.

A gentleman tells the following story of his own school day life, which should teach us to judge our companions by something better than mere outside show.

One day, in school, when there was a public distribution of prizes, many ladies and gentlemen were present. After all the ordinary prizes had been given out, the head master stated that there was one very special prize, which was only given on very rare occasions. It was a gold medal, and was given as a prize for heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago, to a boy who rescued a girl from drowning.

"This year," he said, "I think I may venture to award it again, and, that all the company present may judge for themselves whether the prize has been deserved or not, I will relate the following story.

"Not long since some boys were flying a kite in the streets just as a poor lad on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined for some weeks to his bed. None of those boys who had caused the accident were thoughtful enough to find out the wounded lad, or to make any inquiry about him.

"One boy, however, from a distance had seen the whole affair. Away he went to make inquiries and render what help he could. He found that the injured lad was the grandson of a poor widow. All her support was derived from the sale of the milk of her one cow. She was old and lame, and she depended on her grandson to drive the cow to and from its pasture every day. What was she to do while her grandson lay helpless she could not conceive.

"'Never mind,' said the sympathizing young visitor; 'I will drive your cow.' Nor was this all. Money was wanted to buy several articles required for the injured boy. The only articles she could sell was a pair of heavy boots bought for her grandson Tom.

The boy offered to give the poor, distressed woman some money that had been given him for new boots. This she would not consent to receive. 'If, however, the young gentleman' she suggested, 'would buy Tom's boots from her, it would help her on capitally.'

"The bargain was made. The heavy, clumsy boots were purchased and worn. Day by day the poor widow's cow was driven to

and from the field. And all this was done amid the jeers and laughter of his schoolfellows. He went on quietly with his new task, knowing he was doing right, and that neither his employment, however humble, nor his boots, however clumsy, could be any real injury to his character.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, knowing how very hard it is for any of us, and still more for a young boy, to endure the laughter and ridicule of his companions even when doing what is right and noble, I ask you if this is not true heroism.

"Nay, Watson, my boy, do not try to hide yourself behind that blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson advanced to receive the medal, with blushing cheeks and downcast eye, the hearty rounds of applause told how he had won all hearts by his conduct. Jackson and his friends felt thoroughly ashamed of themselves and at once came forward to seek the forgiveness and the friendship of the boy they had wronged.—Adapted.

Memory Gem.

"He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man has need to be forgiven."



LESSON XXIII.

SOWING.

Suggestive Talk.

Once more Jesus went down to the sea-shore and taught the people in stories, or parables. The first was about a sower who went out to sow seed. Some of the seed fell by the wayside, and the birds came and ate it up; and some on stony ground where it could not take root, and the hot sun withered it. Some fell amongst thorns, and the thorns grew so thickly around it that it had not room to grow. But some fell on good ground, and brought forth good fruit, as the sower meant it to do.

Then Jesus explained to the people that the seed was the word of God, and the good ground the hearts of those who loved to hear and obey it; so they, like the seed, should bring forth good fruit.

ETHEL'S SERVICE.

In the middle of the kitchen floor stood Ethel gazing at the dishes in the sink. How she did hate dish-washing.

Such a deal of work as was done each day in the large farm-

house. The mother's nimble feet kept up their ceaseless tread the whole live-long day. There was so much cooking to do for all hungry farm hands; so much pickling, preserving, butter-making and cleaning.

Rebecca, the eldest daughter, was her mother's faithful ally in all her labors. To Ethel fell the wearisome task of dish-washing.

For four months she had been a happy visitor in a cheerful home in Maine, where she had loved to read to Aunt Caroline and to go errands for Uncle Charles. They had taken delightful drives, and there had been many leisure hours for reading and fancy work. Janet, the kitchen maid, washed all the dishes. Ethel had been wont to leave the table with an air of great satisfaction, knowing it had no claims upon her. How she had delighted to write to May Emerson, "I have no dishes to wash now."

Ethel had gone to Sunday School and Primary and learned many good things about our Savior, Jesus Christ, and that all that truly loved and wished to serve Him, must be ready and willing to help whenever there was an opportunity.

The good seed had been planted in her heart and Ethel was very anxious to prove that it was growing as Jesus wished it to. but she hardly knew what she must do to show that she wanted the seed to grow and bear good fruit.

Last night she had returned to her own home with Uncle Charles and Aunt Caroline, who had come for a short visit.

Supper was over and there stood the dishes ready to be washed. No one asked her to help, but the seeds down in her heart were stirring and restless and seemed to say to her, "Give us a chance to grow." With a look of determination on her face she put on her apron and set to work.

Mamma coming in from the pantry gave her a grateful smile. Rebecca said, with a kiss, "It is good to have your help again, Ethel." Uncle Charles coming in from the garden stopped to give her shoulder an approving pat. But Aunt Caroline saw the firmly set lips, knew that bravely as she was doing it, she very much disliked to wash dishes.

"Ethel, dear, I am so pleased to see you are ready to do your share in the work at home, I know how hard it is, but you remember wishing that you could find something hard to do to prove that you are a child of God and want to help to make people happy and good like Jesus did when He was here on earth?"

"Yes, Auntie; I should love to do something, to show Him that I do love Him."

"Well, He has given you something hard to do for Him every day."

"What is it, Auntie?"

"Washing dishes!"

"Why, Auntie!"

"Yes, dear. It is a task not always appreciated. It is 'only washing dishes' while baking and ironing are counted for hard work. But Jesus has given it to you to do for Him. He will know it is often hard, and He will know, too, how thoroughly and cheerfully you do it for Him. Will not this thought help you?"

"Will He take it as service rendered to Him?" Then I will do it with my might, Auntie."

And Ethel kept her word.—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"Whenever we try to do what God wishes, He is ready to help us."



BOOKS FOR PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS.

The following books may be obtained at this office:

The new Roll Book, \$1.00.

A Young Folk's History of the Church, by Nephi Anderson, 25c and 50c.

Primary Report Blanks, per doz., 25c.

Life Sketches, by Aurelia S. Rogers, 75c.

Minutes of the First General Conference of the Primary Associations, 10c.

Also the following, suitable for entertainments;

Fancy Drills, 15c.

Strange Visitors, or A Meeting of Nations. A short Cantata for children, 30c.

A Trip to Europe, 30c.

Who Killed Cock Robin? 40c.

Peggy's Dream. Musical Mother Goose Child's Play, 40c.

The Queen's Surprise, 40c.

The Little Gypsy, 25c.

Columbia's Party, 25c.

Dainty Songs for Little Lads and Lassies, 35c.

Some of the teachers of the third grade feel that better work might be accomplished if the children could be supplied with copies of *The Young Folk's History of the Church*. To meet this demand we are having some of the histories bound with cheaper material so that they can be sold for 25c. They may be obtained from this office.



OLD TESTAMENT.—LESSON XXI.

LOVE.

Ruth.

There was a famine in the land of Bethlehem, and many of the people there had to leave their homes and go to the land of strangers on the other side of the river Jordan to find food, for there was an abundance of grain there, while in their own country there was not.

Among those who left Bethlehem and went to Moab was a man named Elimelech and his wife, Naomi, and their two little sons. They liked the country of Moab, and so when the famine was over, they still lived there.

Before long Elimelech died. The two sons grew up and took wives from among the women of Moab; Orpah was the wife of one son, and Ruth the wife of the other. Soon after this both sons died, and poor Naomi was left without either husband or son. Then she began to think of her old home in Bethlehem, and to yearn for her own people, and so she decided she would go back again.

When her daughters-in-law heard of this plan, they offered to go with her, as they did not want her to take that long journey alone. They were all very poor, and they started out on foot. Before they had gone far, however, Naomi told them to go back to their fathers' home. She blessed them, for they had been good wives to her sons, and kind daughters to her.

Then Orpah kissed Naomi good bye, and turned back; but ● Ruth had learned to love her husband's mother, and would not think of letting her go so far alone.

"Entreat me not to leave thee," she said; "for where thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God. Where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried."

When Naomi saw Ruth's love for her she could no longer refused, and so allowed her to go.

It was the beginning of the harvest when Naomi and Ruth reached Bethlehem. They were poor and had no money to buy food; but Ruth was strong and willing to work, so she went into the fields to glean—to pick up the stray ears of grain that fell from the full sheaves; for it was the law in that country that all

of the loose grain that fell on the ground and that which was left uncut by the reapers, belonged to the poor and homeless.

She came to the fields of Boaz, a very rich man, a relation of her father-in-law. After a time Boaz came out to see his reapers.

"What maiden is that gleaning in the field?" he asked one of his servants. "She seems to be a stranger here."

"She is the maiden who came back with Naomi from the land of Moab," said the servant, and he told his master all he had heard about her.

"Well," said Boaz, "let her glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves."

Then Boaz went to Ruth and spoke kindly to her:

"Do not go to another field," he said; "but stay here with my maidens, and at noon come and eat with them."

And he told the reapers to let some handfuls of grain fall purposely that she might gather them, for he had heard of her love for Naomi and her goodness to her.

So Ruth gleaned all day, and at night she went home joyously to show Naomi how much she had gathered, and told her of the kindness of Boaz. When Naomi heard his name, she started, and then told Ruth of his relationship to them.

Day after day Ruth gleaned in the field of Boaz all through the harvest time, and brought home all she had gathered, and found there was plenty for herself and Naomi. Boaz noticed her kindness and goodness to Naomi and thought she had acted so bravely that in time he married her, and so the hard times were over for Ruth and Naomi.

HOW TRUMP TOOK POLLY TO THE DOCTOR.

Trump and Foxy were chums. Any newsboy or bootblack in the city could tell you that. They had carried parcels at the ferries, blacked boots, and sold papers together ever since the day when they first met over a box of frozen oranges in Washington Market.

But there came a day when their ways parted. Foxy was hurt in an accident and taken to the hospital. Trump of course went too, and when Foxy's eyes opened, they looked straight into Trump's face. When the doctors bent over their little patient, they looked at each other in a way that told that their word was that he might not live. Trump saw the look and understood, as he bent over Foxy to hear his whispered words: "Keep an eye on the little 'uns, old feller. There ain't anybody I trust 'em with but you."

And so it happened that Trump found himself a man with family cares, responsible for the rent of a corner of Granny Huntley's room, where Foxy's small straw bed and his sisters' trundle bed had made what the children called home. Little by little it became natural to fill Foxy's place.

All went well until summer, and then Polly began to droop, and something came into her eyes that made Trump think of Foxy as he looked the night he lay dying. Night and day he thought the matter over. Hopping Jerry had spent two weeks at the sea, and had come back stronger. If he could only get Polly to the sea, too! May be Meg and Polly would be adopted if people found out how good and sweet they were; and Trump did not like the idea of adoption. No, he had promised Foxy he would stand by them.

It was a very large city they lived in, and the children had never been to a Sunday School or to a Primary meeting and had missed all the good times many other children have.

One day Trump was looking in the window of a bookstore and he saw the picture of a man walking on the shores of the sea. The blue waves at first attracted him, and then something in the strange dress and the face of the man made him wonder who he was. Presently one of Trump's comrades paused to look over his shoulder.

"I say, can you tell me anything about him?" he asked, turning abruptly.

"Why, not much; but it's Jesus, you know. I went to a Sunday School when I was little, where they had pictures like that. He was a great One for doing good and curing folks, and like o' that."

"Does He live at the seashore now, do you know?" asked Trump.

"I guess so. I don't know much about Him myself; but I know He had something to do with sailors and fishermen, or something," and the boy went on his way whistling.

But Trump turned homeward that night with a purpose in his heart. If this doctor named Jesus was at the seashore, he must get Polly to Him before it was too late. That night he moved the loose board in the floor, and counted his little store of dimes and nickels. He had been saving them to buy a boot-black's chair. The store had grown smaller since Polly's weakness came, but still there was enough left to take them over the ferry and a little way along the "South Shore."

It was the result of a long night of thought and planning, on Trump's part, that he and Polly and Meg stood at the ticket office early the next morning.

"Gimme tickets for as far as that'll take us, please," said Trump, laying down half of his savings. There was something so unusual in the vagueness of the request that the ticket agent peered out of his little window at the three little figures before him; then he handed out the tickets, and I am very sure he added something from his own pocket as he swept the small coins into the cash-drawer, and called "Next."

So it happened that while the day was still young the sun

found those little pilgrims on the shore of the great sea. Trump had no definite plans. He meant to find the doctor, and then go home. Maybe they might stay all day—maybe more—sleeping in barns or stables.

The two little girls lay flat on the rocks, looking in wonder at the broad stretch of blue water, reaching away and away to the place where the sky stooped down and kissed it, and the boy sat happy in their happiness. They were too intent upon it all to hear footsteps on the soft sand, until a kind voice said, "A penny for your thoughts, young folks!"

The children looked up in surprise, but at the second look the boy started to his feet. The dress was not the same, but there was something about the face and eyes that made him think of the man in the picture. Could it be the doctor? He was walking by the sea.

"O, say!" and Trump's voice trembled with eagerness, "are you the doctor?"

"I am a doctor," and the kind eyes smiled down at the boy encouragingly.

"Is your name Jesus?"

For a moment the doctor looked puzzled, and then the light came into his face, as he sat on the rock and held out his hand.

"No, my boy, Jesus doesn't live at the seashore as he used to. Can I or my Master do something for you?"

Then came the story of Trump's load of care. When it was finished, the kind eyes were a little misty as the doctor said:

"No, my boy, Jesus doesn't live at the seashore as he used to. He has taught other people what to do, and there is a house here for just such as you and Polly and Meg, and I have come down here to the rocks to take you to it."

And half an hour later the names of Thomas Trumpore and Margaret and Mary McNeal were written on the books of the "Children's Seaside Home." When the sun went down that night, Trump and Polly and Meg felt safe and happy.—Adapted from Mary Lombard Brodhead, in "Pacific Ensign."

Memory Gem.

"Little loving thoughts
Are little tiny seeds,
From which bud and blossom
Little loving deeds.

"Plant a loving thought
In all that you may do,
And that seed will blossom
Into love for you."

"Love One Another."

QUESTIONS.

How did Ruth show her love for Naomi? How can we show our love for our parents? Who said "Love one another?" How should we feel toward our neighbors? Our enemies? To whom should we give our greatest love?

LESSON XXII.

PRAYER.

Samuel.

It was time for the yearly sacrifice to the Lord. Each year for a number of years Hannah had gone with her husband Elkanah to Shiloh to the Temple where the sacrifices were offered.

As they journeyed along this time Hannah saw many little children going with their parents; and she watched them as they ran ahead, gathering flowers and making the journey pleasant with their merry talk and sweet singing. Her heart was filled with sorrow as she watched them, for she had no children of her own, and she loved them very dearly.

One arriving at Shiloh they went to the Temple and offered the sacrifice and worshiped the Lord. Before going home a feast was prepared; but Hannah could not eat, so she slipped away and went back to the Temple. Here she knelt down and told her sorrow to her Father in Heaven, and said that if a little son were given to her, she would lend him to the Lord as long as he lived.

Eli, the Priest, came into the Temple while she was praying. He saw her moving her lips, but heard no words, as she was praying only in her heart; and thinking perhaps she had been drinking too much wine at the feast, he spoke harshly to her.

"No," said Hannah. "I am a woman in great trouble, and I have been pouring out my heart to the Lord and telling Him the cause of my sorrow."

"Go in peace, then, my daughter," said Eli, "and the God of Israel grant thee thy petition."

The Lord heard Hannah's prayer, and she called her little boy Samuel, "because," she said, "I asked the Lord for him." She remembered her promise, and as soon as the child was old enough to leave his mother, she took him to Eli in the Temple, and here he stayed, while his father and mother went back to their home. Each year the mother came to see him and bring him a little coat she had made for him. God gave Hannah other children, and Samuel stayed in the Temple.

He was a great comfort to Eli; he waited upon him and slept in a little bed room near the Priest, and he learned to pray to God and to love Him.

One night when he was in his little bed, he heard a voice calling, "Samuel! Samuel!" He thought Eli was calling, so he jumped up and went to the other room.

"Here I am, you called me, Eli."

"No," said Eli, thinking the child had been dreaming, "I did not call you. Go lie down and sleep again."

But Samuel heard the voice again, and he went again to Eli;

but Eli told him he had not called. A third time he heard the voice and went to Eli to ask what he wanted. The Priest then knew that it was the voice of the Lord calling Samuel, so he said:

"When you hear the voice again, Samuel, say, 'Speak, Lord, for thy servant hears.'"

The child lay down again, and soon he heard the voice say, "Samuel!"

"Speak, Lord," he answered, "thy servant hears."

Then the Lord told him that Eli's sons had been doing wrong, and they were to be punished for their sin.

After that the Lord spoke to Samuel many times, and then the people knew that he was a prophet of God.

WOLFGANG MOZART'S PRAYER.

Many years ago, in the town of Salzburg, Austria, two little children lived in a cottage surrounded by vines, near a pleasant river. They both loved music, and when only six years old Frederica could play well on the harpsichord. But from her little brother such strains of melody would resound through the humble cottage as were never heard before from so young a child. Their father was a teacher of music, and his own children were his best pupils.

There came times so hard that these children had scarcely enough to eat, but they loved each other and were happy in the simple enjoyment that fell to their lot.

One pleasant day they said: "Let us take a walk in the woods. How sweetly the birds sing and the sound of the river as it flows is like music." So they went. As they were sitting in the shadow of a tree, the boy said thoughtfully:

"Sister, what a beautiful place this would be to pray."

"What shall we pray for?" asked Frederica, wonderingly.

"Why for papa and mamma," said her brother. "You see how sad they look. Poor mamma hardly ever smiles now, and I know it must be because she has not always enough bread for us. Let us pray to God to help us."

"Yes," said Frederica, "we will."

So the two children knelt down and prayed, asking their Heavenly Father to bless their parents and make them a help to them.

"But how can we help papa and mamma?" asked Frederica.

"Why, don't you know?" replied Wolfgang. "My soul is full of music, and by and by I shall play before great people, and they will give me plenty of money, and I will give it to our dear papa and mamma, and we'll live in a fine house and be happy."

At this a loud laugh astonished the boy, who did not know that anyone was near them. Turning, he saw a very fine gentle-

man who had just come from the woods. The stranger made inquiries, which the little girl answered, telling him: "Wolfgang means to be a great musician; he thinks that he can earn money. so that we shall be poor no longer."

"He may do it when he has learned to play well enough," replied the stranger.

"He is only six years old now," said Frederica; "but he can play beautifully, and can compose pieces."

"That cannot be," replied the gentleman.

"Come and see us," said the boy, "and I will play for you."

"I will go this evening," answered the stranger.

The children went home and told their story to their parents, who seemed much pleased and astonished.

Soon a loud knock was heard at the door, and on opening it the little family were surprised to see men bringing in baskets of food in variety and abundance. They had an ample feast that evening.

Soon after, while Wolfgang was playing a piece which he had composed, the stranger entered and stood astonished at the wonderful melody. The father recognized in his guest Francis I., the Emperor of Austria.

Not long afterward the family were invited by the Emperor to Vienna, where Wolfgang surprised the royal family by his wonderful powers.

At the age of fifteen Wolfgang Mozart was acknowledged by all the great composers as a master. The simple trust in God which he had learned in childhood never forsook him.—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"Lord and Father, look on me,
A little child who prays to thee;
Keep my heart from wrong or sin,
Let no evil enter in."

QUESTIONS.

How was Hannah's prayer answered? What name did she give her child? Where did Samuel live when he was old enough to leave his mother? Why did he go there? How did the Lord call him?



LESSON XXIII.

CALLED BY GOD.

The calling of David.

Years passed away, and Samuel had grown to be a man and was known as a prophet of God. The people at this time began to want a king to rule them. Samuel tried to tell them that they

needed no king, but as they still persisted, the Lord gave them a king named Saul.

For some time Saul was a good king, and ruled the people in a righteous manner. Then he began to do wrong and the Lord was displeased with him and wanted the people to have a different ruler.

Samuel was very sorry to know that Saul was doing wrong and he mourned for the king, because he loved him. The Lord reproved him for mourning so long, and told him to take oil and go to Jesse, a man in Bethlehem, and anoint one of his sons, whom the Lord would choose to be king over the people. Samuel was afraid to do it.

"How can I do it?" he said. "If Saul hears of it, he will kill me."

The Lord told him how to go, and he obeyed.

As he entered the town the people were alarmed, for they wondered what could have brought the prophet there; but when they saw him leading a white heifer to offer as a sacrifice, they were no longer so frightened.

"Do you come peaceably?" they asked him.

"Yes," he answered, "peaceably. I come to sacrifice unto the Lord, and I want Jesse and his sons to come with me."

Samuel, Jesse and his sons all went away together, and when they reached the place for sacrifice, Samuel blessed them, and they built an altar and made the offering. Then he called Jesse's sons to him.

When he looked upon the oldest son, he thought what a fine king he would make, and he said to himself, "Surely the Lord's anointed is before me."

But the Lord told him that was not the right one. He said "The Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh at the outward appearance, but God looketh at the heart."

Then the next son stood before Samuel, and although he liked him very much, he knew it was not the one, and he said, "This is not the chosen one."

So it fared with each son, until he had seen the seven who were with him. When the last one had been sent away, Samuel began to be troubled. He turned to Jesse.

"Are these all of your sons?" he asked.

"No," said Jesse, "There is still another, David, the youngest; but he is only a boy."

"Where is he?" asked Samuel.

"He is down in the valley taking care of the sheep," said the father.

Send for him," said the prophet, "and we will not sit down until he comes."

So they went and brought the boy from tending the sheep.

He was a handsome, ruddy-faced boy, and Samuel was pleased with him when he saw him. He knew this one was to be king of Israel, for the Lord said to him: "Arise and anoint him, for this is he."

Then Samuel took the horn of oil and anointed David before all his brothers to be King of Israel; and the Spirit of the Lord came upon David.

Then Samuel took his staff in his hand, turned away and went toward his own home, without saying anything more, or even looking back, and David went back to the valley to his sheep.

HOW THE LEADER WAS CHOSEN.

The men who had so long been seeking the life of the Prophet had succeeded, and Joseph Smith was dead. A deep gloom rested over the city of Nauvoo, and the hearts of the Saints were filled with a great sorrow. They felt like sheep without a shepherd. Not only had Joseph Smith been their beloved friend, but he was the Prophet and the president of the Church. Who would take his place? They could follow only the man whom God should call.

Sidney Rigdon, the second counselor of the President, felt that to him belonged the position of leader of the Church at this time, as the first counselor, Hyrum Smith, had been killed at the same time as the Prophet. But Sidney Rigdon had not always been faithful in his duties, and the Saints were not satisfied that the Lord had chosen him as leader of the Church.

At length a meeting was called. Sidney Rigdon explained to the people why he thought he should lead and guide the Church. They listened quietly and with attention for about two hours; but when he had finished, they felt that this was not God's choice.

Then Brigham Young, the President of the Twelve Apostles, arose. "Attention all!" he said, and all eyes were turned upon him and every one listened eagerly for what he should say. He told them that the leadership of the Church then belonged to the Twelve Apostles, and that they could manage the affairs of the Church and direct all things.

As he was speaking, the people were astonished, for it seemed that a change had taken place in Brigham Young. President George Q. Cannon in speaking of it, said:

"It was the first sound of his voice which the people had heard since he had gone east on his mission, and the effect upon them was most wonderful. Who that was present on that occasion can ever forget the impression it made upon them? If Joseph had risen from the dead, and again spoken in their hearing, the effect could not have been more startling than it was to many present at that meeting; it was the voice of Joseph him-

self; and not only was it the voice of Joseph which was heard, but it seemed in the eyes of the people as though it was the very person of Joseph which stood before them. A more wonderful and miraculous event than was wrought that day in the presence of that congregation we never heard of. The Lord gave his people a testimony that left no room for doubt, as to who was the man He had chosen to lead them. They both saw and heard with their natural eyes and ears; and then the words which were uttered came, accompanied by the convincing power of God to their hearts, and they were filled with the Spirit and with great joy. There had been gloom and in some hearts, probably, doubt and uncertainty; but now it was plain to all that here was the man upon whom the Lord had bestowed the necessary authority to act in their midst in Joseph's stead."

The people no longer had any doubt; and the Twelve Apostles were sustained by the vote of all the people to lead and guide the Church.

On December 24th, 1848, Brigham Young was chosen President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Memory Gem.

5th Article of Faith. "We believe that a man must be called of God, by prophecy, and by the laying on of hands, by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof."

QUESTIONS.

Why did Samuel go to see Jesse? Who was King of Israel at this time? Why should another king be chosen? Which of Jesse's sons was chosen king? How did Samuel know which was the right one? How did the Saints know that Brigham Young was chosen by the Lord as their leader?



GOD'S CARE.

Knowest thou how many stars
There are shining in the sky?
Knowest thou how many clouds
Every day go floating by?
God, the Lord, has counted all;
He would miss one, should it fall.

Knowest thou how many babes
Go to little beds at night.
That, without a care or trouble,
Wake up with the morning light?
God, in Heaven, each name can tell,
Knows thee too, and loves thee well.—Selected.



HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.—LESSON XXI.

APOSTACY.

Chapter 17. Church History.

In the early days of the Church, it was a great treat to an Elder in his travels through the country to find a "Mormon;" it was so with us. We were hardly in Arkansas when we heard of a family named Akeman. They were in Jackson County in the persecutions. Some of the sons had been tied up there and whipped on their bare backs with hickory switches by the mob. We heard of their living on Petit Jean River, in the Arkansas Territory, and we went a long way to visit them.

There had recently been heavy rains, and a creek that we had to cross was swollen to a rapid stream of eight rods in width. There was no person living nearer than two miles from the crossing and no boat. The people living at the last house on the road, some three miles from the crossing, said we would have to tarry till the water fell before we could cross. We did not stop, feeling to trust in God.

Just as we arrived at the rolling flood, a negro, on a powerful horse, entered the stream on the opposite side and rode through it. On our making our wants known to him he took us, one at a time, behind him and carried us safely over, and we went on our way rejoicing.

We arrived that night within five miles of Mr. Akeman's and were kindly entertained by a stranger. During the night I had the following dream:

I thought an angel came to us and told us we were commanded of the Lord to follow a certain straight path, which was pointed out to us, let it lead us wherever it might. After we had walked in it a while we came to the door of a house, which was in the line of a high wall running north and south, so that we could not go around. I opened the door and saw the room was filled with large serpents, and I shuddered at the sight. My companion said he would not go into the room for fear of the serpents. I told him I should try to go through the room though they killed me, for the Lord had commanded it. As I stepped into the room the serpents coiled themselves up, and raised their heads some two feet from the floor, to spring at me. There was one much larger

than the rest in the center of the room, which raised his head nearly as high as mine and made a spring at me. At that instant I felt as though nothing but the power of God could save me, and I stood still. Just before the serpent reached me he dropped dead at my feet; all the rest dropped dead, swelled up, turned black, burst open, took fire and were consumed before my eyes, and we went through the room unharmed, and thanked God for our deliverance.

I woke in the morning and pondered upon the dream. We took breakfast, and started on our journey on Sunday morning, to visit Mr. Akeman. I related to my companion my dream, and told him we should see something strange. We had great anticipations of meeting Mr. Akeman, supposing him to be a member of the Church. When we arrived at his house he received us very coldly, and we soon found that he had apostatized. He brought railing accusations against the Book of Mormon and the authorities of the Church.

Word was sent through all the settlements on the river for twenty miles that two "Mormon" preachers were in the place. A mob was soon raised, and warning was sent to us to leave immediately or we would be tarred and feathered, ridden on a rail and hanged. I soon saw where the serpents were. My companion wanted to leave; I told him no, I would stay and see my dream fulfilled.

There was an old gentleman and lady, named Hubbel, who had read the Book of Mormon and believed. Father Hubbel came to see us, and invited us to make our home with him while we stayed in the place. We did so, and labored for him some three weeks with our axes, clearing land, while we were waiting to see the salvation of God.

I was commanded of the Lord by the Holy Ghost to go and warn Mr. Akeman to repent of his wickedness. I did so, and each time he railed against me, and the last time he ordered me out of his house. When I went out he followed me and was very angry. When he came up to me, about eight rods from the house, he fell dead at my feet, turned black and swelled up, as I saw the serpent do in my dream.

This family, as well as ourselves, felt it was the judgment of God upon him. I preached his funeral sermon. Many of the mob died suddenly. We stayed about two weeks after Akeman's death and preached, baptized Mr. Hubbel and his wife, and then continued on our journey.—Wilford Woodruff, in *Leaves from my Journal*.

Memory Gem.

"Whoso despiseth the word shall be destroyed: but he that feareth the commandment shall be rewarded."

LESSON XXII.

MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.

Chapter 118. Church History.

On the 4th of August, the Saints met to partake of the Sacrament, and received an exhortation from the Prophet, impressing upon them the necessity of being righteous and clean of heart before the Lord, and commanding the Twelve to go forth without purse or scrip, according to the revelations of Jesus Christ.

My son David Patten was born during the night of the 23rd in the log cabin which I had put up at the end of the Bozier house, and during the night we had a heavy thunder storm, but the hand of the Lord was over us.

As soon as my wife was able, I moved my family into the log house that I had built. Being without a house, Brother Orson Pratt moved his family in with mine.

On the 4th of September, President Brigham Young left his home at Montrose to start upon his mission to England. He was so sick that he was unable to go to the river, a distance of thirty rods, without assistance. After he had crossed the river, he rode behind Israel Barlow on his horse to my house, where he continued sick until the 18th. He left his wife sick with a babe only ten days old, and all his other children were sick and unable to wait upon one another. Not one of them was able to go to the well for a pail of water, and they were without a single change of clothes, for the mob in Missouri had taken nearly all he had.

On the 17th, Sister Mary Ann Young got a boy to carry her up in his wagon to my house, that she might nurse and comfort Brother Brigham to the hour of starting.

On the 18th, Charles Hubbard sent a boy with a wagon and span of horses to my house to start us on our journey. Our trunks were put into the wagon by some of the brethren who had come to bid us farewell.

I went to my bed and shook hands with my wife, who was then shaking with the ague, and had two of our children lying sick by her side. I embraced her and my children, and bade them farewell. The only child well was little Heber Parley, and it was with difficulty that he could carry a couple of quarts of water at a time, to assist in quenching their thirst.

With some difficulty we got into the wagon and started down the hill about ten rods. It seemed to me as though my very inner parts would melt within me at the thought of leaving my family in such a condition, as it were almost in the arms of death. I felt as though I could scarcely endure it. I said to the teamster, "hold up!" then turning to Brother Brigham I added, "This is pretty tough, but let's rise, and give them a cheer." We arose,

and swinging our hats three times over heads, we cried, "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, for Israel!"

My wife, hearing the noise, arose from her bed and came to the door to see what was up. She had a smile on her face. She and Sister Young then cried out to us, "Good bye; God bless you!" We returned the compliment, and were pleased to see that they were so cheerful. We then told the driver to go ahead.

After this I felt a spirit of joy and gratitude at having the satisfaction of seeing my wife standing upon her feet, instead of leaving her in bed, knowing well that I should not see her again for two or three years.—Heber C. Kimball's Journal.

Memory Gem.

"Our lot may be commonplace, yet in it our life may be heroic."



LESSON XXIII.

A TRUE STORY.

Chapter 19. Church History.

"See, mother," exclaimed Ada Green as she tossed two ten dollar gold pieces on the table. "I have earned that all myself. It was hard work tending and picking the strawberries, but I am glad now that I did it, for I have twenty dollars all my own, to use just as I please. I shall now be able to buy that guitar I have wanted so long, and have a little left to pay for music lessons."

"Are you sure the whole amount is yours?" asked the mother.

"Why certainly," replied Ada, a look of surprise on her face. "What makes you ask such a question?"

"Because, my dear, I was thinking that two dollars of that money belonged to the Lord."

A cloud passed over the young girl's face. "Why mother," she said, "this is the first money I ever earned. You know I'm only fourteen. Surely the Lord does not expect me to pay tithing."

"I think, Ada, the Lord means everybody, and I know that a blessing follows keeping this commandment. Sit down, my child, and I'll tell you a story:

"Amelia's father died when she was nine years old, leaving a wife and six children. They were very poor, for the little means they had saved had been spent during the father's long illness. Even at that early age, Amelia had made up her mind to become a school teacher. Ah! my dear, you children of today, with your advantages of free schools and Primary associations, little real-

ize the difficulties of obtaining an education here twenty-five years ago.

"Herself and sister being the eldest, they were obliged to make their own way in the world. It is useless to relate all the trials and disappointments of the next few years; though of one thing I assure you, Amelia never lost sight of the great object of her ambition. She often went to her Heavenly Father in fervent prayer and asked Him to open up the way for her to go to school. She managed to go to the district school long enough to prepare for the university. But money must be had to go to this school. Now all that is required is the ten dollar entrance fee, then, it was ten dollars per term of ten weeks for Normal, and twelve dollars for the scientific course. A little at a time, she had saved a small sum, and intended to add materially to that amount during the summer, when one day a friend asked her to lend him her savings, promising to return the same in a few weeks. The amount, however, still remains unpaid, while the borrower has long ago been called above to meet his record.

"She must work that much harder now. One evening in the 19th Ward meeting house, Salt Lake City, she heard Apostle Joseph F. Smith (now our beloved President) preach a sermon on tithing. He quoted from the 4th chapter of Malachi, Will a man rob God? yet ye have robbed me, but ye say, wherein have we robbed thee. In tithes and in offerings * * * Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse * * * and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts and see if I will not open you the windows and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

"Why, thought Amelia, no wonder I am having such a hard time, I must keep the commandments of God if I expect to receive a blessing from Him.' From that night she resolved to pay one-tenth of what she earned. So when twenty dollars were saved, she put away two of them for tithing.

"As the days grew hotter she suffered frequently with headaches.

"One day when the weather was unusually warm, she was sweeping a room, when suddenly she was stricken with congestion of the brain.

The first thought that came to her, as soon as she was able to think was: 'I wish I had paid my tithing, so I could claim the blessing God has promised.' So she asked her sister if she would take the two dollars tithing to the office for her.

"You'll need it I am sure,' said her sister, 'before you earn any money. You'd better wait.'

"That afternoon Amelia was so much worse that they feared for her life. Thinking that it might ease her mind her sister said:

"Would you like me to take that money to the tithing office for you?"

"With a grateful smile Amelia nodded her head; she being too weak to speak.

For several weeks she lay between life and death, but through the faith and prayers of friends, her health was restored. The doctors said she must be very careful or the illness would return.

"But Amelia had faith in the Lord and believed that He would give her strength to earn the money to go to school the second half year. He did open up the way and blessed her so abundantly that she earned double the wages that she had received before her sickness. When the second half of the school year arrived, she had earned enough to pay her way, every dollar of which had been honestly tithed.

"That summer she passed the teachers examination; for, although her education was limited, she showed such marked ability for teaching, that Dr. Park, the President of the University, encourage her to apply for a school."

"Why, mother dear, you are crying."

"I cannot help it my child, for that poor struggling girl is your mother. These are not tears of sorrow, though, but of joy and gratitude to Him who remembers the widow and the fatherless, and whose promises are sure to all who keep His commandments."—Eliza Slade Bennion.

Memory Gem.

"Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase." Proverbs.



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No. 7.

I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN.

I shall not pass this way again!
The thought is full of sorrow;
The good I ought to do to-day
I may not do to-morrow.
If I this moment shall withhold
The help I might be giving,
Some soul may die, and I shall lose
The sweetest joy of living.

Only the present hour is mine—
I may not have another
In which to speak a kindly word,
Or help a fallen brother.
The path of life leads straight ahead;
I can retrace it never;
The daily record which I make
Will stand unchanged forever.

To cheer and comfort other souls,
And make their pathways brighter;
To lift the load from other hearts,
And make their burdens lighter,
This is the work we have to do—
It must not be neglected,
That we improve each passing hour,
Is of us all expected.

I shall not pass this way again!
Oh! then with high endeavor
May I my life and service give
To Him who reigns forever.
Then will the failures of the past
No longer bring me sadness,
And his approving smile will fill
My heart with joy and gladness.

—The Rev. W. R. Fitch.

THE HOME, AND WHAT IT COMPRISES.

My Dear Sister Officers:—

Let us rejoice together, and be glad that we have a little magazine of our own, wherein we can receive instruction concerning Primary work, and the duties attached to it. We can also occasionally through its columns exchange our thoughts and ideas, thereby becoming better acquainted with each other. Many of us have never met, and may never do so in this life. Yet I feel that our spirits are congenial, and we can enjoy ourselves in the labor of love that we are engaged in among the children. My desire at this time is to say a few words about home, the place where we begin our existence. This word in connection with that of mother, has a sweeter sound to me than any other words in the English language. Home is comprised of, "Father, mother, and children." To be sure, some homes have no children, but this is an exception to the rule. The home might be called a Kingdom in embryo, with king, queen and subjects; and the future can only tell which it will become, a kingdom of the Lord our God, or a kingdom of the evil one. How few of us fully comprehend the magnitude of the "Lord's Prayer," especially that part that says, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven." If then the Lord desires His will to be done in earth, should it not commence in the home? When parents are exemplary people, being refined in their manner, using good language, observing family prayer, keeping the word of wisdom, and also keeping the commandments as the Gospel requires, the children are apt to be like them. If such is the result, the Lord's will might be done here, as it is in heaven. As it is not always the case, Primary Associations in connection with other institutions of the Church, have been organized to assist the parents, not only in teaching the principles of the Gospel, but in teaching politeness, good manners, etc., which should be practiced in the home among brothers and sisters. We therefore as officers should try and get within touch of the mothers, counsel with them, and secure their co-operation in the work. In our meetings, call the attention of the children to home duties, have them surprise their mothers with little deeds of kindness, and when she is tired and weary, commence singing some of their sweet Primary songs, and it will bring an influence of peace perhaps not thought of until it is tried. I experienced this feeling at one time when calling upon a dear sister friend. The work was not going on very well, when a bright boy in the family came into the room singing a little song he knew. Soon a younger child caught up the strain, and the atmosphere was changed from gloom to brightness. Then, my dear sisters, what can we not accomplish with love and humility as our constant companions; our homes can indeed be made to become as a little heaven upon earth, where love and peace shall reign supreme.

Aurelia S. Rogers.

For all Three Grades.

XXV.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

FLAG OF OUR NATION GREAT.

Tune: "America."

Flag of our nation great,
Waving in every state,
 We love, adore;
Emblem of purity
Emblem of unity,
Emblem of liberty,
 From shore to shore.

Stars, stripes, and colors three,
Blending in harmony,
 For thee we stand;
No foe will ever rend
The flag which we defend
Unto the bitter end,
 With heart and hand.

Our flag will never fail,
Freedom to those who hail
 From foreign shore;
In freedom's sacred voice,
Let every one rejoice,
Who make our flag their choice
 For evermore.

Wave still in lofty air,
O wave thou everywhere,
 On land and sea!
Aloft on pole and spire,
Pride of each son and sire,
Keep all our hearts on fire,
 Flag of the free.

—Selected.

Story to be related.

THE CROSSPATCH MAN'S FOURTH OF JULY.

The crosspatch man was sick again, and this time it must be pretty bad, for all the morning Meredith had been watching the servants spread straw before the house and muffle the big, shiny door-bell.

"Poor man!" mamma said pityingly. "He is sick so often!"

"But he's a crosspatch!" muttered Meredith, stiffly. Then he repented and looked as shamed faced as a very little boy with a very round, dimpled face could look. "I'm sorry he's very sick," he said, slowly. "I s'pose it hurts even crosspatch men."

Mamma did not notice. She was having her little noon "gossip" with papa, and they were still talking about their invalid neighbor.

"It isn't quite so bad as it seems, you know," papa was saying. "He always has the straw laid down and things muffled when he has one of his worst attacks. It doesn't mean all that it does in most cases. He is terribly afflicted by noise at almost any time."

"Noise! I should think so!" That was from Meredith, who pricked up his ears at the word. Didn't he know how the crosspatch man felt 'bout a noise? Didn't he belong to the Rudd Street Second? Wasn't he captain? And oh, my, the times he'd seen the crosspatch man a-scowling and a-fuming, when they marched past his window!

"But Fourth of July will be a terrible day to him—poor man!" went on mamma's gentle voice. That made Meredith start a little. He had been thinking about Fourth o' July, too. (Did he think of much of anything else nowadays?) He had been going over in his mind all the glorious program of the day. For the Rudd Street Second was going to celebrate in a worthy manner. They were going to even outdo themselves this year—and hadn't they had the proud honor of being the noisiest street in the city for two Fourth o' Julys a-running? Let 'em just wait till they heard this Fourth o' July!

It was three days off. That would give the crosspatch man time to have the straw taken up and the bell unmuffled for his worst "times" never lasted more than two or three days.

"Then he'll have to cotton up his ears," mused Meredith, philosophically, watching the big foreign servant that wore a turban go back and forth past the crosspatch man's window. The house Meredith lived in and the crosspatch man's house were quite close together, so it was easy to watch things.

Unfortunately for an invalid with the terrible affliction called "nerves," Rudd Street was a regular nest of boys. There were boys everywhere on it. You ran against boys when you went east and boys ran against you when you went west. Boys sprang up

in the most unexpected places. The houses seemed to be running over with boys. And really, there was at least one boy—and on an average two or three—in every house on Meredith's side, except in the crosspatch man's house. Oh dear me, no, there weren't any boys there!

So it was, as I said, an unfortunate street to have "nerves," on. And the crosspatch man had so many!

The three days in between soon went away, and it was the night—the very night—before it! There were only a few hours more, for of course you didn't have to wait till the sun rose on Fourth of July.

Meredith had drilled the Rudd Street Second for the last time, and dispersed his men. He was on his way home to supper. Going by the crosspatch man's house, he heard voices distinctly issuing from an open window. He couldn't help hearing, it was so quiet in the street. Perhaps it was the "lull before the storm."

"The sahib cannot bear it," a gentle, soothing voice was saying, but Meredith recognized the indignation mixed with the pity in it. "The sahib will again be sick."

Then came Meredith's astonishment, for the crosspatch man's voice was answering and it was quite calm and gentle; and it said:

"Of course I shall be sick again, Hari! I've made all my plans to perish. But what can you expect? The little chaps must have their Fourth o' July. I was a little chap myself—once. Shut the window, Hari. There's a suspicion of a draught."

Meredith stood still in sheer amazement, and watched the turban-man close the window. He was a little chap himself once, the crosspatch man was! And how kind his voice had sounded—not a bit crosspatchy! Then Meredith remembered how weary and full of pain it had sounded, too. It made him sorry for the crosspatch man, sorrier than he had ever been before.

"He's a-dreadin' it like sixty. He's spectin' to perish," Meredith said aloud. "Its goin' to make him sick of course—that's what he said to the turban-man. An' he was a little chap once, an' his voice was kind an' tired out."

Then Meredith went home and perched himself up on the bannister post in the hall, to think. That was where he always thought things—big things, you know. This was, oh my, such a big thing!"

"I'm cap'n," mused Meredith, knitting his little fair brows. "I can say, Go, an' thou ghost, like the man in the Bible; but they'll be dreadful dis'ointed, the Rudd Street Seconds will be. Still—well, he's sick an' he had a kind spot in his voice an' he used to be a little chap, too, so of course he used to bang things an' make noises. I don't think he sounded much like a crosspatch man."

In a little while, after a little more tough thinking, Meredith slipped down and out of the door up the street. He got together the Rudd Street Seconds and made a little speech, as a captain may, to his men.

The next day the city and all America celebrated Fourth o' July, and Rudd Street was famous again, but this time for being the very quietest street in all the city! There were just as many boys in it, too, as ever.

The crosspatch man's white, nervous face smoothed and calmed as the day wore on, and at last it actually smiled in a gentle way, as if he was thinking about something pleasant.

And the captain of the Rudd Street Seconds and his brave men, drilling and popping and banging in a distant street, were happy, too.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in *The Youth's Companion*.

Recitation.

THAT CHERRY TREE.

You've heard o'er and o'er
Descriptions galore
Of General Washington's glory;
But I'll tell you, forsooth,
A tale of his youth,
A hitherto unwritten story.

When George was a boy,
It was his great joy
To save up the pennies he got
In order to buy
On Fourth of July
Some firecrackers, powder and shot.

Now of course, as you know,
This was long, long ago,
But we were a lusty young nation;
And the Fourth of July
Wasn't let to go by
Without a good big celebration.

One day, we are told,
When about eight years old,
George hadn't a cent in his pocket;
The holiday came,
And to his great shame
He couldn't buy pin wheel or rocket.

But suddenly he
Bethought, with a tree
 A fire he could make and be merry;
He soon chopped one down,
'Twas the pride of the town,
 His kind father's favorite cherry!

A bonfire he made
To greet the parade
 On the night of the Fourth of July;
When his father said, "Son!
Oh, what have you done?"
 George said, "I cannot tell a lie."

"I chopped down your tree,
Because,—daddy, you see,
 No fireworks at all could I get."
His kind father smiled,
And said, "My dear child,
 I think you'll be President yet!"

Now this tale may be true,
But between me and you,
 They didn't keep Fourth of July
When George was a youth.
If he vouched for its truth
 I fear he was telling a lie.
—Carolyn Wells, in *The Youth's Companion*.



THE CAPTAIN INSIDE.

"Mother," asked Freddie the other day, "did you know there was a little captain inside of me? Grandfather asked me what I meant to be when I grew to be a man, and I told him a soldier. I meant to stand up straight, hold my head up, and look right ahead. Then he said I was two boys, one outside and one inside; and unless the inside boy stood straight, held up his head, and looked the right way, I never could be a true soldier at all. The inside boy has to drill the outside one, and be the captain."—Sunbeam.



Address all correspondence to 413 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.



LIFE OF CHRIST.—LESSON XXV.

OBEDIENCE.

Suggestive Talk.

One evening Jesus said to the disciples, "Let us go over unto the other side of the lake."

So they set out in their little boat; and Jesus was so weary that He lay down and fell fast asleep.

"He shall sleep on now until the morning," the disciples whispered. "Nothing can disturb him here."

It seemed as though nothing could disturb Him, all was so sweet, and calm, and peaceful.

But suddenly there came a great storm. The wind blew, the waves grew bigger and bigger, and dashed the little boat from side to side.

"What shall we do?" cried the disciples, "Our Master is sleeping. We shall perish. We shall never reach the shore!"

And when the little boat began to fill with water, they were sore afraid, and woke Jesus.

"Master! Master! Save us, we perish!" they cried. "Do you not care for us? Will you let us drown in this terrible sea?"

"Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" said Jesus, looking round on the frightened disciples.

Then He stood up in the little boat, and spread His hands out over the darkness, and said to the angry water:

"Peace, be still!"

And the winds ceased, and the boat sailed over the quiet waves as gently as it had done before.

"What manner of man is this," whispered the disciples and sailors to one another, "that even the wind and sea obey Him?"

HE COULD BE TRUSTED.

Alfred was missing one night about sunset, mother was getting anxious, for she wished him to be home early.

A neighbor, coming in, said a number of boys had gone to the river to swim, and he thought it likely Alfred was with them. "No," said his mother, "he promised me he would never go there without my leave and he always keeps his word."

But seven o'clock came, then eight, and mother was still listening for Alfred's step; but it was half-past eight before his shout and whistle was heard when he ran in at the gate.

"Confess now," said the neighbor, "that you have been to the river with the other boys, and so been kept away until late."

How the boy's eyes flashed and the crimson mounted to his cheeks! "No, sir; I promised my mother that I would never go there without her leave, and do you think that I would tell a falsehood? I helped James to find the cows that had strayed in the woods, and didn't think that I should stay so late."

"I think," said the neighbor, turning to the mother, as he took his hat to go home, "there is comfort in store for you by him. Such a boy as that will make a noble man."—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right."



LESSON XXVII.

FAITH.

Suggestive Talk.

"Jesus! Jesus! Where shall I find Jesus?" cried a rich man named Jairus, running from house to house. "Tell me where I may find Jesus, that He may heal my dear little daughter."

"Have you not heard of the great feast at Matthew's house?" the people said. "Jesus is there with His disciples."

Jairus did not wait to hear any more, but ran off to Matthew's house, and threw himself at Jesus's feet.

"My daughter!—my dear little daughter!—she is dying! Come and lay Thy hand upon her, and she shall live!"

Jesus did not say, "I cannot come now; I will come by-and-by," but rose up directly from the table and went with Jairus.

And as He went, great crowds followed Him.

And a woman in the crowd, who had been ill a long time and had been to a great many doctors, but none of them could cure her, said, "Oh, if I may only touch a little bit of his dress, I know I shall be made quite well." Then she reached out her hand and touched Jesus very gently.

But Jesus knew someone had touched Him, and turned round and said:

"Who touched me?"

Then the woman was afraid and ran round and threw herself

before Him, and told why she had touched Him. But, instead of scolding her or driving her away, he said, kindly:

"Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole. Go in peace."

While he was speaking these words to the woman, some people came out of the house near by, and said to Jairus:

"Thy daughter is dead; trouble not the Master. It is of no use for Him to come now."

"Be not afraid," said Jesus to the rich man, Jairus. "Only believe, and I will make the little maid alive again."

So He went into the house, and into a room where the rich man's little daughter was lying.

"Weep not," He cried to the people standing about the room. "She is not dead, but sleepeth."

"Not dead!" they cried out all together. "Not dead! Then why is she so white and cold and still?"

And they laughed and mocked at Jesus.

But when Jesus had sent all these people away, and none but the father and mother, and two of the disciples, were left with Him, in the room, Jesus went up to the bed, and took the little cold hand in His own and said:

"Maid, arise!"

The little maid heard Jesus, and arose and went to her father and mother; and Jesus told them to give her something to eat, and went quietly away.

FAITH IN GOD.

Sister Smith, mother of Sardius and Alma, has told us some of the experiences which the Saints passed through at Haun's Mill.

Her husband and one son were killed, while another son had his hip nearly shot away. During that first night she says that she prayed to God to know what to do for her wounded boy, and the Lord distinctly whispered to her what kind of poultice to put on the wound and how to treat him.

"I removed the boy to a house next day," she says, "and dressed his hip, the Lord directing me as before.

"'Alma, my child,' I said, 'you believe that the Lord made your hip?'"

"'Yes, mother.'"

"'Well, the Lord can make something there in the place of your hip, don't you believe He can, Alma?'"

"'Do you think that the Lord can, mother?'"

"'Yes, my son,' I replied, 'He has shown it all to me in a vision.'"

"And then I laid him comfortably on his face and said:

"Now you lay like that and don't move, and the Lord will make you another hip."

"So I laid Alma on his face for five weeks,, until he was entirely recovered, a flexible gristle having grown in place of the missing joint and socket."

Alma grew up to be a man and became a useful member of the Church.—Nephi Anderson, in "A Young Folk's History of the Church."

Memory Gem.

"According to your faith, so shall it be."



WHY NOT BEGIN NOW?

"Mother," a little child once said, "how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered, "How old will you have to be before you love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you. I do now, and always shall," and she kissed her mother; "but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be."

"How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered, and kissed her mother again: "but tell me what I want to know." And she climbed up into her lap.

The mother asked again, "How old will you have to be before you do what I want you to do?"

Then the child, half guessing what her mother meant, whispered, "I can now, without growing any older."

Then the mother said: "You can be a Christian now, my darling. Love and try to please the One who says 'Let the little ones come unto me.'"—Selected.



TWO TRUSTY BLADES.

"I'll Try," is a blade that will win its way
Through many a hard wood knot—
Will patiently seek for the surest path
To reach a coveted spot.

"I Can," is a sword both trusty and true,
Which wins when others have failed;
Its temper is perfect, its edge is keen,
Its lustre has never paled.

—Selected.



OLD TESTAMENT.—LESSON XXVI.

TRUST IN GOD.

David and the Giant.

A great change had come over the king. At times he was cruel even to his best friends, and they were afraid to go near him.

"Let us go," they would say, "his evil mood is on him;" -and they would hurry away.

At these times nothing would quiet the king but music; so those who could play best on the harp were sent for to cheer and quiet him. Some of Saul's men had heard David play on his harp as he sat watching his sheep, and they told the king about him.

"Send for the boy," he said, and so David came to live in the king's palace, and whenever Saul felt that evil mood coming on, the boy would play sweet tunes on his harp, and the king would be well again.

After a time, some people calling themselves Philistines, came from the south and invaded the land. It seemed as if nothing except a great army could stop them. Then Saul called his soldiers together and they went to war against the Philistines to save their country. David was no longer needed at the palace, so he went back to his father's sheep; but some of his brothers went with the army.

The Philistines had camped on the top of a hill on one side, and the king pitched his tents on a hill on the other side of the valley. Both armies seemed afraid to begin the fight.

One morning a very large man—a giant—came out of the camp of the Philistines. He was ten feet high, and was dressed in a suit of mail made of brass.

"You cowards," he called to Saul's men; "why don't you come out and fight. I'll make an agreement with you. You choose one of your men and let him come and fight with me. If he is able to kill me, then we will be your servants; but if I kill him, then you will have to serve us."

When Saul and his army heard this, they were very much afraid. Not one of them dared answer. For forty days they stayed in their camp on the hillside; every night and morning the giant came out and made the same speech.

Things went on this way until food began to get scarce, and the army would have suffered if the people in the towns had not sent food to them.

Jesse began to be anxious about his sons, so he sent for David and told him to go to the place where the army was camped, and take food for his brothers. The boy was delighted to go on such an errand. When he reached the camp, he left the wagon and hurried to his brothers and told them that his father had sent them some food. The brothers were very glad to get it and to learn about things at their home. As they were talking, David heard the giant make his usual speech. •

"Why don't some of you fight with him?" he asked those around him.

"None of us could kill him," was the answer. "The king has said he will make the man who will kill the giant rich and make all of his family great people in the land."

"I'll fight with him," said the boy.

"What could you do?" said his brothers. "You had better go back to your sheep."

By this time some one had told the king that a man had been found to fight the giant. He came out of his tent, but when he saw the boy who played the harp for him, he said:

"You are not able to fight this great Philistine. You're but a boy, while he has been a warrior from his youth."

"Great king," said the boy, "let me go. I have taken care of my father's sheep, and once when a bear came and took a lamb, I took the lamb away from it and killed the bear. And once a lion came, and I killed that before it could harm me."

Saul was pleased with the boy's courage, and consented that he should try. He found a sword and a suit of armor, which David put on.

"What can I do in this?" he said. "I'm not used to armor. I couldn't fight like this."

He took off the armor, and with his staff and sling he started to meet the great Philistine. On his way he stopped at the brook and picked up five smooth stones.

"What!" said the giant when he saw the boy. "Do you think I am a dog that you send a boy with a staff against me?"

"You are very big and very strong, and come with a spear and a shield," said David; "but I come in the name of the God of the army of Israel."

The Philistine came toward David; but the boy put one of his stones in the sling, ran and swung it. The stone whizzed through the air, struck the giant, and he fell to the ground dead.

The Philistines were so frightened when they saw the giant fall that they ran down the other side of the hill, and the king's army followed them until they had driven them out of the land.

A JOURNEY IN THE RAIN.

Far away in the Pacific Ocean lies the island of Samoa, inhabited by a people not at all like those we see, and who speak a strange language and live in a very different way from our own.

To this far off land many missionaries go to preach the Gospel to the natives and to teach them the many beautiful things that are taught here, and to help them to live better lives. When the Elders reach Samoa they have to learn another language, and have to live as the natives do and eat the same kind of food, which is sometimes very hard.

Elder William B. Sears was one of the missionaries sent to this land. One day he and the president of the mission started out on foot to go to preach to some of the natives.

It was during what is known as the "rainy season," when for several days there is rain, rain, rain, until everything is soaking wet, and the streams and rivers, over which there are no bridges, become full of water and very deep. Just a few days before these missionaries started on their journey a man had been drowned in trying to cross one of these streams.

The President and Bro. Sears had not traveled far when they were very wet. After walking all day they found a cave by the seashore, and gladly sought its friendly shelter, and ate some breadfruit and cocoanut juice with some native boys, who had also taken refuge in the cave.

That night they attracted a crowd of chiefs by singing to them, and then they preached until midnight. At last the crowd left; but in about an hour two of the men, whose hearts had been touched by what they had heard, came back to ask questions about the Gospel, which the missionaries gladly answered.

By this time the Elders were very tired and lay down on the ground in the cave to rest. In the morning their clothes were still wet, and it was some time before they could dress. Then they trudged along the wet coast to a village called Talefa, where they had a breakfast of bananas, breadfruit, and fish. After satisfying their hunger, they preached to some of the natives, who were so well pleased with what they said, that they invited one of them to remain over Sunday and hold a meeting.

The President decided to stay, and told Bro. Sears to go to the opposite side of the island, a distance of about twenty miles, and preach to the natives there.

It was bad enough to travel in this country with some one to talk to, and if there were any trouble, one could help the other, but to go alone, O, that was very much harder; but Bro. Sears knew that he was working for the Lord; so he put his trust in his Heavenly Father, and was ready to do his duty, no matter how hard it

was. A few miles were tramped that night, and after a supper of breadfruit, the Elder rested.

The next morning there was nothing at all to eat, but the journey must be begun, even if the Elder was hungry. The road was very steep and rough, and almost covered with dense shrubbery. When Bro. Sears reached the top of the hill and turned to go down the other side, he found a wild pig trail. After following this about a mile, he decided that he was not on the right road and concluded to turn back. But now even that track could not be traced, and he found he was lost.

He tramped on, now under fallen trees, now over them, cutting his way through the brush, wading through swamps, crossing the river, which seemed to be all bends, eight times; twice it was so deep that he was compelled to swim. Everything in his traveling bag was soaked and the water was dripping from his clothes. Poor fellow! hungry, wet, and more than all, lost; it could hardly be much more uncomfortable. But he was not discouraged, and kept trudging on; although he found it very hard to pull himself and his bag, which was very heavy by this time, along over the rough road.

By this time he was so weary that he hardly knew what he was doing, when, suddenly, he found himself standing still and praying. He knelt down on the wet ground, and asked the Lord to guide him aright, and to give him strength to finish his journey. It seemed to Bro. Sears that the Lord was right with him there; never before had He seemed so near.

Rising from his knees, he found the sun shining, and looking around he thought he knew just where to go to find the right path; but the Spirit of the Lord led him in an opposite direction. Through this Divine assistance he soon found the main road, which he had lost hours before.

After the road was discovered, the day grew dark again, the sun was hidden behind the clouds, and the rain fell in torrents. The Elder had still twelve miles to go; but the Lord had so strengthened him, that he went along thinking of his adventures, and how the Lord helped those who put their trust in Him.

Memory Gem.

“Then dry your tears, break forth in song,
Nor groan beneath the chastening rod;
Though tempests wild their threats prolong,
Look up and put your trust in God.”

LESSON XXVII.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

David and Saul.

The whole country rang with praises for David's great deed; and one day when he was coming with the army from some battle, some women went out to meet them, singing, "Saul has killed his thousands, but David has killed his ten thousands." The king heard this, and all his love turned to jealousy.

"They say," he said to himself, "that David has killed ten thousands, while I have killed only thousands. What more can he want now, except my kingdom?" and he tried to have the boy killed. He could not do this openly, for David was such a favorite with the people; but he sent him to the most dangerous places, where he thought harm would surely come to the boy; but the Lord took care of him.

Things grew worse, and at last David had to go away and hide from the king; now here, now there, sometimes in a friendly city, sometimes in the woods or in the caves in the hills. Some of his relations and other men joined him until he had about six hundred men with him. They went to live in the mountains, and when Saul heard this, he followed them from place to place but go where he would, he could not catch them.

At one time David and some of his men were in a cave. Saul was searching them and being tired out, went into the cave to rest. He lay down and soon fell asleep. David and his men saw the king lying there.

"Now is your time," whispered one of the men. "The Lord has given your enemy into your hands."

David crept quietly to where Saul was sleeping and cut off a piece of his robe, but he did not hurt Saul. Soon the king awoke and went out without knowing that David had been near. Then David came out of the cave. "My king!" he called. Saul looked back and David bowed down to the ground.

"Why do you believe people who say that I want to harm you," he said. "This very day the Lord gave you into my hands, but I didn't touch you, because you were the Lord's anointed. Here is a piece of your robe that I cut off. Can't you see that I don't want to hurt you, for I did nothing when you were here right in my power?"

Saul listened to him with shame.

"You are more righteous than I am, David; for you have done good for evil, and may the Lord reward you for what you have done today."

Saul knew now that David would be king, and he asked him to be kind to his children when their father was dead, and David promised that he would.

Saul went home, but David was afraid to trust the king, so he stayed with his men in the mountains.

Saul's jealousy could not rest long, and he again began to hunt for David. He learned where he was hiding, and pitched his camp on a hillside near David and his men. They all knew the king had come.

At night, David took Abishai, one of his men, and went down to Saul's camp to see how things were. They found their way to the king's tent, and there lay the king and his guard asleep, their spears stuck in the ground beside them.

"Let me kill him," said Abishai; but David laid his hand on the man's arm and stopped him.

"No; we will not kill him. We will leave the Lord to deal with him."

They took the king's spear and a jug of water that was near him, and got away without waking anyone.

When they reached the top of the opposite hill, David called out to the guard and wakened him.

"Is that the way you take care of your king?" he asked. "Any one might come and kill him while you lie sleeping. Where is the king's spear and jug of water?"

Saul heard the shouting also.

"Is that your voice, David?" he asked.

"It is my voice, O king. Why do you still pursue me when I have never done you any harm. If I had wanted to hurt you, I could have done it many times."

Saul thanked David for again sparing his life. They parted. Saul going home and David stayed in the mountains; but Saul no more tried to take the life of David.

HIS "INNYMUNT."

Mr. Rogers was thinking. His thoughts went back twenty years, and he saw himself a young man doing a prosperous business, and, although not in partnership, still intimately associated with one who had been his playmate, neighbor, and close friend for thirty years. And then Mr. Rogers saw the trouble that had come upon him, and he thought bitterly that if the friend had played the part of a friend, it might have been averted. He felt again the bitterness of that hour of failure.

Mr. Rogers rose from his chair, and going to his safe, drew from it three notes for five thousand dollars each, due on the following Monday.

"Twenty years is a long time to wait for justice," he said to himself; "but now, and without lifting a finger, these notes have come into my possession, and I know, Robert French, it will be hard work for you to pay them." And Mr. Rogers placed them back in his safe, and closing his office went home to supper.

Many a man will cry out for justice when it is revenge he desires.

On Monday morning Mr. Rogers went to the station to take the eight o'clock train for Boston. He had just taken his seat when he heard his name spoken, and saw Mr. Palmer, his neighbor, standing by his seat.

"Are you going to town?" asked Mr. Palmer.

"Yes," was the reply. "Anything I can do for you?"

"I wish you would take charge of my little girl as far as M—. Her grandmother will meet her there. I have promised her this visit for a week, and had intended to take her down myself, but just at the last minute I received a dispatch that I must be here to meet some men who are coming out on the next train."

"Why, of course I will," said Mr. Rogers heartily. "Where is she?"

At these words a tiny figure clambered on the seat, and a cheerful voice announced: "Here I is!"

"Thank you," said Mr. Palmer. "Good bye, Betty; be a good girl, and papa will come for you to-morrow."

"Good bye, papa; give my love to the baa-lammie and all the west of the fam'ly," replied Betty.

Mr. Rogers put her next to the window, and began to talk with her.

"How old are you, Betty?" he asked.

"I'm half-past four; how old are you?" promptly returned Betty.

"Not quite a hundred," laughed Mr. Rogers, "but pretty old for all that."

Betty pointed out various objects of interest and made original comments upon them, not at all abashed by her companion's age and gravity. Suddenly she looked up and said: "I go to Sunday-school."

"Do you? And what do you do there?"

"Well, I sing, and learn a verse. My teacher gave me a new one about bears, but I don't know it yet; but I know the first one I had. Want me to tell it to you?" And the big, blue eyes looked confidently up at Mr. Rogers.

"Why of course I do, Betty," he replied.

Betty folded her hands, and with her eyes fixed on her listener's face, said:

"Love your innymunts."

Mr. Roger flushed and involuntarily put his hand on his pocket book, but Betty, all unconscious of his thought, said:

"Do you want me to 'splain it?"

The listener nodded and the child went on.

"Do you know what an 'innymunt' is?" But, receiving no answer, she said: "When anybody does naughty things and bweaks your playthings, he's an innymunt. Wobbie Fwench was my 'in-

nymunt; he bweaked my dolly's nose, and he stucked burrs in my baa-lammie's fur, and he said it wasn't a baa-lammie, noffin' but just a lammie." And the big eyes grew bigger as she recalled this last indignity.

Mr. Rogers looked deeply interested and, in fact, who could have helped it, looking at the earnest face? Betty continued to "splain."

"It doesn't mean that you must let him bweak all your dolls' noses nor call your baa-lammie names, 'cause that's wicked; but last week Wobbie bweaked his 'locipede, and next day all the boys were going to wace, and when I said my pwayers I told the Lord I was glad Wobbie bwoke his 'locipede. I was, but when I wanted to go to sleep, I feeled bad here," and Betty placed a tiny hand on her chest and drew a long breath. "But by-and-by, after much as an hour, I guess I thinked how naughty that was, and then I telled the Lord I was sorwy Wobbie had bweaked he 'locipede and I would lend him mine part of the time, and then I feeled good and was asleep in a minute."

"And what about Robbie?" asked Mr. Rogers.

"Well," replied the child, "I guess if I keep on loving him he won't be a 'innymunt' much longer."

"I guess not either," said Mr. Rogers, giving his hand to help her down from the seat as the cars slacked speed at M— and stopped at the station. He led the child from the car and gave her to her grandmother's care.

"I hope she has not troubled you," said the lady, looking fondly at the child.

"On the contrary, madam, she has done me a world of good," said he sincerely, as he raised his hat, and bidding Betty good bye, stepped back into the car.

Mr. Rogers took his seat, and looked out of the window, but he did not see the trees, nor the green fields, nor even the peaceful river, with its thousand of water-lilies, like stars in the midnight sky.

Had he told the Lord that he was glad his "innymunt" had broken his velocipede, and could not join in the race for wealth and position? When he came to put the question straight to his own soul it certainly did look like it.

It was no use for him to say the notes were honestly due. He knew that he could afford to wait for the money, and that if Robert French was forced to pay them at once he would probably be ruined, and he heard the sweet voice of the child saying: "Love your 'innymunts,'" and he said in his heart, using the old, familiar name of his boyhood days: "Lord, I am sorry Rob has broken his velocipede. I'll lend him mine until he gets his mended." Had the sun come out suddenly from behind a dark cloud? Mr. Rogers thought so; but it had really been shining its brightest all morning.

"A boy came through the train with a great bunch of water-lilies, calling 'Lilies-cent-a-piece-six-for-fi.'"

"Here, boy, where did those come from?" called Mr. Rogers.

"White Pond Lily Cove," said the boy, eyeing Mr. Rogers with some perplexity. Mr. Rogers bought the bunch. He looked at the flowers with the streaks of pink on the outer petals, at the smooth, pinkish-brown stems, and thought of the time forty years before when he and Rob, two barefooted urchins, had rowed across White Pond in a leaky boat, and been back home at seven in the morning with such a load of lilies as had never been seen in the village before.

Just then the cars glided into the station. Everybody rushed out of the train. Mr. Rogers followed in a kind of a dream. He walked along until he came to Sudbury Street, and stopped at a place where he read: "Robert French, Manufacturer of Steam and Gas Fittings."

He entered the building, and, going up one flight of stairs, opened a door and entered a room fitted up as an office. A man sat at a desk, anxiously examining a pile of papers. He looked up as Mr. Rogers entered, stared at him as if he could not believe his eyes, and without speaking, rose from his chair and offered a seat to his visitor.

Mr. Rogers broke the silence. "Rob," he said, holding out his hand, "these came from the cove where we used to go, and—and—I've come round to say that if you want to renew those notes that are due today, I am ready to do so, and—and—"

But Mr. French had sunk into a chair, and, with his head in his hands, was sobbing as if his heart would break.

Mr. Rogers awkwardly laid the lilies on the desk and sat down. "Don't, Rob," he said at length.

"You wouldn't wonder at it, Tom," was the reply, "if you knew what I had endured for the past forty-eight hours. I can pay every penny if I have time, but to pay them today meant absolute ruin."

"Well, I guess we can fix all that," said Mr. Rogers, looking intently at the crown of his hat. "Have you any more notes out?"

"Less than two hundred dollars," was the reply.

The twenty years of unfriendliness were forgotten like a troubled dream, and when they finally separated, with a clasp of the hand, each felt a dozen years younger.

"Ah," said Mr. Rogers, as he walked away with a light step, "Betty was right. If you love your 'innymunt' he won't be an 'innymunt' any longer."—Adapted.

Memory Gem.

"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."



HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.—LESSON XXVI.

FAITH.

Chapter 20, Church History.

Lydia had managed to wait upon her own ailing child and those of her neighbors who were the most helpless notwithstanding her own health was far from being good. Pale and weak she ministered unto those around her until September, when, worn out with her heavy labors and her body weakened by over-exertion, disease fastened itself upon her and she was prostrated.

For several days and nights she lay in a raging, burning, fever until it almost seemed as though her very flesh would be consumed upon her bones.

One day she called her husband to her and said:

"Newel, go and ask the Prophet to send me a handkerchief with his blessing."

"My dear wife, I do not like to trouble Joseph. You have no idea how worn down he is. He has asked the brethren to spare him as much as possible, for these constant never-ceasing calls upon him are depriving him of all his strength. I hope, my dear, you will soon be better."

The night came and passed and morning brought no relief to the weary sufferer.

Again she called Newel to her and entreated him to go to the Prophet and get a handkerchief with his blessing.

Newel went out, and in about half an hour returned, tied a handkerchief over her head, saying:

"There, Lydia, is a handkerchief."

The sufferer experienced no relief from it, however, and rapidly grew worse.

A doctor was brought to her, and he tried his best to rally her, but all in vain. Thus one week passed.

One day Newel, seeing she was all but gone and was trying to speak to him, bent over her to catch the faint whisper:

"Newel, I am all but done with my suffering; good-by, dear one. You must do the best you can with the children. I cannot last much longer."

This was very brokenly whispered to the distracted man above her, who, as soon as she ceased, hurried away. Coming back soon, he called her; she knew him but was unable to reply.

"Here, Lydia, here is a handkerchief from the Prophet Joseph. Oh, my wife, the one I brought before was not from him, I so hated to trouble him. But see, this is from Joseph, and he says your Heavenly Father shall heal you, and you shall be restored to life and health."

The handkerchief was bound around her brow, and as it touched her head, the blessing sent with it, descended upon her; and over her and all through her was poured the spirit of healing. Sleep, so long a stranger to the poor, afflicted one, closed her eyelids in a quiet, restful, blessed slumber.

The hours came and fled, and in the quiet of midnight she awoke, and was like one who had been in a dark, loathsome dungeon, and was again free in the open air and sunshine. In the morning the physician came, and when he saw his patient, he exclaimed:

"Why, I never saw such a change in my life! That last medicine has worked like a charm. I wish I'd staved and seen it operate. Her pulse is all right, her tongue is all right, and in fact she is comparatively a well woman."

After the doctor had praised up himself and his medicine to his heart's content, Newel quietly reached the bottle down from the shelf, and said:

"Sir, there is the medicine you speak of. My wife has not tasted one drop of it."

"But what's the meaning of all this change, then?"

"She has been healed by faith through the Prophet Joseph Smith."

After studying some time over the matter, the doctor said:

"Well it's a good thing to get well on any terms."

The good doctor soon after departed, as he plainly saw his services were no longer needed. He was not a "Mormon," although a kind, worthy man.

That day Lydia arose and dressed herself, and went forth to her daily cares.

Memory Gem.

"The just shall live by faith."



LESSON XXVII.

FULFILMENT OF PROMISE.

Chapter 21 Church History.

The Elders of the Church often speak of the care shown by the Lord in preserving His Saints from harm. He has delivered them miraculously from accidents and death many times.

I will tell of a case in which God exercised His power in behalf of a company of His people.

The young people who may read this perhaps all know that hundreds and thousands of Saints gather to this country, from far-off nations, every year. Many ship loads of them have crossed the Atlantic Ocean—a voyage of nearly three thousand miles. On the sea, many accidents occur whereby people lose their lives by drowning, through the sinking of ships in storms. But nothing of this kind has ever taken place with a shipload of Saints. The reason for this, is, that God has promised to protect His elect who should gather from the four quarters of the earth in these latter-days.

In the year 1866, Elder Brigham Young, Jr., who was then President of what is called the European Mission of the Church, appointed the writer of this article to take charge of a company of about five hundred Saints from Great Britain to the banks of the Missouri River in this country, on their way to Salt Lake City. The Saints did not cross the sea in fast sailing steamships in those days. They traveled over the waters in slow-going sailing ships, depending for speed on favorable winds. At that time, six weeks was considered the average length of time for a voyage from England to New York.

We left the port of London on the 23rd of May, 1866, a very fine company of people, not a few of whom, I am pleased to say, are good, honorable members of the Church in Utah, to-day. I have in my mind especially now, some of the boys who were with us. I have seen them grow up to manhood, and they are still faithful.

When the ship *American Congress*, on which we sailed, was near the shores of Newfoundland, a thick fog prevailed for several days, which prevented Captain Woodward from taking an observation, being unable to see the sun. He therefore could not tell exactly where we were.

About this time the Captain and Bro. John Rider, who now lives in Kanab, and who was one of my counselors in the Presidency of the company, were conversing on the part of the ship called the quarter-deck. I was standing some distance away from them. Bro. Rider happened to turn his face in the direction in which the ship was sailing. At that moment the fog lifted up from the surface of the sea, as if a veil or scroll had been raised. He saw clearly between the fog and the water for some distance ahead.

Suddenly he exclaimed, pointing forward, "Captain, what is that?"

Captain Woodward, who was tall, powerful and active, made no answer. It was no time for orders. He sprang to the wheel-house with the agility of a tiger, and knocked the man at the helm "heels over head," sending him sprawling upon the deck. At the

same instant he grasped the wheel, turning it with the most surprising rapidity. Although his movements were so quick, he did not lose his presence of mind a moment. He was busy with his voice as well as his hands, for while he acted as I have described, he shouted, in clear, loud, piercing tones, the several orders directing all hands to "b'out ship."

The sailors sprang to their posts. There were active limbs and busy hands among the rigging. The good ship American Congress swayed slowly around, and the moment of peril was passed.

Had this action been delayed a few moments, the vessel would have been among the breakers, upon the rocks, dashed to pieces and probably not a soul of the nearly five hundred on board would have escaped a watery grave.

Rocks and breakers ahead, on the line of the vessel's course, were what Bro. Rider saw when the fog lifted. The captain asked us, as a special favor, not to say a word to the people about the danger with which the ship had been threatened. He being commander of the vessel, we considered it right to respect his desire: besides, we thought his suggestion wise, as a knowledge of what had occurred would doubtless have caused an uneasy feeling among the passengers. The company were, therefore, not aware of the great danger they had escaped.

Elder Rider and myself thanked God for His goodness in so manifestly exercising His power in behalf of His Saints. The Lord fulfilled the promises made to us by His servants at the time we left England for the Land of Zion.—John Nicholson in "Gems for the Young Folks."

Memory Gem.

"For He is faithful that promised."



SELFISH AND LEND-A-HAND.

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying up and down the land.
On Lend-a-Hand the sunshine smiled,
The wild flowers bloomed for the happy child,
Birds greeted her from every tree;
But Selfish said, "No one loves me."

Little Miss Selfish and Lend-a-Hand
Went journeying home across the land.
Miss Selfish met with trouble and loss,—
The weather was bad, the folks were cross;
Lend-a-Hand said when the journey was o'er,
"I never had such a good time before."

—Mary F. Butts in "Outlook."

LESSON XXVIII.

For all the Grades.

PIONEER DAY:

Note to Teachers:

Pioneer Day should always be remembered by us. Try to interest the children in it, and to do this, decorate your room, one side with sunflowers and sage brush—anything that will suggest the country at that time—and on the other side with garden flowers, such as we find in the gardens to-day, and anything that will suggest the difference. If possible, show the children the map of the route taken by the Pioneers. Also have on the walls a picture of some of the leaders, or a picture of any part of the journey that can be procured. If there is a Pioneer living near, or any one who came to the country in early time, invite him to come to your meeting, and have him speak to the children.

GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

"Please, grandpa, won't you tell us a story?" asked the wistful voice of little Bess.

"Yes, grandpa, a story, please," echoed Jack and Harry.

Grandpa turned away from the window, where he had been watching the rain splashing on the panes.

"A story! What kind of a story?"

"O, let it be about wild beasts," said Harry.

"Or Indians," suggested Jack, while Bess came close to grandpa and whispered, "Just what you like best."

"I was just thinking," said grandpa, as he drew the children around him, "of how it used to rain when we were coming across the plains long ago."

"Tell us about that," said Jack.

"Well, you know, my children, for you have heard some of this story before, that the Saints had been driven from their beautiful city of Nauvoo. We had to pack up a few things, and get out the best we could, and started to find some place to stay. We had to live in wagons most of the time, and we often got very hungry. One time, I remember, we were wondering what we could have for breakfast, then a great many quails came right close to the wagon. I wasn't very big then, but I caught some, and mother cooked them, and O, how good they were.

"After we had been traveling some time, the weather began to

get cool, and we stopped at a place we called Winter Quarters. Some of the men built log cabins, covered with dirt and willows, but father and some other men dug caves in the side of the hill, and that made us nice, warm homes for the cold winter. All the time they were getting ready to go on a long journey over the plains to the Rocky Mountains. I used to hear them talking about it, and I wished the time would come for us to start.

"Many of the people were going to stay in Winter Quarters for awhile. At last we got ready to start, in April, '47. Those who were staying behind said good bye to us, but I guess they were wishing they could go, too.

"There were seventy-two wagons, and we used to drive with two side by side. It seemed such a funny way to travel, but they said it was safer. At night when we stopped, they used to put the wagons in a circle, with the tongues outside, and the front wheels of one wagon locked into the hind wheels of another. Then they would send all the horses, mules, cattle, and the one cow into that circle, and a strong guard was placed around the camp, and the fires would be built and the supper cooked and eaten inside the circle of wagons."

"Why did they put the wagons that way?" asked Harry.

"I wondered at first why they did it," said grandpa; "but one day I heard some of the brethren talking, and they said sometimes the Indians would come down on a camp, and with their horrid yells frighten off the horses, and then they would hunt them up when the owners had gone. And then, too, if only a few men went out alone to hunt for the lost animals, the Indians would rob them of their clothing and of their horses, too, if they happened to have any, and often they were more cruel than that. Then I knew why the men were so careful, and why they had brought the cannon with them.

"The rivers had no bridges over them in those days."

"Then how did you get across? Did you have to swim?" interrupted Harry.

"When we reached the small streams we just drove through. But there were some great big ones, and then came the hard work. The men would cut down trees and then tie the logs together and make a sort of raft. The wagons were put on the raft, and the men would take them over. The horses usually had to swim, and it was pretty hard work for them sometimes.

"One day the men made a sort of boat and took the things out of the wagons and put them into the boat and took them across the river, and floated the empty wagons. The water was so swift that it tumbled the wagons over and over, and when they got on the other side there was plenty of work for the blacksmiths."

"But, grandpa," said Jack, who liked to hear tales of adventure, "didn't you meet any Indians on your journey?"

"Yes, indeed. Very early one morning, when nearly all in camp were asleep, some of the guards heard something moving in the grass. The horses near the spot began to snort, and the guards crept quietly nearer, and saw some Indians just crawling up to the wagons. Then our men fired, and the Indians jumped up and ran as fast as they could. We were all awake by this time, and ran out to see what was the matter. A strong guard was put around the camp and even the cannon was loaded, but the Indians didn't bother us again that day."

"But the Indians were not always bad, were they, grandpa?" said Bess, who was sometimes called the Peacemaker.

"No, dear," said grandpa, smoothing her curly head. "One day in May two Indians came to camp. They made us understand by signs that their tribe was not far off. We gave them something to eat, and they went away. That evening about thirty-five came around the camp, their chief with them. They were much better dressed than most of the Indians we had seen. Soon after dark the chief sent his men away, but he asked if he might stay with us until morning; because he knew that none of the Indians would hurt us while he stayed with us. In the morning we gave them all some breakfast and they went away."

"Didn't you see any wild animals?" asked Jack.

"Yes, we saw some deer, antelope, and a great many buffalo, sometimes thousands and thousands in one day. Some of the men would go hunting; but they never killed more than we needed for food. I tried to go once, but my horse could not run fast enough, and the buffalo soon got away, for they could run faster than most of our horses.

"The roads were very bad to travel, and we were very tired when night came; but after the big camp fires were lighted and supper over, we would sit and watch the fires blazing, and listen to the songs and the stories some of the men would tell, and we had a good time after all," and grandpa looked out of the window dreamily, as if he could see the camp fires and hear the music of long, long ago.

"At last we came to the canyons," he continued, rousing himself. "Then came the hardest work of all; for here the roads were very, very bad, and sometimes no road at all, and several men had to go ahead with their axes, picks and shovels, to try to make the roads a little better for the wagons.

"When we reached one canyon the rumbling of the wagons caused an echo that sounded like a hundred carpenters hammering inside the mountain. The cattle and mules were frightened at the echoes, and kept up a constant lowing and braying all the time. This place was called Echo Canyon.

"A short time after this we came to a place where we could see in the distance a large body of water glistening in the sun, and

nearer a beautiful valley, almost surrounded by hills, and the people said we were getting near to our new home.

"On the Twenty-fourth of July, President Brigham Young said we would make our home in this beautiful valley. There were no houses anywhere, but sagebrush and sunflowers all around. We were very glad to rest after our long journey; and we all thanked our Heavenly Father for bringing us to our dear mountain home;" and grandpa again seemed to be lost in thought.

"Sec," said Jack, "the rain is over and the sun is shining again," and the children ran away to play, leaving grandpa to live over again in fancy the days of his long journey, with the Pioneers.



SONG.

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God;
Thou hast made Thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod;
Thou hast led Thy chosen Israel
To freedom's last abode—
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

At the hands of foul oppressors,
We have borne and suffered long;
Thou hast been our help in weakness,
And Thy strength hast made us strong;
'Mid ruthless foes outnumbered,
Our weary steps we trod:
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

Thou hast led us here in safety,
Where Thy mountain bulwark stands,
As the guardian of the loved ones
Thou hast brought from many lands;
For the rock and for the river,
For the valley's fertile sod,
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our fathers' God.

—Selected.

"THOU SHALT NOT TAKE THE NAME OF THE LORD THY GOD IN VAIN."

Delivered at the Primary Conference, Salt Lake City, May 29th, 1902.

By L. Lula Greene Richards.

The importance of this, the Third among the Ten Commandments delivered to Moses upon Mount Sinai, seems to be but little understood or appreciated by very many of our Heavenly Father's children. Yet, when it is thoughtfully considered, how very grave and weighty the import of the matter contained in the commandment is.

The serious consequences following the breaking of this commandment, to those disregarding it, is, that they shall not be held guiltless before the Lord. What a terrible thing, to be accounted guilty before that gracious and merciful Father for an offense against His name! An offence, too, which might so easily be avoided if children were but duly impressed with a proper reverence for that Holy One and the sacredness of his name as soon as they can be taught to lisp a prayer to Him. In cautioning our children concerning this matter, they should be led to speak to our Father as the Savior instructed His disciples when He said, "After this manner therefore pray ye," (New Testament, Matthew 6 chapter; Book of Mormon, III Nephi 13 chapter) "Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name." There the address ends (though the supplication is continued), and is not again repeated in the whole prayer, given as an ensample to all men, and all children when they pray.

To make the impression still more forcible upon the minds of the children, show them that previously, but in the same lesson, the same divine Teacher also gave this charge, "Use not vain repetition." While this warning may refer to other things as well, it is plain to be seen that to repeat the sacred name of the Deity many times while praying is unnecessary and displeasing to our Father. Although we frequently hear men, and women, too, who are eloquent and earnest in prayer make this grave mistake. Our children may also be taught from the Doctrine and Covenants, Sec. 107, that the higher Priesthood in the Church was once called "The Holy Priesthood after the Order of the Son of God. But out of respect or reverence to the name of the Supreme Being, to avoid the too frequent repetition of His name, they, the Church in ancient days, called that Priesthood after Melchisedek, or the Melchisedek Priesthood."

Then, we should help the children to understand and consider that, if, even to make too frequent use of our great and good Father's name in prayer, or in referring to His Holy Priesthood,

is not pleasing unto him, how much more shall they be held guilty who speak that name irreverently, in anger, or in light conversation, as we may often hear people do.

While visiting the Primaries in Southern Utah a few years ago, some of our sisters heard a young married man, whose home was then in Kanab, relate some of his boyhood experiences. He said, when but a child he was engaged by a ranchman to go and live on a ranch with a lot of rough, careless men whose lives were spent in riding after stock on the range, breaking wild horses, playing cards, smoking and talking nonsense, sometimes worse than nonsense, swearing and drinking.

He had no recollection of ever having been taught to pray in his childhood. Not even when he was going away from his mother to live at that wild ranch among those rough men, did she ask him to remember the Lord in prayer. But she did advise him not to learn to swear, to be careful of his words, and never take the name of the Lord in vain. That was all the warning he received. And the only redeeming feature in his daily life for many years, he thought, was that he remembered and kept that one bit of counsel. He learned to use tobacco, drank tea, coffee and liquor, and never thought of keeping the Sabbath different to any other day. But still, the name of the Lord was always sacred in his thoughts, and he never profaned it, although he heard it done constantly by others.

After long years, a young married woman, who was a Latter-day Saint, heart and soul, went and lived for awhile at the ranch, and cooked for the men and boys.

The young man who was telling the story, learned to pray then because the woman asked and taught him to.

And awhile afterwards, he went home to live; when, by going to Sunday School and meetings he learned more about the Gospel and tried to break off all his bad habits and live right. When the sisters met him he was the husband of one of the finest and most faithful young women in the community, and the father of a very bright and beautiful little boy.

He said he attributed the fact of his being kept so that reformation was possible for him to the observance of that one Commandment, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."

One of the sisters told him that in remembering and keeping his mother's counsel, he had also observed the Fifth Commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and had kept the First law of Heaven, which is obedience."

Yet, the great blessings which the Lord had brought him to receive, were, according to the young man's faith, in consequence of his having always shown a proper reverence for the name of the Deity.

It is our earnest hope, desire and recommendation that every officer in the Primary will give special attention to this subject, and see to it that the children entrusted to her care and influence for, at least, a portion of the time, and for the foundation of whose character she is, in a measure, responsible, are carefully instructed concerning the Third Commandment, that they are brought to realize as fully as possible, its significance, and that by-and-by, the breaking of that beautiful and sublime commandment, shall be a thing unknown and unheard of among the youth of Zion, as it should be today.

It would be well for memory gems, bearing upon this topic, to be searched for. And for all the children to memorize something like the following, that may dwell as a reminder in their hearts forever:

MY FATHER'S NAME.

My Father! let me never dare
To breathe Thy hallow'd name,
Except in loving praise or prayer,
Or answering duties' claim.

Thy name, so sacred, and so dear,
If I should ever slight,
Ungrateful I must then appear,
And sinful in Thy sight.

For in Thy teachings, clear and true,
This lesson is made plain,
Thou wilt not hold them guiltless who
Shall take Thy name in vain.



Who does the best his circumstances allows
Does well, acts nobly, angels could do no more.



"Work faithfully, and you will put yourself in possession of a glorious and enlarging happiness."



"The four corner-stones on which character should be builded are: loving faith in God, truthfulness, obedience, self-reliance."

SUMMER AT THE SEASHORE.

When choosing the place for your vacation select one, the altitude of which is enough different from that at home to ensure a considerable change of climate. Long Beach, Washington, which lies along the Pacific Ocean just north of the mouth of the Columbia river is a stretch of hard sand thirty miles long. There are plenty of good hotels on the beach and the summer is cool and invigorating. Get away from the heat of the interior and go down to sea level where your nerves can be restored and from where you can return to your home invigorated and restored to health.

Send four (4) cents in stamps for an illustrated booklet describing the Columbia river region, to

A. L. CRAIG,

General Passenger Agent O. R. & N. Co., Portland, Oregon.



A CALIFORNIA OUTING.

San Francisco is becoming known as the Convention City. This because its summer climate is cool and bracing—the tonic of sea salt in it. This summer two great conventions are to be held there. The Imperial Council of the Mystic Shriners meets in June, and the Biennial Convention of the Knights of Pythias in August. Each will bring delegates and visitors from every part of the Union.

Few places have so many attractive resorts near by as San Francisco—famous places which every one wants to see. San Jose. Mt. Hamilton and the Lick Observatory; the great Stanford University; Santa Cruz and its Big Trees, its surf-bathing and cliff-drives; Monterey and the Carmel Mission; Hotel Del Monte and Cypress Point; Santa Barbara, now on the Coast Line direct; the Shasta Region, Lake Tahoe, Yosemite and the Mariposa Giants—all are readily accessible, and to see even a part of these is to make the summer vacation memorable for the rest of life.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

ORGAN OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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THE CHILDREN.

When the lessons and tasks are all
ended
And the school for the day is dis-
missed,

The little ones gather around me
To bid me good night and be kissed.
Oh, the little white arms that encir-
cle

My neck in their tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heav-
en,
Shedding sunshine of love on my
face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last—
Of joy that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the
past;

Ere the world and its wickedness made
me

A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me
And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a wo-
man's

And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and
stony,

Where the feet of the dear ones must
go—

Of the mountains of Sin hanging o'er
them,

Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild—
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so
holy,

As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of heart and of house-
holds;

They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleames in their eyes;
Those truants from home and from
heaven—

They have made me more manly and
mild,

And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child!

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough
shadow

To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from
evil,

But my prayer would bound back to
myself;

Ah, a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of
knowledge,

They have taught me the goodness of
God.

My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a
rule;

My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the au-
tumn

To traverse its threshold no more.

Ah, how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the
door!

I shall miss the "good nights" and the
kisses

And the gush of their innocent glee,
The groups on the green and the flow-
ers

That are brought every morning to
me.

I shall miss them at morn and at
even,

Their song in the school and the
street;

I shall miss the low hum of their voices
And the tread of their delicate feet.

When the lessons of life are all ended
And death says, "The school is dis-
missed!"

May the little ones gather around me
To bid me good night and be kissed!

—Dickinson.



LIFE OF CHRIST.—LESSON XXIX.

THE POWER OF GOD.

Once more Jesus went back to Nazareth to teach in the synagogue, and although He healed the people and was kind and good to those who despised Him, they would not believe on Him, so he left Nazareth and returned again to Capernaum.

"Come," said Jesus one day to His disciples, "come into some desert place and rest awhile!"

So they went down to the shore and stepped into their little boat and sailed away.

"Look," cried those He had been teaching on the shore. "Look," they said, pointing to the little boat, "Jesus is gone, we must not let Him go, come, let us follow Him."

So they ran along the shore with their eyes fixed on the little boat, on, and on, and on, faster than the little boat could sail.

Crowds and crowds of people! Men and women and children, people from towns and cities and villages, and they ran so fast that by the time the little boat reached the desert place the great crowd was already there waiting to see Jesus land.

Jesus could not drive these poor people away—these thousands and thousands who had come so far to see Him.

So He taught them all day long, and healed and comforted them, and the people forgot everything else. How tired they were, how hungry and thirsty, and how far from their own homes, how could they stop to think of these things while Jesus was speaking so sweetly!

But when evening came the disciples went quietly up to their Master and whispered:

"Send these people away that they may go and buy themselves bread for they have nothing to eat."

"Give ye them to eat," said Jesus to the disciples.

"Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread and give them to eat?" said Philip, one of His disciples.

"How many loaves have ye?" said Jesus.

The disciples did not know; but they ran in and out among the people, asking if any of them had brought anything to eat. Presently they came back to Jesus and said, "There is a young lad here with five loaves and two small fishes, but what is that among so many?"

"Bring them hither to me," said Jesus.

Then He bade the disciples make the people sit down upon the grass.

And when they were all seated, Jesus took the five loaves and two small fishes and blessed them and brake them into pieces, and gave the pieces to the disciples to give to the people, till everybody in that great multitude had had enough to eat.

When they had finished Jesus said to the disciples:

"Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost!"

And the disciples did so, and filled twelve baskets with the pieces of bread and scraps of fish that were lying about on the grass.

The people were so astonished at this wonderful miracle, that they cried out:

"This is indeed this prophet that should come into the world!"

And they would have crowned Jesus, and made Him a king, but He could not let them, but sent them away.

A TRUE STORY.

7-10-1892

Widow Brown lived in Durham, a town in the northern part of England. She had but one child, a boy named Willie who at this time was about eight years old. Mrs. Brown was a poor woman who had to work hard to support the little family, and her main comfort was her boy. She looked forward to the time when Willie would be old enough to assist her not only in getting the necessities of life, but means enough to gather to the land of Zion. For they were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

But trouble had come to them, trouble that seemed almost more than they could bear. Willie had complained for some time that his eyes hurt him and nothing that his mother could do seemed to make them any better.

The mother became so anxious that she took Willie to the doctor who treated the poor little fellow's eyes for some time, but they did not improve and finally the doctor told the mother that it was no use to try any more, that Willie's eyes would get worse and worse and after a little the boy would be entirely blind.

The poor mother was almost frantic with grief, she thought that her dear little boy would have to go through life without the wonderful gift of sight was terrible. She also knew that in all probability he would never be able to do much for himself, much less be of any assistance to her; her long cherished dreams of gathering with the Saints seemed to fade away, and she thought that now she and Willie would have to stay in England all their lives.

But Willie did not feel as his mother did and he said to her:

"Mother, if you will send for Bro. Joseph H. Felt to come and administer to me, I know that I shall not lose my sight."

Bro. Felt was at this time on a mission to England, and was the President of the Durham Conference.

Sister Brown sent for Bro. Felt, who, when he came, found the little fellow sitting in a chair which faced the window. Bro. Felt passed between the boy and the light and then asked Willie if he could see him.

"No, sir," he answered.

"What can you see?"

"When you are in front of me I can see a dark shadow."

"Willie, do you believe in administration?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you believe that if you are administered to that God will make your eyes well?"

"Yes, sir, I do," the boy said firmly.

Bro. Felt tells how he was inspired to talk to Willie, to tell him how much worse his eyes would be before they would get better, but that if he had faith he would surely see.

Then he was administered to and Bro. Felt departed to continue his labors in the mission field.

About three weeks later Bro. Felt returned and went at once to see the widow and her son.

He found Willie, this time seated in front of a bright fire and gazing directly into it.

"Well, how are you, Willie?"

"Oh! I am all right now, thank you, Bro. Felt."

And sure enough his eyes were bright and strong and he could see as well as he had ever done.

His mother told Bro. Felt that it had been just as he had said it would be, and when Willie's eyes got so much worse they wanted to send for the doctor, but the boy clung to his faith and said:

"If you send for the doctor, I shall be blind."

And Willie's faith had conquered.

Memory Gem.

"Put your trust in God."



LESSON XXX.

FAITH.

Suggestive Talk.

When the last of the great multitude was gone, and the disciples were rowing back to Capernaum in their little boat, Jesus went up into the mountains to pray; for He who went about doing good, and healing so many broken hearts, had sorrows of His own to bear, sorrows so great that none but His Heavenly Father could understand or comfort them.

All night, from the top of that lonely mountain, Jesus watched the little boat. But suddenly the wind began to blow around it, to beat against its sides, and lash the sea into big, white billows.

"We shall drown," cried the disciples; "we shall perish, for this time there is none to help us!"

But Jesus, who had watched over that little boat through the long, dark night, loved and pitied the dear disciples, loved them so much that He came down from the mountain to help them. Yes, Jesus was drawing near to them, walking upon the sea.

"Look!" cried the disciples, for they were terrified to see a figure walking on the sea.

"It is a spirit," they whispered.

But Jesus, who was now quite near to them, said:

"It is I, be not afraid."

"Lord," cried Peter, "if it be Thou, bid me to come to Thee upon the water."

"Come," said Jesus.

At this one little word, "Come," Peter dashed over the side of the boat, and began walking on the sea, with his eyes fixed on Jesus. But, before he reached Him, he grew afraid, and looked down and trembled, and began to sink.

"Lord, save me," said Peter.

Then Jesus stretched out His hand and saved him.

"Why didst thou doubt?" said Jesus, gently.

And as they walked together over the stormy waves, and entered the little boat, the wind stopped, the sea grew calm, and the disciples said to Jesus, "Of a truth, thou art the Son of God."

THE LITTLE PAPA.

Every morning when the miners were at the entrance to the coal mine to answer to the roll call, the last to come was a tall, jolly man with a little girl about seven or eight years. They were Michel Perron and his daughter.

When it was time for the men to come up out of the pit, the little girl was always there to meet her father. And when Michel came in sight, she would run and jump into his arms, crying joyfully, "Papa!"

One day one of the miners held her close to the edge of the pit, when, seeing how black and dark it was, she sprang back in terror.

"Papa goes down there," she thought. "Suppose he should not come back?"

That day when Michel had taken her in his arms for the farewell caress, she said tremblingly in a half whisper:

"You will come back, will you not?"

"As always, little one."

"Could anyone—could you—die down there?"

"Don't be afraid," said Michel, smiling. "I will not die down there, if you will pray the Lord to protect me."

One day the rumor spread suddenly that an explosion of fire damp had just occurred. In less time than it takes to tell it the entrance to the pit was thronged. Excited crowds rushed from every direction.

The daughter of Michel ran about, her hair streaming in the wind, in the midst of the debris which had been brought from the mine, crying: "Papa! papa! papa!"

Her father was not among the dead. Confidence returned to her. She grew calm and sought him among the living. Nobody had seen her father.

Of the sixty miners who had gone down in the morning forty-five had ascended and fourteen were dead. One was missing. It was Michel. Suddenly she remembered that her father had said to her, "I will not die down there if you have faith and pray for me."

They gave her little attention. In forty hours they had exhausted every means. Without doubt there was something strange in this disappearance. Living or dead, they ought to have found Michel, and they had not found him.

For forty-eight hours "Little Papa," as the miners called her, had waited feverishly, but without growing weary. At every human form that appeared at the entrance she started up, and, not recognizing the one that she awaited she sat down with a profound sigh.

The third day the child was still at the entrance of the pit.

"We must put an end to this," said the chief engineer, and approaching her he said, "Be reasonable, little one."

"Papa! Seek papa!"

"Alas! He is dead."

"No!"

She uttered this "No" with such energy that the engineer was struck by it.

"Why not?" he said.

"He told me he would not die down there."

"Poor little thing!" murmured the engineer, and he made a sign that she should be taken away.

They took her away and sent her under care to school. An hour later she was back at the pit, and clinging to the engineer she repeated:

"I want to go down. I will find him."

The engineer was a kind hearted fellow. He had pity on her, and taking her in his arms stepped on the platform and gave the signal for descent.

When they were down, she disengaged herself and ran away crying: "Papa! Papa!"

For two hours she traversed the galleries, questioning the men whom she knew, striking with her little fists the black wall, pressing her ear close to it, peeping into the least cleft and thrusting her hands in, calling: "Papa! Papa!"

The engineer gave orders that she should be taken back to the school house and kept there; orders also that if she appeared at the pit she would not be allowed to descend into the mine. The next day, without thinking at all of her, he was inspecting the working of the mine, when he felt himself suddenly seized by the coat. It was "Little papa." She had for the second time escaped from the school house.

The "Little papa" sought always. Suddenly they saw her run, pale, trembling, choked. She cried: "There! There! Papa!"

"Where? Where?" said a miner.

"His blouse!"

She retraced her steps, followed by everybody, hesitated, stopped, turned again.

She could not find the place again. All the blocks of coal looked alike, all the hollows were the same, all the galleries similar, and yet she was sure she had seen it—that bit of blue cloth.

One by one, weary of this useless search, persuaded that the poor little girl was distracted by her grief, the men turned away and went back to their work. But hardly had they had time to take up the pick or the mattock than a despairing cry recalled them.

The poor little girl, panting, her eyes fixed, her lips apart, her hand in a hollow in the wall, cried:

"I hold it! I hold it!"

They moved her aside; they looked. Yes! It was a bit of cloth—of blue cloth. It was a blouse. In a twinkling the wall was thrown down, and in a deep excavation they saw a man extended. It was Michel Perron. He had been there three days and three nights.

He was very low. Weakened by the deprivation of air and nourishment, he recovered his senses, only to faint away again. But a month later he was up, thin, but well and ready to recommence work.

The evening before he was to go down in the mine for the first time a grand banquet was given by the miners to "Little papa." The place of honor was reserved for her.—*London News.*

Memory Gem.

"Go thy way thy Savior liveth,
All that faith will claim He giveth."

LESSON XXXI.

FORGIVENESS.

Suggestive Talk.

One day, as the disciples sat with Jesus in Simon Peter's house, Peter said: "Lord if my brother has offended me, and I am very angry with him, how many times must I forgive him—seven times?"

Jesus said to Peter: "Not seven times, Peter, but seventy and seven times." Then He told them a story or parable:

There was once a King who had a great many servants, and some of these servants owed the King a great deal of money. One servant owed him ten thousand talents. So the King called the servant, and said:

"Come, pay me the money you owe me."

"I cannot," said the servant, "oh, I cannot! I have not nearly enough to pay you with."

"Then you must be sold," said the King, "and your wife and your children, and your house, and everything that you have."

The servant was so frightened when the King said this, that he fell down before him:

"Lord have patience with me," he said, "and I will pay all that I owe."

"Never mind," said the King, for he was sorry for the servant, "I will forgive you all your debt."

But as soon as the servant was forgiven, he ran out to another servant—a man who owed him a little money, just a few dollars—and caught hold of him spitefully by the throat, and said: "Pay me what you owe me."

Then the man fell at his fellow-servant's feet, and said:

"I cannot, I cannot. I am poor, and have no money. Have patience, and some day I will pay you all."

But he would not have patience, so sent him to prison till he could pay all the debt. When the rest of the servants heard this, they ran and told the King. And the King was angry, and sent for the cruel servant, and said:

"Oh, you wicked servant! I forgave you all your debt, because I was sorry for you. Should you not have been sorry for your fellow-servant and have forgiven him his debt too?"

Then the King ordered that wicked servant to be punished till he had paid back all the money.

Jesus meant by this parable that the disciples must be ready to forgive one another, as God was ever ready to forgive them.

HIS REVENGE.

"You're a coward; yes, of course you are, or you wouldn't have told that you were one of the boys who upset old Mother Tuck's

cart," said Dan Isaacs, as he scowled at a slim little boy before him.

"Perhaps I am," was the reply; "but then I didn't take any of the old woman's apples afterwards. No, fun is one thing, but to rob a poor apple woman is very different."

Dan was crimson with rage, but Dicky had scudded off to the other end of the field. Presently there was a noise of men and women shouting and screaming in the road close by, and every boy ran to the low wall that bounded the field. Down the road came a mad bull, followed by scores of men and boys at a respectful distance.

The sight of the boys on the wall attracted its attention, and with a bellow it turned on them, tearing at the wall with a mad bound. Of course the boys scattered in every direction as the animal half fell, half cleared the wall, and then, scrambling to its feet, stood for a second before charging the fleeing crowd.

Nobody in the hurry had noticed that Dan Isaacs had sprained his ankle as he jumped from the wall and was trying painfully to escape the notice of the bull by crawling into the shelter of the little clump of trees in the corner of the cricket ground.

Suddenly the furious bull caught sight of him and turned on him. Poor Dan screamed for help, while the men and boys seemed too frightened to think of anything to attract the bull's attention.

Then they all held their breath in fright, as little Dicky, with a shout, burst to the front, rolling before him a football right up to the bull.

"Come back, come back!" they cried, "you'll be killed."

But Dicky was no coward now. With a firm kick he sent the ball into the face of the bull as he was on the point of tossing poor Dan.

Staggered by the sudden sting of the ball the beast in its blind rage turned to follow the football as it rebounded from his head, and was soon at the other end of the field, while the boys helped the badly-frightened Dan over the wall and hurried over themselves as two men with rifles made their appearance. Soon the bull fell to the ground with a bullet in his heart.

"Three cheers for Dicky Ford!" shouted the boys, as they gathered round the dead beast. And they gave them, too, with a will, while Dan, with tears in his eyes, in broken tones, begged Dicky's pardon for calling him a coward.

"Hurrah for Dicky Ford!" they all shouted again; and Dicky couldn't help thinking that he had, after all, had his revenge on the boy who called him a coward.—Selected.

LESSON XXXII.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

Suggestive Talk.

Every day the Pharisees came to the Temple to see Jesus, not because they loved to hear Him, but to find fault with all He did, and Jesus spoke sweet and loving words to them.

"I am the Good Shepherd," He said, "the Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."

"I am the Good Shepherd and know my sheep, and my sheep know my voice."

"I lay down my life for the sheep."

THE STORY OF THE LOST LAMB.

"It was such a lovely day, bright, sunny and warm. The fields were full of sweet flowers, while all the leaves on the trees whispered and danced as if they were glad and merry.

"Through the meadow ran a little stream. It was so clear and cool and fresh that all the flowers and plants around loved it.

"You can see what a bright, sweet, happy place this was and perhaps you will like to know who lived there. All over the great pasture, peaceful, contented, white sheep roamed, feeding on the tender grass, drinking the clear water, and lying down in the shadow of the great trees. Among the big sheep there were also numbers of little lambs, with wool so white and fleecy that it was a joy to look at them. Now, the lambs knew that they belonged to a very dear, good shepherd, a shepherd who had cared for them and given them the water, the beautiful pasture, and all that was good; they knew, too, that He wanted them to be very happy and contented just where he put them, for He had said that they must not wander away or try to find new paths for themselves, as they belonged to Him, and He knew what was best for them.

"Well, on this particular day, if you had been there, you would have seen a small white lamb standing by the stream, looking down into the water, and watching the reflection of its own little face in a clear pool at its feet. A very cross, discontented little face it was, I am sorry to say.

"Well," it said after a long look, "I am no baby to be watched and told what to do. I am tired of these flowers, and this water that always runs the same way. I want to do just what I like."

"With this, the little lamb took a run and jumped the stream, and then tossing up its little heels with one defiant kick into the air, scampered away just as fast as its little hoofs could carry it. The small creature's heart beat thump, thump, thump, because it knew well it was doing wrong, and every now and then it stopped and listened and looked around to see if anyone was coming to catch it.

"Now, when you are running forward, it isn't a very wise thing to do so with your head turned over your shoulder, and so the little lamb found out, for as it was hurrying along, it tumbled and rolled down a little hill at the bottom of which it went splash into a very dirty pool of stagnant water. This pool was all covered with green, slimy stuff, and as the frightened little creature crawled out of the water, it felt the green slime clinging all over its nice white wool. It smelt bad, and it felt worse, and the little lamb at once remembered that the Shepherd always looked to see if His lambs and sheep were pure and white and clean. Very much afraid, it wanted to get the nasty green stuff off, and so began to roll on the grass, and it rolled and rolled, rubbing its woolly little back as hard as possible to try to get it clean again, but alas! the ground here was not like the beautiful green pasture the little lamb had always lived and rolled about in all its happy days. The soil was clay, and very dirty clay at that, so the more the little wet creature tried to get the green slime off, the more dirty it became. Of course it could not see itself, it did not realize how black and ugly it was. It wandered about hither and thither, trying to pretend that it was very happy and having a real good time, but all the time something in its little heart kept telling it that it was doing wrong, and that spoilt all the fun. By and by it grew lonely, and frightened, and unhappy. The sun set and then it grew dark and the little lamb could not possibly find its way home. To make matters worse, it got lost in a very dark wood and at last quite tired out it crawled into a big hollow tree and lay there bleating and trembling.

"Now it remembered the stories it had heard of great, cruel wolves that came with sharp teeth to bite and tear little straying lambs, and of great strong birds that carried them away into the mountains, to their rocky nests from which they never returned.

"The more it thought, the more it trembled, and oh, how sorry it was that it had ever left the happy, sunny field, where life had been so bright and easy! When it listened it heard branches creak or leaves fall or little birds move in the trees above, and every sound made it think that a wolf was coming. Once two little fireflies flitted by and shone out amid the darkness, and the poor little lamb bleated in terror, for it knew that wolves' eyes shone bright in the night, and it was sure that the wolf had come at last. After that it cried and bleated until it was so tired that it fell asleep, and then it dreamed about the pasture it had left, for though at first it dreamed terrible dreams of wolves and danger and darkness, yet by and by happy dreams came that once more it was playing in the sunshine under the great whispering trees.

"The little lamb was so weary that it slept on until it grew so cold that it awoke shivering, and now it was more afraid than ever, it was so lonely, oh, how it wished that it was home once more with its dear companions. Then it remembered how the

Good Shepherd had told them that whenever they needed His help they should call Him and He would come. Then bleat after bleat echoed in that lonely place as it called and called and called the Shepherd's name.

"A bright ray of sunshine shot down into the gloom, by and by a step was heard and then a moment later the Shepherd was stooping over His little lamb.

"Oh, Good Shepherd, take me home."

"I will, little lamb, why didn't you call me before?"

"Because I was trying to find my way back."

"You could never do that, little lamb."

"Good Shepherd, why did you not come when you found me missing? They say you know all your sheep and lambs."

"I did come, little one," He answered, "and watched and guarded you all the time, but I could not take you in my arms again until you wanted me and called me, so that I might know that you were tired of your own way, and really wanted to be my little lamb once more."

"Dear Shepherd, my wool is dirty and stained. I shall be ashamed to go among your white sheep again. Please take me to a brook where I can wash it away."

"Yes, little one, I will make you clean, if you really want to be all mine again." So the tender Shepherd picked up His little lamb, and holding it in His gentle, strong arms, He turned towards home.

"So they came back to the fold, and the little lamb drank the sweet water, and ate the tender grass, playing in the sunshine with the other lambs until they were tired, and then they lay together in the shadow of the great sheltering trees.—Adapted from "Sleepy Time Stories."

Memory Gem.

"Little lambs so white and fair
Are the Shepherd's tender care."



NOTE.

"Date Corrected."—We tender grateful acknowledgments to "C. J. W." for kindly interest shown in calling attention, through the "Deseret News" of June 7th, to an erroneous date which appeared in the June number of the "Children's Friend." Also, to the "News" for the fatherly manner in which the necessary correction was given. The date referred to as published in the "Friend," would show that Brigham Young was chosen President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints Dec. 24, 1848, whereas, instead, "he was elected President at a meeting of the Apostles held Dec. 5, 1847, and the election was ratified by the Church in Conference on Dec. 27, 1847."



OLD TESTAMENT.—LESSON XXIX.

GRATITUDE.

David's Gratitude.

There lived in the palace with the king his son, Jonathan. When David, the shepherd boy, went to live with the king, he met Jonathan, and they soon learned to love each other and were very dear friends. Jonathan gave David his sword and bow and girdle, as a token of his love; and as often as it was possible the two boys were together.

Then Saul became jealous, and Jonathan, knowing his father meant to harm David, went to his friend:

"David," he said, "my father is seeking to kill you, and I have come to warn you. You must go and hide yourself tonight. I will go to my father and see if I cannot help you, and then I will come and tell you."

That night he went to his father and said:

"Why should the king of Israel wish to harm his servant, who has never done anything to deserve it. Think how David risked his life with the giant, and how he helped the people by killing that man. You saw him do it, and you, too, rejoiced. Would you do him any harm now?"

Saul listened to his son, and with a feeling of shame for his jealousy, he said David should not be harmed.

Jonathan hurried to his friend, and told him that his life was no longer in danger, and took him to the king's home once more. Again the sweet sounds of David's harp cheered Saul. But the king was too jealous to allow David to stay long.

One day when Saul's evil mood was upon him, David took up his harp and played as he had so often done; but this time it did not soothe the king. Saul had his javelin in his hand, and in a fit of hate, he threw it at David, who moved quickly aside, and the javelin stuck in the wall, and the boy had to go away again. Jonathan came to some woods where David was hiding.

"What have I done," said the poor boy, "that your father should seek my life in this way?"

Jonathan was very much grieved that Saul should wish to harm his dearest friend, and he said he would again go and speak to his father, and see if he could get him to let David go back to the place again and not try to hurt him.

"But how shall I know if the king is still angry?" asked David.

"If my father feels kindly toward you, I will not come to you, nor send you any word; but if he is angry I will let you know." They then agreed upon a signal if Saul still wished to kill David.

Jonathan could not arouse any feeling of kindness for David in the king's heart. David waited and watched for the signal. The next morning he saw some one approaching, and he soon recognized his friend. Jonathan had bows and arrows with him, as if he were going to practice, and had a boy with him to pick up the arrows. He came to the edge of the wood where David was hiding and began to shoot, and the boy ran after the arrows. As he was running, Jonathan shot an arrow beyond him, and then David knew that was the signal that he would have to go farther away, for Saul still wished to kill him.

Jonathan sent the boy back to the town and David came out of the woods and bowed down and thanked Jonathan for all his kindness. They told each other that they would be friends forever; then they parted, and David went further away from the king.

After a time a great army came against the Israelites, and in the battle Jonathan was killed. When David heard of this he was filled with sorrow, for Jonathan was his dearest friend, and he wrote one of the beautiful songs which we can still find in the Bible, and which made the people call David the "Sweet Singer of Israel."

Jonathan had a little son, only five years old when his father was killed. When the nurse heard that Jonathan was dead, she took the child in her arms and ran away, but as she was running, the child fell and became lame.

When David became king, he still remembered all that his friend had been to him and all he had done for him, and he searched out the little lame son of Jonathan and cared for him as long as he lived.

ANDROCLUS AND THE LION.

Once there lived in the city of Rome a man whose name was Androclus. He was tall and strong, but he was a slave, and had to work day and night for his master, and had nothing he could call his own.

One day his master beat him. "Why should I live in this way?" thought Androclus. "It would be better to die." That night he ran away and hid himself in the woods, and lived on berries and roots for many days.

But at last he could not find anything to eat. He went into a little cave and lay down on the ground. For three days he had

had nothing to eat, and he thought he would die. As he was lying in the cave, he heard a noise at the door; and looking up he saw a lion coming in. "The beast will kill me," he thought; and he lay very still.

But the lion was in trouble. It held up one of its paws and roared. Then it looked at Androclus as if to say, "I want help." Androclus got up and looked at its paw. The big beast did not try to hurt him. He saw that there was a long, sharp thorn in its paw; it must have stepped on the thorn when coming through the woods. The lion seemed to know that it had found a friend, so it held up its paw and sat quite still while the man looked at it.

Then with great care Androclus pulled the thorn out and washed the wounded paw in cold water, and bound it up with a piece of cloth which he tore from his coat. The lion licked his hand and seemed to be very glad. It ran about him like a playful dog. Then it went out of the cave, and soon came back with part of a deer which it had killed.

Androclus gathered some leaves and sticks, and built a fire. Soon he had a better dinner than he had eaten for many a day. While he was eating, the lion sat close by and looked at him as if it was much pleased.

When night came, the lion lay down in a corner of the cave to sleep, and Androclus lay down by its side.

And so they two lived together in the cave in the woods for a long time. Every day the lion brought food to Androclus.

One day the lion did not come home from hunting, and that night Androclus was alone in the cave. The next morning he went out to look for his friend. He had not gone far when he heard a noise among the leaves behind him. He looked around and saw some soldiers close upon him. The soldiers knew him.

"Ah, Androclus," they said. "We have been looking for you for a long time. Your master wants you, and you must come with us."

What could Androclus do? There were ten of the soldiers, and he had no one to help him. Where now was his good friend, the lion?

The soldiers took him back with them to the city, and his master had him put in prison. "We shall see if you will run away from us again," said the master. Androclus felt now there was no more hope.

Some time after that there was to be a great holiday in Rome. There were to be all kinds of games in the afternoon,—foot races, chariot races, and, at last, there was to be a fight between a man and a fierce lion. But who was to fight the lion? There were many men in prison. Which one of them should be taken?

"There is my slave," said the master of Androclus. "He's of no use to me. He runs away and will not work. Let him fight the lion."

"He's the very man," said the others. And so Androclus was taken out of prison to fight the lion.

He was led out and left alone in the open space called the arena. There was no way for him to get out. He had only his hands to fight with, and there was no one to help him.

On high seats all around the arena were the fine people of Rome, who had come out to see the games of the day. At one side of the arena were cages full of wild beasts.

The door of one of these cages was opened, and a lion jumped out. It saw Androclus and ran toward him. All the people thought that it would make quick work of the slave. But when it came closer to him, it stopped. Then it ran to him as if it were glad to see him. It lay on the ground before him and licked his hands and face.

Androclus took the lion's paw in his hands; then he put his arms around its neck. He had found his old friend that had lived with him in the cave.

The people who were looking on did not know what to think. They all stood up in wonder. Then they called out to the slave and asked him why it was that he and the lion were friends, and Androclus told them all about it. The people were very much pleased. "Let them both live!" they cried. "Let them both go free!" So while everybody shouted and was glad, Androclus led his old friend, the lion, out of the arena. He had no master now; he was a free man.

Memory Gem.

"Our hearts in gratitude we raise
For Thy protecting care,
For life, for health and raiment,
And our mountain homes so fair."



LESSON XXX.

WISDOM.

The Wise Choice.

King David ruled Israel for many, many years, and the people prospered during this time. At last he became an old man. He had many sons, but he wanted his son Solomon to be king after him. Fearing that there might be quarrels between the sons when he was gone, he decided to have Solomon anointed king while he himself was living.

When this was done, David gave his son his last charge, telling him of the beautiful temple which he had hoped to build, but the Lord had not allowed it, and asked Solomon to see that it was

built. He told him to trust in God, and he need never fear, for he would never be forsaken as long as he remained faithful. Not long after this David died.

Solomon was still young. One night when he was asleep, the Lord appeared to him, and said:

"Ask what I shall give thee."

Solomon thought a moment and then answered:

"Lord, Thou hast shown great mercy to my father, David, as he was righteous and upright before Thee; and Thou hast made his son king of Thy chosen people, who are so many that they cannot be counted. I am but a child, and I do not know what to do as king, so give me wisdom to govern Thy people, that I may be able to judge between good and bad; for who is able to rule Thy people without Thy help?"

The Lord was very much pleased with Solomon because he had not asked for riches, honor, nor victory over his enemies, nor even for a long life; and He promised the king that he should be the wisest man that ever lived, and that he should have all the other blessings too.

Soon after this, Solomon had a chance to make use of the great gift God had given him.

Two women came into the judgment hall, where the king was sitting. Each carried a baby in her arms, but one of the babies was dead. They both lived in one house, and their children were just the same age.

"O, King," said the woman carrying the dead child, "last night this woman's baby died, and she crept into my room and while I slept she took my living child away and put her dead one in its place. This morning when I awoke, I found the little child, and I thought my baby was dead; but when I looked at it, I saw it was not my own little child, but another."

"No," said the other woman, "the living child is my own son; the dead one is hers."

All the people present were very much troubled; but the king seemed to have no doubts.

"Bring a sword," he called to one of his servants. The man obeyed.

"Now," said the king, "divide the child, and give one-half to each woman."

"No, no, my lord," cried the true mother. "Give her the living baby but do not hurt it."

Then said the king, "The one who said 'Do not hurt it' is the true mother. Give her the baby."

Solomon built the beautiful temple in Jerusalem, and governed Israel so wisely that the people of other nations were all talking of King Solomon, his riches, and the grand temple he had built, and more than all, his great wisdom. The Queen of Sheba,

a country far south, came to see the king. She was a very rich queen, and brought with her spices and precious stones and gold, as presents for Solomon. When she saw all his riches, his houses, and the beautiful clothes he wore, and heard his wise sayings, she was surprised; for she had not believed what she had been told about him. She found everything much grander than she had supposed.

But most of all she prized his wisdom, and as she went away, she said:

"Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants who stand continually before thee and hear thy wisdom."

THE BUILDERS.

Jesus gave us a story about wisdom. He told the people something like this: There was once two men who started to build houses. The first thing they did was to look for a place; one man found a strong rock.

"Ah," said he, "that will be a good, strong foundation; I can put my bricks and mortar on that;" so he began to build.

The other man found a hill of sand. "I will build my house on this," he said, and he began to work. By and by the walls were up, the roofs were on, and both houses were finished.

The days went by, and soon a great storm came; the rain fell—oh, so heavily! and the wind beat down against the houses and it seemed as if they might fall. But the house on the rock stood fast; it did not even shake, the rock on which it was built was so strong and firm. It was like the strong foundation we see some houses have now.

Then the wind came to the house on the sand, and the rain, poured down upon it, and washed some of the sand away from the bottom of the house, and what do you think happened? The rain kept washing away the sand, until, when the wind blew hard, down fell the house!

Which was the wise, careful man in his work? The wise man built his house upon the rock, so that the rain and wind could not hurt it; but the other one was a very foolish man not to think of what foundation he needed.

When Jesus finished telling this story, he told the people that anyone who heard what to do, and then went and did it, was a wise man, but he who did not do it, was a foolish man.

Memory Gem.

"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and that getteth understanding."

LESSON XXXI.

PROVIDENCE.

The Prophecy.

King Solomon in the later part of his life, in spite of all of his wisdom, forgot what the Lord had done for him, and he was even persuaded to worship other gods. The Lord was displeased with this, and said he would take the kingdom away from Solomon's sons, and give it to some one else. He would leave only two tribes, and these He would leave only for David's sake, as he had been a true servant. So at the death of Solomon the kingdom was divided forever, one part being called Israel and the other Judah.

Ahab was king of Israel. Many of the kings before him had done things very displeasing to the Lord, but Ahab was worse than any of them. He married a very wicked woman, who persuaded him to worship idols. So Ahab built a grand temple for Baal, as one of their gods was called, and a great many men became priests and served in the temple.

Then the queen ordered that all the prophets of the Lord should be killed, and she persecuted those who served the true God so that no one dared say he believed in the Lord. One of the king's servants hid some of the Lord's prophets in caves and took them food, but he had to be very careful that the queen did not hear of it.

One day when the king and queen sat in their palace, a very tall man, with stern, rugged features, entered the hall. His long hair fell over his broad shoulders, and he wore a rough robe or mantle of sheep's skin. The room was filled with the king's courtiers, dressed in their costly silks and jewels. They all started in surprise when they saw the stranger in their midst.

"What do you want here?" asked some of them; but the stranger made no reply, but walked on until he stood before the king.

"As the Lord God of Israel liveth," said the stranger, in a voice heard throughout the large hall, "there shall not be dew or rain these three years, but according to my word."

When the king heard these words, he shuddered. His wife and her priests thought this was a madman, but Ahab knew he was a prophet of the Lord. He was just going to order the guards to seize him and have him put to death, but before he could speak, the stranger had disappeared, and although they searched for him day after day, throughout the whole land, he could not be found.

The prophet, whose name was Elijah, had been obeying God's orders. When he left the palace of the king, he quickly went to a quiet little valley far away from the houses of men. Here there was a little stream flowing through the valley into the river Jor-

dan. The Lord had told Elijah to make his home here for some time. There was no food around, but the Lord did not forget His servant. Every night and morning bread and meat were brought to the prophet by ravens, and the little stream furnished him with water. Fed by the Lord in this way, Elijah lived in the valley until the Lord sent him to another place.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

It was during the time of the great Rebellion, in the year 1864, Charles —— lived with his mother in the city of C——, near the central part of Indiana. He had a sister who resided with them. His father and elder brother had enlisted in the army. Charles was but four years old, not large enough to earn anything, and their daily food depended upon what his mother earned by her hard day's labor.

It was in the winter season. Times were hard and growing worse every day, and the people had but little for the mother to do. It was with great difficulty that she earned enough for herself and children to live upon.

One morning she went out into the cold, wintry blast and gathered bark from the fence rails to keep her children from suffering with the severe cold, and at breakfast she gave them the last crust of bread that was in the house, not eating anything herself. Then she went out into the city to seek something to do to earn some more bread for her little ones. But after a long search she returned, much fatigued both in body and mind, without accomplishing her object.

The poor woman sat down and wept bitterly. Her children were crying for bread and she had none to give them. But when they again asked her for bread she said to them, "The Lord will provide."

Presently she knelt down, her bosom swelling with grief, and asked the Lord to spare her children's lives.

Then, rising to her feet, she thought of some carpet rags she had put into a barrel just the day before, and decided to take them to a store and see if she could sell them for some bread.

Just as she turned the barrel upside down to empty out the rags, she said in a tone of motherly kindness: "Dear children, don't cry; the Lord will not let us starve." Then she turned the barrel back, and, on looking into it, what do you suppose greeted her eyes?

It was something that made her countenance beam with gladness and her eyes dance with joy, and she exclaimed: "The Lord will provide. Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

It was a dollar bill. It could never have been lost there, because she had washed out the barrel the day she put the rags into

it. How it got there she could not tell; but it bought bread enough to last them a few days, until they received seventy dollars sent them from the army.—Selected.



LESSON XXXII.

GENEROSITY.

The Widow's Reward.

Elijah lived by the little stream in the valley until the rainy season came, when there was usually plenty of water; but this year the ground was very dry, and there was no signs of rain.

A drought is a dreadful thing everywhere, but it is more dreadful in those hot eastern countries, for soon after the rain ceases, the streams and springs dry, and the grass and grain wither.

Little by little even the little stream in the valley dried up, and there was a famine in the land. Then the Lord told the prophet to go down into another city. When he arrived at the place, he sat down outside of the city gate. Soon he saw a poor widow picking up sticks.

The prophet, whose clothes were faded, dusty, and worn, came to the woman and asked her for a drink. Then he looked up at her imploringly, and said:

"Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thy hand."

"I have no bread at all," said the poor woman. "I have only a little meal and a little oil, which I am just going to bake. When that is gone, I don't know what my son and I shall do."

Although Elijah was a stranger and asked her for what was most precious to her, the woman looked at him and felt so sorry for him that she took him to her house, and generously gave him a part of the small amount of food which was all she had to keep herself and her son alive.

In reward for this kind deed the Lord caused that the meal and the oil should never fail, and each day until the famine was over, the widow found she had just the same amount, although she and her son and Elijah had plenty to eat.

One day the widow's son fell ill, and although the mother did all she could for him, he died. The poor widow went weeping to tell Elijah. The prophet's heart was filled with sorrow for her. He took the child in his arms and carried him up to his own room, and laid him on the bed, and prayed earnestly that the Lord would bring the boy back to life and health.

The Lord heard Elijah's prayer, and the boy was raised to life.

Gladly the prophet took him by the hand and led him to his mother.

"See, thy son liveth!" he said.

The mother was overjoyed at seeing her son alive and well.

"Now I know you are a man of God," she said, "and the words of the Lord that you speak are truth."

BEGIN JUST WHERE YOU ARE.

Katie and Jack stood at the window watching the people who passed. It had been a snowy day, but the sun coming out bright and clear in the afternoon made the streets wet and sloppy.

"See that poor little girl!" exclaimed Katie; "how wet her feet must be! Her shoes are full of holes. If we were rich we might buy shoes for her."

"And for that boy just behind her; his shoes are worse than hers," added Jack.

"And if we were rich we might buy a shawl for that old peanut woman. See, she is trying to get those children to buy peanuts from her basket."

"How poor she looks! There comes a real old man. If I were a rich man I would just call him in and say: 'Here, old man, here's some dinner for you, and take what's left for the children.'"

"Now, if I were rich," exclaimed Katie, "that is the one I would help, that poor, sickly woman with a baby in her arms."

The children's mother had been listening to what they said. She sat sewing near the window. "I am glad," she said, "to hear my children express such kind wishes, but wishing is not giving. Just to say, 'Be ye warmed and fed,' will not make these poor people any less cold or any less hungry. You say if you were rich you would help this one or that one. God does not ask you to give as if you were rich, but He does ask you to give according to your means. Now, let us see what you have to give, and then we can tell how much your good wishes will help these poor people."

All the money these children had to spend they kept in their little bank in the nursery. They ran upstairs and placed in mother's lap the contents of the banks. Katie had \$6; Jack had \$5. Jack had spent \$1 of his money in getting his skates mended.

"Now, Katie," said her mother, "how much of this will you give to carry out your good wishes?"

Katie thought a moment, and then replied: "Well, mother, I think I ought to give the half."

"I know that poor woman who has passed just now with her baby in her arms, and I know that she is a very good woman. What would you like to give her?"

Remembering how poorly the woman was clad, Katie suggested a shawl.

"Now, Jack, what will you give to the poor boy who had on such a miserable pair of shoes?"

Jack thought he could spend some money to keep the boy's feet dry, and he said he would give shoes.

The next day mother went out shopping with the two children, and as the result they brought home a warm shawl and a pair of stout shoes. Mother had added a little to the amount they had to give, so that the shoes were thick and stout and the shawl was good and warm; for mother knew both the poor woman and the poor boy, and was quite sure these articles were needed.

"You have given what you had to give," said mother, "and that is much better than wishing you were rich so that you might give more. Always remember that, while God does not ask for that which he has not given you, He does ask for that which He has given."—"Child's Paper."

Memory Gem.

"'Tis not what we give, but what we share;
For the gift without the giver is bare."

QUESTIONS.

How did the widow help Elijah? What was her reward? When is a person generous? To whom should we be generous?



PRAYER.

Lord, teach a little child to pray,
And, oh, accept my prayer.
Thou hearest all the words I say,
For Thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by Thee;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou carest still for me.

Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To love Thee while I live.



HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.—LESSON XXIX.

CHEERFULNESS.

Chapter 22. Church History.

Note to Teachers.

As has been stated before, It is advisable to counteract somewhat the sad effects of the history of our people in the chapters now being studied. We have therefore chosen the words of our beloved Prophet as the thought for the first lesson in this number. "Be of Good Cheer."

MAKING THE WORST OF THINGS.

"I'm sorry, dears, but I don't believe we can manage the party this birthday. You know Harry was sick a long time, and that made a big bill for drugs and doctors. Then papa doesn't get quite as much money as he did—ten per cent. reduction all along the road, from superintendent to section-hands—and we have to plan pretty closely to make his earnings pay rent and buy clothes and bread and butter for five boys and girls."

Consternation and dismay are feeble words to describe the look which appeared on the round, rosy faces of Tom and Tress Cary, the eldest two of the five in question, and twins as well. A duet of protest and petition arose, at which Mrs. Cary could not help but smile, serious as the situation was.

"No party, when we've had one every single year since we were five?" "And we are just going into our teens!" "And we've been to so many this year!" "And I've 'most the same as invited a dozen boys!" "And I told Celia Baxter we'd surely have ice-cream and maybe macaroons!" "Oh, dear! can't you possibly, mamma?"

"Can't, possibly," answered Mrs. Cary with decision; "I've been thinking about it as long as you have, dears, and trying to contrive some way so that you might not miss your birthday celebration. But since I've let Katie go, and I do the work alone, I don't have much time for extras, so we must let it go this year. Make the best of it, and we'll hope things will be different by the time you are fourteen."

Now, the Cary children were not model children, nor yet young philosophers, to reason that what couldn't be cured must be

endured. So, sad to relate, Tress threw herself down on the couch and cried as though her heart would break, and Tom would have kept her company if he had not been a boy who considered tears unmanly. As it was he jammed his hands deep into his pockets and growled:

"I'm just sick and tired of making the best of things! It was 'make the best of it' when I couldn't have a new pair of skates, and 'make the best of it' when we couldn't go to Aunt Meg's last winter, and 'make the best of it' when papa said he couldn't get me a new spring suit. It don't do any good or make things any better, and I'm sick and tired of making the best of things."

And Tress, from the tearful depths of the sofa, said between her sobs:

"And-so-am-I!"

Mrs. Cary did a deal of thinking in the moment that elapsed before she answered placidly:

"Well, do just as you like about it, my children. Perhaps you are right and papa and I are wrong, and if it really doesn't do any good to make the best of things, then, of course, there's no use in our doing it, either."

She left the room, and the twins remained wrapped in gloom until the half-past-eight alarm warned them to get ready for school. Then after Tress bathed her red eyes they gathered up books and tablets and started off, saying dismally to each other:

"How shall we ever tell them we can't have our party after all?"

When they came home to dinner they found their father in from his long run—he was engineer of freight No. 10—and stretched out on the couch to rest. They fell upon him with hugs and kisses, which attack he bore with remarkable fortitude. Tress perched herself on the head of the couch and rumbled his thick black hair with her hands.

"Tired, papa?" she asked; but instead of the usual reply, "Getting rested a mile a minute, Puss," she heard a dejected groan and saw her father's eyes close wearily as he answered:

"Tired to death, and I've got to go out again tonight. I might as well be a part of the engine, and done with it. A railroad man is a kind of a machine, anyway, and nobody cares whether he's tired or not."

Tom and Tress looked at each other in troubled perplexity. What was the matter with their jolly papa? They had never heard him talk like that before. He must be dreadfully tired—maybe sick. The twins were much concerned.

"Dinner's ready," called Mrs. Cary, and a moment later they were all in the pleasant dining-room ready to enjoy the well-cooked meal. But as they looked expectantly over the table Tom's quick eye noticed the absence of the tiny vase which always held a blossom or two when blossoms were to be had.

"Where's your posy, mamma?" he asked, and he opened his eyes in wonder as she answered somewhat indifferently:

"Out in the garden, I suppose. There's no use in picking flowers for dinner, is there? A rose on the table wouldn't make round steak sirloin, or bread pudding, ice-cream, or help me wash the dishes by and by."

"N-o," admitted Tom, "only—maybe—I thought——" He stopped, his thoughts too badly tangled to be unraveled into a sentence.

"I might as well give up the notion of getting on the passenger this year," observed Mr. Cary gloomily, helping himself to mashed potatoes after serving four small Carys and their mother. "It's a big disappointment to me—makes me feel right down blue. If I could have got that berth I'd have had easier runs and more money. But it's just my luck, and hard luck it is, too."

"If you had more money I'd have a new set of dishes," remarked Mrs. Cary, eying a nicked cup with much disfavor. There's a dainty, pretty set at Blanchard's that I've wanted ever since I saw it. And I'd get Katie back and stop broiling myself with the steak these hot days. Oh, dear! there are ever so many more things I'd have different if you had more money, Henry. It's not a bit pleasant to be poor."

"No indeed," grumbled Mr. Cary. "It's pinch here and plan there and save everywhere, until I don't wonder you're as tired of it as I am. We've always tried to make the best of things, wife, but I guess there isn't any use pretending things are better than they are. It won't put money in my pocket or dishes in your cupboard."

Tress pushed back her saucer of bread pudding. There was a lump in her throat which refused to let her swallow a mouthful. She was truly thankful to hear the youngest Cary cry as he woke from his nap in the darkened bedroom.

"Excuse me, mamma," she said, choking over the words. "I'll go and tend baby while you finish your dinner."

Tom managed to eat his pudding, though it didn't taste as good as usual. Alice and Harry, too, felt that something was wrong, though they couldn't have told what. Take it altogether it was the most uncomfortable meal the young Carys had eaten since they could remember. Papa and mamma were always so cheerful at the table, ready to laugh and joke and have good times with the children, but today!—It was very strange, indeed.

Tom and Tress started back to school earlier than usual and in a very serious frame of mind.

"Oh, Tom!" sighed Tress. "I didn't know we were so awfully poor, did you?"

Tom shook his head and she continued:

"I'm worried to death about papa and mamma, Tom. They're

so tired and blue and miserable. Wouldn't it be dreadful if they got sick?"

"It'd be pretty tough," admitted Tom.

"Oh, I'm so afraid they will! They're always so jolly and pleasant, and today—I just believe they're sick already. I never heard them talk so before.

Then an idea struck Tom—so forcibly that he stopped in his tracks, and Tress walked on several steps without him. She turned in surprise to see what had become of him just in time to hear him say excitedly:

"That's it! I know, that's it!"

"What's the matter now?" asked Tress anxiously, and Tom hastened to explain:

"They're not making the best of things, that's what's the matter. Don't you know what mamma said this morning when we acted so cranky about that party? Don't you remember she said 'maybe we were right and she and papa were wrong?—they're trying our way, that's all.'"

"Oh, my goodness me!" gasped Tress. Let's go and tell them we'll take it all back. Come on! There's time enough if we run."

Run they did, and burst into the sitting-room where Mr. and Mrs. Cary sat talking, with just enough breath to say:

"We take it back! It pays to make the best of things. We will, honest and true. And please don't ever make the worst of things any more. It's just dreadful."

With a kiss apiece they were gone, and father and mother looked at each other, laughing with tears in their eyes.—Ida Reed Smith in "Happy Hours."

Memory Gem.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."



LESSON XXX.

FAITH.

Church History. Chapter 23.

Fulfillment of Promise.

The people of the world generally have no faith in the promises made to the Saints, on condition of their obedience to God's commandments, and when they witness the fulfillment of these promises they prefer to attribute it to some other than the real cause.

Hundreds of the Elders could testify that they have realized the fulfillment of these promises while traveling among the nations of the earth without "purse and script."

When in want they have petitioned the Lord by the humble prayer of faith to aid them in the hour of need, and He has never forsaken them.

A young Elder in one of the Southern States, not long since, when his boots were the worse for wear and his toes in danger of protruding, asked the Lord, in a very plain and simple style, to provide him with a pair of shoes.

A day or two later, at the close of a meeting, a gentleman came to the Elder and asked him to accept some money which would aid him in obtaining a pair of shoes.

The following day a shoemaker, who had made the acquaintance of the Elder, happened by where he was stopping, and having heard that the Elder needed some shoes, told him that he had just made a pair for himself, but through some mistake they would not fit him, as they were too small, and asked the Elder if he would not accept them as a present. He did so with gratitude, and found them to be as good a fit as if they had been made for himself.

Thus he received a literal answer to his prayer and more, too. Yet neither of these people had he asked for money or for shoes.

By such means, also, the Elders learn who are their friends, and will give a favorable account of such people before the Lord, and they will receive at His hands a just reward.

The people, also, who befriend the servants of God, have been remarkably blessed, not only temporally, but in many instances have been raised from beds of sickness by the power of God.

An instance may be cited which occurred not long since in one of the Southern States.

A lady, whose husband and herself had treated the Elders with kindness, was taken quite sick, and the affliction soon proved to be very serious indeed. Three physicians were called to attend her, which they did for several weeks, with little or no prospect for her recovery. Finally they gave her up.

The Elders having returned to that neighborhood from a tour in another county, this lady sent for them to come to administer to her the ordinance of the Gospel for the healing of the sick. They laid their hands upon her, at her earnest request, and after repeating the ordinance several times, with prayer and supplication, she arose from her bed of sickness to which she had been confined for ten months. She requested baptism, and soon after rode a horse to a stream of water, and was baptized and confirmed by the servants of God. Numbers of astonished witnesses were present and she was looked upon as a living miracle. She and her husband, with others, soon afterwards gathered with the **Saints in Southern Colorado.**

Scores of similar manifestations occur in the travels of the Elders abroad in answer to the humble prayer of faith. Such instances, and the remarkable way in which God preserves and pro-

vides for His messengers who are sent to proclaim the everlasting Gospel to the nations, confirm the faith and increase evidence to the testimony of the Elders of Israel, and when studied with honest and prayerful hearts by the youth of Zion, tend to promote faith in their minds and prepare them to assist in building up the kingdom of God upon the earth.—M. F. Cowley in “A String of Pearls.”

Memory Gem.

“I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.”



LESSON XXXI.

WHAT WILL BE THE REWARD?

Church History. Chapter 24.

The following beautiful hymn was sung by Brother John Taylor in Carthage jail, shortly before the Prophet and his brother were killed. The Prophet asked him to sing it again, which he did.

It is suggested that some one or more of the members of the class memorize it and repeat at the close of the lesson. It might be well to have it memorized by all and repeated in concert.

A poor, wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer, Nay.

I had no power to ask His name,
Wheretoe He went or whence He came,
Yet there was something in His eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered, not a word He spake:
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave Him all, He blessed it, brake,

And ate, but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied Him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock, his strength was gone,
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.

I ran and raised the suff'rer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;
I drank and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter-hurricane aloof;
I heard His voice abroad, and flew
To bid Him welcome to my roof.

I warmed and clothed and cheered my guest,
And laid Him on my couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found Him by the highway side;
I roused His pulse, brought back His breath,
Revived His spirit, and supplied

Wine, oil, refreshment—He was healed;
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw Him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored Him 'mid shame and scorn.

My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for Him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in His hands I knew,
The Savior stood before mine eyes.

He spake, and my poor name He named,
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be,
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

—*Montgomery.*

LESSON XXXII.

INDUSTRY.

Church History Chapter 25.

John Earl's Noon Hour.

John Earl was employed in one of the largest cotton mills of Lowell. The work was hard, the hours long, and, worst of all, the pay small, with little or no prospect of increase. His condition was no worse than that of hundreds of others employed in the same mill, but, somehow, it seemed to disturb him more. He believed that he was capable of better things.

One noon, while eating his dinner beside the machine he operated, the thought occurred to him. Why was he wasting the noon hour each day? Each year he spent three hundred days or thereabouts in the mill, and the possibilities of those three hundred noon hours appealed to the young man. Too weary at night to turn his attention to serious study, he had about given up hope of bettering his condition.

Being naturally a good penman, and fond of mathematics, he turned his attention to figures and bookkeeping. He thought that during the ensuing five years while his companions were idling and telling stories, he could master the subject that interested him.

The following morning on his way to the mill, Earl purchased an arithmetic and, when the noon hour came, having eaten his dinner, he made a beginning on the course he had marked out for himself.

Of course the men laughed when they saw him at work with his paper and pencil—that was to be expected—and Earl was not disturbed in the least. In fact, he was so engrossed with his work that he heard but few of their gibes. The only thing that seriously annoyed him was the one o'clock whistle.

One noon the superintendent of the mill chanced to pass the young man while he was busy with his study. He noted the nature of the book, but said nothing. That afternoon, however, he referred to the incident, asking the foreman who the young man was and of his ability as an employee.

"Oh, you mean John Earl," said the foreman. "He's the best workman in my room, sir, but I'm afraid he isn't going to stay with us long."

"Keep your eye on him," said the superintendent; "that kind of a young man is worth holding."

Five years, the time that Earl had first allotted for the completion of his studies, had passed. One morning the foreman stopped before Earl's machine and informed him that the superintendent wished to see him in the office.

"Haskell has a bone to pick with you, John," said the foreman, striving desperately to conceal a smile, as he noted Earl's bewilderment. "Don't think ill of me, John; I had to report you."

"Report what?" demanded Earl, flushing.

"You will find out when you reach the office," said the foreman, beating a hasty retreat among the noisy looms.

"Mr. Earl?" queried the superintendent, turning in his chair as the young man approached his desk a few minutes later. The "mister" perplexed Earl even more than the foreman's words. Ordinarily the employees, when addressed by the heads of the departments, were spoken to in a most concise form. The "mister" was quite unusual, but he replied in the affirmative.

"I think it was very nearly five years ago that I chanced to see you one noon at work over some problems. I spoke to your foreman about it and told him to keep a sharp eye on you. We have been quite a while in coming to a decision in the matter, but we have finally decided that you have outlived your usefulness as an operative."

Poor Earl crimsoned clear to the roots of his hair. He knew that he had attended to his work faithfully, and for a moment the seeming injustice of the superintendent's remarks fairly stunned him.

The superintendent nervously stroked his beard as he noted Earl's amazement and then resumed. "For some time past we have been dissatisfied with the work"—John was deathly pale now, for he had had time to recall the fact that there was rent due and fuel to buy, and, strive as he would, he was unable to keep back the tears—"of our first assistant bookkeeper," finished the superintendent, smiling for the first time; "today we discharged him. Are you ready, Mr. Earl, to take his place?"

Memory Gem.

"Every man may be as faithful, as energetic, as good, as true, as he chooses; and, if he does not choose, he, and not fate, is responsible."

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

ORGAN OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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HUMAN NATURE.

If all who hate would love us,
And all our loves were true,
The stars that swing above us
Would brighten in the blue.

If cruel words were kisses,
And every scowl a smile,
A better world than this is
Would hardly be worth while.

If purses would untighten
To meet a brother's need,
The load we bear would lighten
Above the grave of greed.

If those who whine would whistle
And those who languish laugh,
The rose would rout the thistle,
The grain outrun the chaff.

If hearts were only jolly,
If grieving were forgot,
And tears and melancholy
Were things that now are not—

Then Love would kneel to duty,
And all the world would seem
A bridal bower of beauty,
A dream within a dream.



LIFE OF CHRIST.—LESSON XXXIII.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Suggestive Talk.

Jesus in talking to the people would often tell them that they must love the Lord with all their might, mind and strength and their neighbors as themselves. On day a man asked Jesus, "Who is my neighbor?"

Then Jesus told the following story or parable so that all might know who is their neighbor.

A certain man was traveling from Jerusalem to Jericho when he met some wicked men who robbed and beat him and after taking all his clothing they left him lying in the road naked, wounded and almost dead.

By and by a priest came along and when he saw the poor man lying there crossed to the other side of the road and passed by without offering to assist the poor man or help even with a kind word.

Then a Levite came by who went up and looked at the man lying in the road. Perhaps he was sorry for him, but he too crossed the road and passed on.

Next came a Samaritan who as soon as he saw the wounded man pitied him and went to his help. He bound up his wounds, gave him nourishment, and when he was better, put him on his own beast and took him to a house where he could be cared for.

When the Samaritan was ready to continue his own journey he gave the people who lived in the house money to take care of the wounded man and told them that if what he gave them was not enough, to take good care of the poor man, and when he came back he would give them more.

THE DOG THAT WAS A GOOD SAMARITAN.

Badger was the name of a butcher's dog. He had the care of the cattle kept in a pasture a little way out of town. Every morning Badger trotted off to look after them.

He would run around the pasture, look at the cows, as if counting them, then lie down so as to keep all in sight, and there stay till dusk, when he trotted home again.

One day as he went along a pitiful cry stopped him. "What

is that?" thought Badger, pricking up his ears and running towards a bush by the side of the road.

There what should he see but a poor dog with a deep gash in his thigh! The wound was clotted with blood and caked over with dirt, and the poor thing was half dead with hunger.

When he saw Badger's honest face he took courage, and with a groan he as much as said, "Pity me, please, and help me, good fellow."

Badger was not a dog to say "No" to that; so he licked the sore, and then tried to help the dog up. But walking was out of the question. After a step or two he fell back with a piteous moan.

"What is next to be done?" thought Badger.

Well, he set off as fast as he could go. On reaching home he went to find his supper. The platter was empty. So he marched into the shop, wagging his tail and showing extra fondness for his master. Pretty soon he put his forepaws on the stall and seized a choice piece of meat.

"Will you please let that alone and be off?" cried the butcher. Badger did not sneak away like a thief—not he; he kept his hold on the meat, and ran up to his master, asking, as a dog could, for leave to keep it.

"What! take six pounds of nice beefsteak like that, Badger?"

Badger did not stir. The butcher took it from his dog and put it back on the stall. Poor Badger gave one mournful look, and turned toward the door with a low howl.

"What does Badger mean?" asked his master, for Badger was never caught stealing in all his life. "Badger!" called his master. Back he came, and the butcher gave him his meat.

The dog jumped for joy, and ran out into the street. His master followed. Badger took the meat to the sick dog. Oh, what a supper he had and Badger finished it. Then they went to sleep side by side under the bush.

Early the next morning Badger came home with a dog on three legs. He offered him his kennel. He ran around and brought in all the bones and scraps he could find for a breakfast.

Then he trotted to the pasture, but came back two or three times during the day to see his poor friend.

The butcher, not willing to be behind the dog in good works, washed the stranger's wound. In a few weeks he was quite well, and Badger took him to the pasture. What frolics they did have! Badger was the happiest dog in town.

And the butcher kept Badger's friend and built a kennel big enough for both.—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

LESSON XXXIV.

CHOOSING THE BETTER PART.

Suggestive Talk.

In a pretty village called Bethany, lived Martha and Mary and Lazarus—friends of Jesus; so, as Bethany was near Jerusalem, Jesus stopped there to visit them.

Martha was so pleased to have Jesus staying in her house that she could not do enough for him; but Mary, instead of helping her sister, sat listening to all He said.

"Why are you so idle?" cried Martha, as she hustled about the house, "cannot you help me?"

"Lord, tell her to help me!" she said, looking at Jesus.

"Martha, Martha," said Jesus, "thou art careful and troubled for many things—Mary has chosen that good part which shall not be taken away."

Jesus was not vexed with Martha. He did not mean to scold her. He only meant it was better to sit still like Mary and listen to His teaching than to prepare a great feast to welcome Him.

WHY TEDDIE DID IT.

Teddy came at the end of the family, after a long row of boys and girls. This was why his caps and coats and toys and books were hardly ever new. Teddy was very tired of "hand-me-downs," as he called them. He said he didn't mind the clothes so much; they were stupid anyway. But he did wish he could buy his lesson books straight out of the store just for himself.

At last Teddy had his wish. It was on the day when he was promoted from the First to the Second Reader, because on that day Tom's Second Reader, which he had outgrown the year before, and which was supposed to have been put away for Teddy, could not be found anywhere, though it was searched for all over the house. It was a delightful moment for Teddy when his mother said:

"Well, we shall have to buy another."

"Oh, mother," he cried, "do please let me buy it. I know just exactly how. Please do."

So Teddy bought his own Second Reader, and brought it proudly home.

"Look at it, mother," he said; "didn't I buy it all right? I selected out the best one on the whole shelf; the one that had the very newest smell of any, and pages that stuck together the most. Everybody can see that that couldn't have possibly belonged to anybody else first, can't they?"

"Yes, indeed," said his mother, "It looks the newest of the new."

This was on Friday. On Saturday afternoon when Teddy went

to Primary meeting he found the ladies packing a box of things for a poor missionary's family. When they were done, Teddy's new Second Reader was packed away in the bottom.

"What a silly thing to do!" said his brother Joe, when the family had heard about it. "You don't suppose, do you, that that boy cares what age a book is, just so it holds together?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Grace, "if he was so used to shabby ones that any other sort would make him uncomfortable."

"There is such a thing as being too good, Teddy," said Joe, "and it doesn't pay."

So they talked on. Teddy did not say much in answer to it all, but his face grew more and more sober. At last he slipped off to a window by himself. Pretty soon his youngest sister Lou went over and stood beside him.

"Teddy," she whispered, "what made you give away the new Reader? I thought you wanted it so much."

Teddy nodded. His eyes were very wide and bright, and he had to swallow something in his throat.

"And you know," Lou went on, "Miss Charlotte said that second-hand books would be welcome."

"I know she did," said Teddy, "but she meant if you didn't have any first-hand ones, I guess. And I don't believe that other boy would as lief get the old Reader just because he's used to old things. I'm used to them, too, but I don't like it a bit."

"No, you don't," said Lou. "You hate it. And we all thought you would be so pleased to have a new one for once. Oh, dear!"

She was so honestly sorry and sympathetic that it comforted Teddy's sore heart not a little, all the more because it made him understand that perhaps it might have been for his sake that his brothers and sisters had been so roused. He drew closer to Lou, and added a last explanation in a whisper.

"Miss Charlotte said that this missionary family were God's own people, and if we gave them anything, it was just the same as giving it to Him. So then after that I didn't like to choose the good Reader for myself. I didn't think it was nice. I thought it was horrid to give a left-over to the Heavenly Father."

Lou threw her arms around his neck, and hugged him tight.

"You are a good boy, Teddy," she said. "It was a lovely way to think, and I know God appreciated it. Every time I see you studying out of that old Reader, it will be a lesson to me, about how I ought always to let Him have the first choice.—Adapted.

LESSON XXXV.

FAITH.

The Wise Choice.

Once, when Jesus was away across the river Jordan, Martha and Mary sent to tell Him that their brother Lazarus was very ill—so ill that they thought he would die.

But Jesus did not go back to Bethany with the messenger to cure Lazarus as the sisters thought He would, and Lazarus died. "Jesus will not come now," said the poor weeping sisters, "let us bury Lazarus; Jesus has forgotten us."

So they buried Lazarus and put a stone before his tomb.

But Jesus had not forgotten them; He knew all that happened in Bethany. So, when Lazarus had been dead four days, He said to His disciples:

"Lazarus is dead, let us go to him."

When the friends told Martha and Mary Jesus was coming into Bethany, Martha ran out quickly to meet Him, but Mary stayed weeping at home. As soon as Martha saw Jesus, she cried out:

"Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died."

"Thy brother shall rise again," said Jesus kindly.

"Yes, Lord," answered Martha, "I know that he shall rise again at the last day."

Then Jesus told her to go and call Mary.

When Mary heard that Jesus had come and was asking to see her, she, too, ran out to meet Him and fell at His feet, weeping bitterly, and said, like Martha, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." Then Jesus wept.

"Tell me where you have laid him?" said Jesus.

"Lord, come and see," said Martha and Mary and the friends that were with them.

So they came to the grave, and Jesus said to the people, "Take ye away the stone." And as soon as the stone was rolled away, He cried, with a loud voice:

"Lazarus! come forth!"

And immediately Lazarus, who had been dead four days, came out of the grave alive and well!

DICKEY.

Little Mamie stood at the window watching the birds as they flew in and out among the branches of the trees, and thought how happy they must be flying around and playing with each other.

Right above Mamie's head, hanging in the window was a cage with a canary bird in it swinging to and fro on its little perch.

Suddenly it began to sing loudly, as if to attract Mamie's attention.

Mamie looked up and said:

"Pretty Dickey, would you like to be out there with all the other birds?"

Dickey perched his head on one side as much as to say. "Indeed I would."

Without thinking Mamie climbed up on a chair, opened the little gate and set the bird free.

Out through the open window flew Dickey, but instead of flying about easily like the other birds, he would fly a little distance and then drop to the ground, he tried over and over again but only succeeded in getting farther away from the house.

Poor Mamie was now afraid that the poor bird would get hurt, so began to cry for her brother Willie to come and help Dickey.

When Willie came and saw what his little sister had done, he felt very badly and told Mamie that she should not have let Dickey out of his cage, because he was not used to flying like other birds, and now he would probably get killed.

Then Mamie began to cry for she loved Dickey dearly.

"Come on," said Willie, "let's go out and try to find Dickey."

They called "Dickey, Dickey," but alas Dickey did not come.

The children searched until dark without success.

They were full of grief for their lost pet, and when mamma was putting them to bed asked tearfully if she thought Dickey would return, but mamma shook her head and said she was afraid not.

When Willie was saying his prayers he asked God to take care of Dickey, to give him a guardian angel and bring him safe home to his own little cage.

After he had said amen, Willie said to his mamma:

"God will hear my prayer, because the Bible tells us that He will care even for the sparrows."

Next morning as soon as the children were dressed they ran to where the cage was hanging but Dickey wasn't there.

Willie was so disappointed and sister began to cry.

"Never mind, come and help me feed the pigeons," said Willie.

Soon the children almost forgot their troubles watching the pigeons eating and cooing over their breakfast.

"I'm going up to the pigeon house, to see if there are any new eggs, said Willie.

Up the ladder he climbed and put his hand in gently, careful not to hurt or disturb the mother pigeon, but he found something small and soft in the corner of the nest, drawing it out very carefully he discovered—Dickey!

Willie was so excited that he almost fell from the ladder.

"See! Mamie," he cried "here is Dickey safe and sound!"

Mamie was just as happy as she could be and gave vent to her feelings by jumping and clapping her hands.

"Let us run and tell mamma," they cried.

When mamma discovered the cause of their excitement, she too was happy and opened the door of the cage to let Dickey back into his home.

When Dickey found himself back in his own dear little cage, he hopped about on his perch, looked knowingly down at the happy faces below him and burst into his sweetest song.

By and by, mamma missed her children, and looking into their little room, saw them kneeling by their bed and Willie was saying:

"Thank you, dear father, for giving back Dickey, for keeping him safe and making the mother pigeon his guardian angel."
—Adapted.

Memory Gem.

"Learn to say with your heart,
Father in Heaven, we thank Thee."



LESSON XXXVI.

BLESSING THE CHILDREN.

Suggestive Talk.

One day when Jesus was talking with a great crowd of people, some mothers came up to the disciples and said to them:

"We have brought our little ones to Jesus that He may bless them."

"Go away!" they said roughly, "Jesus is busy, He cannot bless them now."

Jesus was very angry with the disciples for being so unkind to the poor mothers, and wanting to send their children away.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me," he said: "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Then the mothers brought their little ones to Jesus, and Jesus smiled on them, and laid His hands upon their heads and blessed them.

HOW TO BE LIKE JESUS.

"Let me tell you what I saw while visiting one Winter in one of our large cities. I was passing a very beautiful church one Sunday where hundreds of children were entering the Sunday-school rooms. I noticed one timid, thinly-clad girl, perhaps nine years old, looking wistfully toward the door of the Primary room.

"Many children hurried past her and entered the building. Presently a richly dressed girl walked briskly by me. When she came near the child she hesitated, then said; 'You are a stranger here, are you not? Were you coming to our Sunday-school?' The child nodded 'yes' but seemed to shrink away from the well-clad

speaker. 'Come with me, dear. What is your name? Nellie? That is a lovely name. Would you mind carrying my muff? Put both hands in it. Now I can carry my books much better. Let's hurry in, as the bell will ring very soon.'

"They hastened into the primary room and I followed them. I saw her keeping closely to the waif's side as they passed through the crowd of children, and heard her say, 'My name is Nettie Gray.' Then she introduced her to the teacher, who clasped the little cold hand and bid Nettie sit near her and acquaint her with the rules of the class-room.

"I noticed some little girls laugh and point at the stranger's thin calico dress, plaid shawl and summer hat, then draw their warm winter clothes away from her as she sat down near them. The lesson was about the love of Jesus for children. The stranger listened with parted lips to the new story—to her—that the teacher explained in earnest, simple language.

"Pointing to the bright picture of Jesus blessing little children, she told them how He lived upon the earth to teach children as well as their parents, how to live aright. No matter how poor the home or the garment, He loves every little boy and girl as well as He did while on earth, when the disciples wanted the children to go away, fearing they would trouble the dear Jesus. He sees all that they do, in the house and out of doors, or wherever they are; and how we act toward each other, at school, at church, or at our homes. How careful we should be not to make the Loving-Christ sorry!

"After the closing exercises and all were dismissed, Nettie still cared for the little stranger's comfort. She whispered to her to put both hands within the muff, and when they reached the street, drew her within the shelter of her warm cape, as she noticed the icy wind make the thinly-clad child shiver.

"Then she questioned her about her home, and told her that her mamma and she would come very soon to see her sick mother.

"When they parted near Nellie's home, the waif looked into the face of her new friend very lovingly, and said: 'You look just like the angel in the picture; the one that is kneeling, as if praying close to Jesus. I know you're a relation of His, you're that good and kind. I'm going to pray to Him soon's I get home, and I'm going to ask Him to love you better'n better every day. I know He'll do it. I don't care if my clothes are poor, and some of the girls laugh at my old hat, I'm going to that Sunday-school every Sunday 'cause you're there. I want to grow like you, and then Jesus will take me in His arms some day, just like He did the children in the lesson picture.—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.



OLD TESTAMENT.—LESSON XXXIII.

NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE UNTO THE LORD.

The Fire from Heaven.

Three years passed, and neither rain nor dew had fallen. The grass and grain had withered, and there had been a famine throughout the land.

Kind Ahab was traveling around the country in search of pasture for his horses, which were greatly suffering from the long drought. God now told Elijah to leave the widow's house and go to the King of Israel.

The moment Elijah appeared, the king remembered his former visit and thinking the prophet was to blame for all the suffering his people had endured, he exclaimed, angrily:

"Art thou he who troubles Israel?"

"I have not troubled Israel," said Elijah, "but thou, and thy father's house, for ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord and have worshipped Baal."

Elijah, wishing to show the king the power of the true God, and to convince him that the idols he had worshipped could do nothing at all for him, told the king to have all the priests of Baal go to Mount Carmel. There they should build an altar to their god, and Elijah would make an altar to the Lord.

The people went in crowds to the mountain, as they knew what was going to be done. Elijah stood up before them all and said: "If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal is, then follow him."

None of the people answered, and he continued:

"I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord, but Baal has four hundred and fifty prophets. Let the priests of Baal prepare a sacrifice to their god, lay it on the wood, but put no fire under it; then I will prepare a sacrifice to the Lord, but put no fire under it. Let them call on the name of their god, and I will call on the name of the Lord; and the God that sends down fire, let Him be God."

Not daring to refuse, the priests of Baal built their altar and prepared their sacrifice, and then called upon their god to send fire to burn the sacrifice.

Hour after hour passed, but there came no sign of their prayer being answered. Elijah stood by watching them.

“Call louder,” he called to the priests. “Perhaps your god is talking, or he is on a journey, or is asleep and must be wakened.”

Then the priests became more and more excited, and danced and screamed louder, but still no answer came from their god. At length their strength was quite exhausted, and they found their prayers were vain.

Elijah then quietly went forward and built his altar. He dug a deep ditch all around it, and poured water over the wood until it was soaked through and until the ditch around the altar was full. Then he placed his sacrifice on the top of the wood.

All was ready now. The people stood by watching to see what would happen. Elijah neither danced nor screamed, but calmly came to the altar and offered his simple prayer:

“Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that Thou art God in Israel, and that I am Thy servant, and that I have done these things at Thy word.

“Hear me, O Lord, hear me; that this people may know that Thou art the Lord God, and that Thou hast turned their hearts back again.”

As soon as the prayer was ended, the fire came from heaven down upon the altar, and burned both the fuel and the sacrifice, and even dried the water in the ditch.

When the people saw this, they fell on their faces in fear, crying, “The Lord is the God! The Lord is the God!”

Baal’s priests were all put to death. Then the prophet went on the mountain and prayed for rain to come. He sent his servant to look toward the sea. Soon the man came back, saying he would see nothing. Seven times he came back with the same answer; but at last he came and said: “I see a little cloud like a man’s hand arising out of the sea.”

In a short time the rain fell, and the long drought was over.

HEALED THROUGH THE POWER OF GOD.

In 1823, my father, with his family, moved to Springfield, Erie Co., Pa., where his father and some other relatives had previously gone. About this time my father and grandfather became unusually interested in reading the scriptures and talking about them to their neighbors. One day my father happened to open to Mark, 16th chapter, 16th and 17th verses. After reading them several times carefully, he said, “There is not a true believer in the world,” as the promise was that the signs spoken of should follow those who believe. He showed the passages to several ministers, and argued with them. The more he argued, the more convinced he was that the gospel was not on the earth, and he was able to confound the most learned divines, although he was quite

illiterate. My grandfather also had the same views and he prophesied that he would die, but my father would live to see the true Church organized with all the apostolic gifts and blessings.

For this cause much unfavorable comment in the neighborhood was indulged in, and my grandfather was often asked, usually in a derisive way, why he did not have his dislocated shoulder, which had been out of place for some thirty years, replaced by the power of faith. He argued that it would be done if he had sufficient faith.

One morning he came from his bed room and told my father's family, with whom he lived, that the Lord had revealed to him that, "Whereas physicians had said your shoulder could not be set, He would let them know it could be done, for He would do it Himself."

My father replied that if the Lord had given him such a revelation it would be so, for He could not lie. He, however, was rather incredulous, notwithstanding he had been advocating the doctrine of miracles for some time. It happened not long afterwards, that while my grandfather was lying in his bed at the dawn of day, thinking quietly of the blessings of God to him, his shoulder slipped into place with a snap that he thought might have been heard for a distance of one or two rods. Previous to this he had carried his arm in a sling most of the time, and could not raise his hand to his head, but from that time it was as limber as the other, and had full strength.—David Tyler, in "Scraps of Biography."

Memory Gem.

"This mighty God is ours,
Our Father and our Love,
He will send down His heavenly powers
To carry us above."



LESSON XXXIV.

FAITHFULNESS.

Elijah goes to Heaven.

Elijah went among the people for a long time, working faithfully to get them to live better lives, and showing them how wrong it was to do as they were doing.

At last the time came when his faithfulness would be rewarded and when he would be taken from the earth.

He was walking along with a young prophet, named Elisha. Elijah turned to his companion and said:

"Stay here, I pray you, for the Lord has sent me to Bethel." But Elisha would not leave him, and so they traveled on together.

When they reached Bethel, some men, who were prophets, came out to meet them.

"Do you know," they said to Elisha, "that your master is to be taken away today?"

"Yes," said Elisha, "I know it. Say no more about it."

Then Elijah came to him, and said:

"Stay here, I beg of you, for the Lord has called me to Jericho."

Again Elisha refused, saying he would not leave his master, and they went on to Jericho. When they arrived there, some other prophets asked Elisha if he knew that his master would be taken from him that day, and again he told them that he knew it.

Soon Elijah came to him and asked him to stay at Jericho, as the Lord had told him to go to Jordan. But Elisha again said he would not leave his master. As they went along, some of the men watched them. When they came to the river Jordan, Elijah took off his mantle, or cloak, and struck the water with it, and it divided, and the two walked over on dry land. When they reached the other side, Elijah stopped and asked his companion:

"What shall I do for you before I am taken from you?"

"I pray you," answered Elisha, "let a double portion of your spirit rest on me."

"You have asked a hard thing," said Elijah, "but if you see me when I am taken from you, it shall be as you wish; but if you do not, then it shall not be so."

As they stood talking, a chariot of fire appeared, and Elijah was carried away in it to heaven. Elisha saw it and exclaimed: "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horses thereof." In the fiery chariot of heaven the prophet was carried out of sight, and as he vanished, his mantle fell down. Elisha took it up, and slowly walked back to the Jordan. When he reached the bank, he struck the waters with the mantle, as Elijah had done, and the waters again parted, and Elisha walked over on dry land.

The men at Jericho who had been watching, when they saw Elisha coming, said, "The spirit of Elijah rests on Elisha, and they went out to meet him, and bowed down to him."

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

Yes, sir, I am an old man now, and rather feeble, but I can remember when a twenty-mile walk, ten miles out and ten miles home, was nothing to me.

You see I was a country postman and used to take the letters from a small town to a village lying ten miles out, every morning; and once and only once I had an adventure or mishap.

When I had been about twenty years in the postal service, a farmer one day made me a present of a collie pup of a pure breed.

I named him Garry. As he grew up I taught him almost everything a dog could learn.

When he was old enough I took him with me on my journeys, and very soon he got so used to it that he really seemed to think it was as much his duty as mine, and when I let him carry the satchel there was no prouder dog anywhere.

I had to be up very early in the mornings. It was pleasant enough in the summer months, but during the winter it was a cold, dreary walk—dangerous, too, in the dark mornings, to anyone not used to the path, as a part of it ran along the edge of a deserted stone quarry, over which a traveler might easily step if he missed the beaten track. But as Garry and I knew every foot of the way, I never felt the least misgiving, no matter how dark the morning, except when there had been a heavy fall of snow, and then I trusted to the dog, who would walk on ahead. By following his footsteps I found that I never lost the path.

One dark December morning, the snow lying thick upon the ground and a cold north wind blowing, I started on my usual journey, in company with my faithful dog. The wind seemed to pierce through all my clothing.

"We shall have a rough time of it, old fellow," I said to Garry, whose only answer was a short bark and a roll in the snow. Then shaking his coat, he settled down to the business as guide, going a few steps before me.

The exertion of tramping through the snow soon sent the blood tingling through my veins, and on I went feeling as warm and comfortable as circumstances would allow.

After an hour's hard walking we came to the old quarry, Garry as usual taking the lead. The snow was almost knee deep here, making it hard work for me, and harder still for poor Garry. But we plodded on, and at last came to the stump of an old tree; then I knew we were past the dangerous part of our journey.

The snow was not nearly so deep as we got farther on, which made it much better walking; but before we had gone another mile large flakes began to fall thick and fast. I knew the danger of being caught in a snowstorm in that neighborhood, and I increased my pace and pushed on as fast as I could. In going down a steep incline I lost my footing and fell heavily, with my right leg twisted under me.

Garry was by my side in a moment, and I tried to rise, but there was something the matter with my leg, and I fell back sick and faint with pain. I tried again and again, but every time I made the attempt I suffered with pain. The leg was broken. What should I do? I was lying there perfectly helpless and a snowstorm coming on. There was little chance of anybody passing that way unless I was missed and a search made. But what might not hap-

pen before that? I prayed for help, and asked that I might know what would be best to do

In looking around for something that might help me, my eyes met those of my dog, who sat in the snow, looking in my face and whining piteously. Suddenly something seemed to tell me that if I sent the dog to the village, he might bring help. But he had never gone alone and I was afraid that he would not leave me. I called him, but in spite of coaxing and threats he would not budge from my side. What could I do? Then I thought of my satchel. I strapped it firmly on his back and said: "Garry, take that to the postoffice. Go on, old boy."

He wagged his tail and darted off through the snow, leaving me alone. Soon a feeling of numbness came over me, and I fell asleep.

When I awakened I was in a warm bed, the postmaster's wife was holding some beef tea to my lips, and Garry sat by the bedside. Through the kindness of my friends I was soon better, and then they told me how I was found.

It seems that Garry found his way to the postmaster's little shop. The satchel had slipped about his legs that it was a wonder how he got through the snow at all. When the postmaster saw the dog without his master, he was very much worried; he took the satchel and Garry rushed down the street, barking violently, as if he would say, "Follow me!"

The postmaster at last understood. The alarm was given, and a dozen strong fellows set out upon the search, guided by faithful Garry. He led them to the spot where he had left me. Some snow had fallen over me, and he began to scratch and whine, as if to say, "Here he is!"

Garry and I made many a journey over the same road after that, and when I pass that spot, I always think of the time I was so nearly lost in the snowstorm.—Adapted.

Memory Gem.

"As the cold of snow in time of harvest, so is a faithful messenger to them that send him; for he refresheth the soul of his master."



LESSON XXXV.

THE POWER OF GOD.

Elisha traveled around among the people, and was known as a prophet of the Lord, and God gave him great power.

One day a poor widow came crying to Elisha. Her husband was dead, and she was in debt, and had not money with which to

pay her debt. The one whom she owed was going to take her sons and sell them as slaves. What could the poor woman do?

"What have you in your house?" asked the prophet.

"I have nothing," she answered, "except a pot of oil."

"Then," said Elisha, "go and borrow from your neighbors and friends all the empty jugs and jars you can get; and when you have done that, shut your doors and pour out the oil from the pot into the jugs and jars."

It was a strange request, as the widow had but very little oil; but she did as the prophet told her. When she had all the jugs and jars she could get filled with the oil, she still found that she had some oil left.

She went to Elisha and told him that she had done as he had requested. Then he told her to take the oil and sell it, and with the money she obtained, she was to pay her debt, and then keep what was left over to help her and her sons.

Elisha used to travel around the country, and he passed through a place called Shunem. A rich woman there invited him to her home. Whenever he went that way, he stopped at her house, so she had a room built for him, and fitted it up comfortably for him. Elisha was very grateful for her kindness to him, and he wondered what he could do for her. The rich lady had plenty of houses and lands, but she had no children; so Elisha prayed to the Lord that she might have a son. The Lord granted his prayer and the woman was very happy.

A few years after, the child was taken out into the field where his father was watching the reapers. The sun was very hot, and it made the child very sick. They carried him home to his mother, but he soon died. The mother carried the child up to the room she had had built for Elisha, and then went out to find the prophet. When he saw the mother's grief, he went into the room, shut the door, and prayed that the child might be brought to life again, and through the power of the Lord the child was made alive and well. Elisha then sent for the mother, and when she saw her little child alive again, she was filled with thankfulness to God and Elisha.

SAVED BY PROVIDENCE.

In the year 1866, Elder Brigham Young, Jr., who was then President of what is called the European Mission of the Church, appointed the writer of this article to take charge of a company of about five hundred Saints from Great Britain to the banks of the Missouri River, in this country, on their way to Salt Lake City. The Saints did not cross the sea in fast-sailing steamships in those days. They traveled over the waters in slow-going sailing ships, depending for speed on favorable winds. At that time six weeks

was considered the average length of time for a voyage from England to New York.

When the ship "American Congress," on which we sailed, was near the shores of Newfoundland, a thick fog prevailed for several days, which prevented Captain Woodward from taking an observation, being unable to see the sun. He therefore could not tell exactly where we were.

About this time the captain and Brother John Rider, who now lives in Kanab, and who was one of my counselors in the presidency of the company, were conversing on the part of the ship called the quarter deck. I was standing some distance away from them. Brother Rider happened to turn his face in the direction in which the ship was sailing. At that moment the fog lifted up from the surface of the sea, as if a veil or scroll had been raised. He saw clearly between the fog and the water for some distance ahead.

Suddenly he exclaimed, pointing forward, "Captain, what is that?"

Captain Woodward, who was tall, powerful and active, made no answer. It was no time for orders. He sprang to the wheel house with the agility of a tiger, and knocked the man at the helm "heels over head," sending him sprawling upon the deck. At the same instant he grasped the wheel, turning it with the most surprising rapidity. Although his movements were so quick, he did not lose his presence of mind a moment. He was busy with his voice as well as his hands, for while he acted as I have described, he shouted, in clear, loud, piercing tones, the several orders directing all hands to "bout ship."

The sailors sprang to their posts. There were active limbs and busy hands among the rigging. The good ship "American Congress" swayed slowly around, and the moment of peril was past.

Had his action been delayed a few moments, the vessel would have been among the breakers, upon the rocks, dashed to pieces and probably not a soul of the nearly five hundred on board would have escaped a watery grave.

The rocks and breakers ahead, on the line of the vessel's course, were what Brother Rider saw when the fog lifted. The captain asked us, as a special favor, not to say a word to the people about the danger with which the ship had been threatened. He being the commander of the vessel, we considered it right to respect his desire; besides, we thought his suggestion wise, as a knowledge of what had occurred would doubtless have caused an uneasy feeling among the passengers. The company were, therefore, not aware of the great danger they had escaped.

Elder Rider and myself thanked God for His goodness in so

manifestly exercising His power in behalf of His Saints. The Lord fulfilled the promises made to us by His servants at the time we left England for the land of Zion.—J. Nicholson, in “Gems for Young Folks.”

“God is the refuge of His Saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.”



LESSON XXXVI.

FAITH.

Naaman the Leper.

There was a great man, named Naaman, living in Syria. He was one of the king's captains, and was very wealthy and honored. But he was not happy, for he had a dreadful disease, called leprosy.

The captain's wife was talking to some of her women one day about her husband, and wishing that it were possible that he could be cured of that loathsome disease; but they did not have any hope that he could be cured.

A little girl who had been taken captive out of Israel stood near. She heard them talking of her master. She knew that God had power to heal all diseases, and that He gave His prophets power also. She stood listening for some time, and at last she went to her mistress and said:

“I wish my master would go to the prophet in Samaria.”

“Why do you wish that?” asked the mistress.

“Because,” answered the little maid, “the prophet would cure my master of the leprosy.”

Some one repeated the little girl's words, and the king of Syria heard of it. He told Naaman he would send him with a letter to the Elisha's king. So Naaman went to the king with presents of gold and silver, and this letter, asking him to heal Naaman's leprosy.

When the king read the letter, he exclaimed: “Do they think I am God that they send the man here to be cured of leprosy?” and he thought the king of Syria was trying to make a quarrel with him.

Elisha heard of it, and sent word to the king to remind him that there was still a God in Israel, and told him to send Naaman to the prophet's home.

So Naaman came with his carriage and horses and stood before Elisha's door. The prophet sent word to him to go and bathe in the river Jordan seven times, and he should be healed.

Then Naaman was very angry; for he thought Elisha would come out and do something wonderful to heal him, and he said the rivers in his own country were as good as the river Jordan; and he went away in a rage.

Some of his servants had faith in what Elisha had told Naaman; and they said that if the prophet had told their master to do some great thing, he would have done it; and they begged him to do as Elisha had said.

Naaman at last consented. He stepped down into the river Jordan, and when he had bathed seven times, his loathsome disease was all gone. He was so delighted at being made well, that he went back and offered Elisha many beautiful presents; but the prophet would not take them.

Naaman believed in the true God now, for he knew that none of the idols would do for him what the God of Elisha had done.

GEORGE'S PRAYER.

An autumn day. In the woods and along the fences great ~~heaps~~ of crimson and yellow leaves were lying. The frost was laying his hand on all the lovely green things of summer. The wind was keen although the sun shone brightly.

But to Mr. William Mulligan, familiarly called "Old Billy" by the rude boys of the village, the sight was a goodly one. He was walking between the rows of great shocks of corn, his hands clasped behind his back, and his head bent forward.

He was calculating how many bushels of golden ears the deft-fingered huskers would make the field yield. And the bushels of corn would fatten a certain number of cattle and hogs in yonder meadow. Then their sale would bring a roll of crisp bills. Oh! Mr. Mulligan could imagine he felt them in his hand when a voice brought him back from dreamland to reality.

"Humph!" he muttered. "I wonder who George Flynt has found to talk to now. Just the way with a boy."

There seemed to be only one voice. Mr. Mulligan stepped behind a shock and listened.

"Please, dear Father," were the first words he heard, "won't you send some way that I can earn money fast, even if I am only ten. You know how poor we are, and how hard mother cried when Mr. Mulligan wouldn't give her any more time on the mortgage. It's only a poor little place, dear Lord, but it's our home. Do help us. Mother says you will, and I know you will. And help Mr. Mulligan not to be so hard on poor folks 'cause he's rich. Amen."

"Humph! If he's anxious to earn money I'd advise him to

stick to his work and not lose time praying. And praying for me. I wonder how long it is since any one did that. Somehow it makes me think of my mother," and way back into the past went the mind of the old man.

His mother had been a widow, too. And poor; ah! he had known what poverty was. How earnestly she used to pray that her only son might grow up to be a good man and—

Here he was close by Widow Flynt's home. It was little better than a hut, yet everything was in order, from the white muslin curtains at the window to the shabby little pen wherein a lean pig was greedily devouring potato parings Mrs. Flynt had just thrown into his trough.

How hard the poor woman had worked through the long illness of her husband! Three hundred dollars.

"I fear it will trouble me to sell the place," he said as he let himself out into the road through the gate. "Humph! 'hard on the poor.'"

It was a week later when George Flynt rang the bell at the door of Mr. Mulligan's home. The ring was answered by Mollie, who eyed the boy suspiciously.

"Yes, Mr. Mulligan is at home," she said in answer to his question. "But he is in a dreadful temper over something and won't see you."

"Please I must see him." George's tone was earnest. "I've found something I think he must have lost."

"Very well. If you get turned out of doors I shan't be to blame. He's in there," and pointing to a door, Mollie beat a retreat.

George crossed the little hall and knocked upon the door.

"What do you want?" demanded a gruff voice.

The boy opened the door and entered the dusty, cheerless room that Mr. Mulligan called his "office." There was no fire in the rusty stove. Before it sat the master of the house, his face pale and haggard.

"Go away," he said petulantly.

George walked up to the table and laid upon it a large, shabby looking pocket-book.

"I found this in the corn field. Your name is on some of the papers."

He was interrupted by a cry of joy from Mr. Mulligan. With trembling fingers the old man opened the purse and examined the contents.

There was a large roll of bills, but it was to the papers the owner turned first. He ran them over, counted the money, and turned to George.

"Did you know the value of what you found?"

"Yes, sir. I counted the money. There is five hundred dollars."

"Humph! Why didn't you take the money and answer the prayer you made in the corn field the other morning?"

George's face reddened. "I could not, sir. I asked God to help me, and He will. Stealing would not have been an answer. I'll go now."

"Yes, go. But listen first. The papers in here were of great value, and were given to me for safe keeping. Had they been lost, money could not have replaced them. Then tell your mother you have done the best day's work of your life. And I, I wish you would keep on praying for me. It, it—well I like it, and I think your prayers will be answered."

George and his mother were not disturbed in their little home. Moreover, George was enabled to attend school, being so well paid for the work he did for Mr. Mulligan out of school hours that many comforts came to his dear mother.

This was not all. George's prayer was answered, and Mr. Mulligan, never "Old Billy" now, has learned the happiness of doing good with the money given him by God.—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"Depend on Him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; His merits must prevail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done."



HINTS FOR BOYS.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves before him. Out of the whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy without a single recommendation?"

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he has a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful; gave up his seat to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful; he took off his hat when he came in, answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly, he picked up a book, which I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing or crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order and his teeth white as milk; and when he wrote his name I noticed that his finger nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet like that handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket. Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do; and I would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the letters of recommendation he can give me."

THIRD GRADE.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.—LESSON XXXIII.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Chapter 26. Church History.

Jacob Hamblin relates the following incident in the Faith Promoting Series.

I labored with the company of pioneers to prepare the way for the Saints through Iowa, after which I had the privilege of returning to Nauvoo for my family, which consisted of my wife and three children. I moved them out into Iowa, 200 miles, where I left them, and returned 100 miles to settlements, in order to obtain food and other necessities.

I was taken sick, and sent for my family to return to me. My wife and two children were taken sick the day after their arrival. We found shelter in a miserable hut, but some distance from water.

One day I made an effort to get some water for my suffering family, but failed through weakness. Night came on, and my family were burning with fever and calling for water.

These very trying circumstances called up some bitter feelings within me. It seemed as though in this, my terrible extremity, the Lord permitted the devil to try me, for just then a Methodist class leader came along, and remarked that I was in a very bad situation. He assured me that he had a comfortable house that I could move into, and that he had plenty of everything, and would assist me if I would renounce "Mormonism." I refused, and he passed on.

I afterwards knelt down and asked the Lord to pity us in our miserable condition, and to soften the heart of someone to administer to us in our affliction.

About an hour after this, a man by the name of William Johnson came with a three gallon jug full of water, set it down and said: "I came home this evening, weary, having been working with a threshing machine during the day, but when I lay down I could not sleep; something told me that you were suffering for water. I took this jug, went over to Custer's well and got this for you. I feel now as though I could go home and sleep. I have plenty of chickens and other things at my house, that are good

for sick people. When you need anything I will let you have it." I knew this was from the Lord in answer to my prayer.

The following day the quails came out of the thickets, and were so easily caught that I picked up what I needed without difficulty. I afterwards learned that the camps of the Saints had been supplied with food in the same way.

Memory Gem.

The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stons to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim:
"Ask and receive, in Jesus' name."



LESSON XXXIV.

Chapter 27 Church History.

ORDER.

Everything in its Place.

Successful men and women have always have one good trait in common, and that is order. It is as necessary to a true life as labor itself. The best girls and boys are orderly; they have a place for everything.

Angie had a new croquet set. Every time she was through playing the set was packed in its box, and carried into the wood-house. But Josie, a near neighbor, was not so careful of hers. Often it was left out over night, and even was out in storms. Josie had no place for her croquet set, but Angie had.

It was about the same with everything else. Angie had a place for every dress, each had its own hook to hang upon; and her shoes and hats seemed to know just where they belonged. And it was so with work and play: she had a time for everything. She had her time for housework, a time for practice on the piano, and a time for play. She was an orderly girl.

Josie was different. One place was as good as another for her dresses, hats and shoes. Not one of them knew what place it would occupy from one day to another. Indeed, Josie did not know. It would depend upon her freak whether they would be in the closet or hall, hanging on a hook or lying on the floor. And one time was just as good as another for music. She practiced when she felt like it. She had no system. Are the two in contrast? Which do you prefer? There is but one answer to the question. The orderly boy or girl is preferred every time. An orderly way of doing things comes of thought, planning, adapting, and this makes character. Order is virtue, and its opposite is a vice—the first good, and the last bad.

John Wesley was traveling and preaching most of the time, and yet he claimed that order was the secret of his success. When he was seventy years of age he had issued thirty-two octave volumes. Order enabled him to do it.

Amos Lawrence, one of Boston's richest and best merchants at the time, said: "The chief cause of the failure of men whom I have known in business had been a want of system in their affairs."

Early life is the time to form the orderly habit. Once formed it is fixed for life. It goes with the possessor into everything—work, play, study, reading, going to bed at night, rising in the morning, eating, and so on to the end. It is a grand virtue.

Memory Gem.

"We are building every day,
In a good or evil way;
And the structure, as it grows,
Will our inmost self disclose.

"Build it well, whate'er you do;
Build it straight, and strong, and true;
Build it clean, and high, and broad;
Build it for the eye of God."



LESSON XXXV.

Chapter 28. Church History.

SACRIFICE.

Making the Sacrifice.

Ezra was only eight years old, his sister Ruth was still younger. Their folks were living with the poor Saints at Mount Pisgah, where they had stopped when driven from their homes in Nauvoo. Their baby sister had died, and they all felt very lonely without the little darling.

They knew they were not to stay at Pisgah long, but would have to hitch up and go somewhere else.

Ruth was so lonely without the sweet baby sister she had sung to and played with so much, and she hunted up whatever she could find for doll-clothes and tried to be happy dressing her doll. One day when she was sewing with all her might on her doll-clothes, Ezra came to her and said, "Put your sewing away, Ruth, and come with me. Pa wants to talk to us."

Ruth hurried to do as her brother said, but she wondered what it was her father wished to say to them.

When the children went to where their father and mother were sitting and talking, Ruth could see that her father looked very sad, and her mother pale and troubled.

Then their father told them that the government officers had made a call on the Saints to send five hundred young men from among their number to go to California and take part in the war with Mexico. And President Young had sent word to the young men, that as many as could, had better volunteer to go.

Ezra's father felt that he was no better than any one else and that if his life should be needed, he would not shrink from offering it as a sacrifice when the Prophet of the Lord counseled them to go and answer to their country's call.

He told his children that he and their mother had talked the matter over and decided that it was right for him to go with the volunteers. Then he talked to them of what they must do after he should be gone. By his example he was trying to teach them a lesson in obedience and sacrifice. And he wanted very much that they should remember it and always be obedient and kind to their mother, and ready to make any sacrifice for her sake.

Young as Ezra was, he would have to be his mother's main help and dependence; and the little boy felt something of the great burden that was being placed upon him. Indeed, the whole family felt very deeply the fact that the husband and father, thus starting for scenes of war, might be killed and never come back to them any more.

And it was with many prayers and tears that Ezra and Ruth saw their dear father start away to join the volunteers and be a soldier.

But there was something else in store for Ezra's father. On the way he met Presidents Brigham Young and Willard Richards. And they, the Prophets of the Lord, told that good, true man that his offering was accepted by his Heavenly Father, and that for him there was "a ram in the thicket." His body was not strong enough to bear the hardships of the soldier's life, and that it would be right for him to return to his family. He went home and there was great joy where there had lately been much sorrow.—L. Laila Greene Richards.

Memory Gem.

"Sacrifice brings forth the blessings of Heaven."



LESSON XXXVI.

Chapter 29. Church History.

PIONEERS.

A Pleasant Journey.

Through the kindness of railroad and steamship companies, the courtesies of Press Clubs, Chambers of Commerce and others, our General President, Sister Louie B. Felt, and Secretary May Anderson, in company with the Utah Press Association had the privilege of taking a very enjoyable and interesting trip along the coast of the Pacific Ocean.

To show the contrast between the way the Pioneers traveled, who entered the Salt Lake Valley in 1847, and the journey of the Press Association, we will tell you a little about this very interesting excursion.

On the 9th of June, 1902, the party, who numbered 54, left Salt Lake City. The Pullman car at the depot was all ready for us, furnished with all the modern conveniences, carpets on the floor, comfortable plush seats which could be made into beds, plenty of water and good food to eat, and a porter whose duty it was to see that we had everything to make us comfortable.

Mr. D. S. Spencer of the Oregon Short Line was there to see us off and we all felt like shouting "hurrah" for him, because of his interest and kindness in helping to make our trip a success.

It would be impossible in this short article to give you an account of our long journey, as we traveled more than five thousand miles before we got back to our homes in Utah.

We visited along the entire western coast of the United States, from British Columbia on the north to Old Mexico on the South.

The principal cities that we visited were: Boise, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Victoria, San Francisco, Monterey, Santa Barbara, Paso Robles, Los Angeles, San Diego and Tia Juana. In all of these places we were royally entertained; everybody did their very best to make us happy and comfortable and to show us all that was beautiful and interesting in the various cities.

In Portland we met a number of our missionaries who are laboring there. We were very much pleased to see them and believe that they were equally glad to see us.

Arrangements were made for an open-air meeting and we all gathered on a street corner, with our missionary boys in the center of the crowd. We helped to sing some of our own dear hymns and soon a large crowd gathered. Elder C. W. Penrose, the Editor of the Deseret News, preached the principles of the Gospel to the people; they listened very attentively, and there is no doubt that he did much good, not only in spreading the truths of our religion, but encouraging and sustaining our young missionaries.

We all enjoyed the experience very much and realized that in the missionary field, although one must sacrifice a great deal in leaving home and dear ones, yet in the performance of duty there is considerable profit as well as pleasure and happiness to be gained.

We also visited with the Saints in San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego and in all these places some of the brethren and sisters addressed the congregations of Saints and visitors who came to hear about the "Mormons."

When we started on our journey we did not expect to visit Old Mexico, but through the kindness of the officials of the Santa Fe Railroad we were taken down to San Diego, where we visited Coronado Beach or the Tent City. This is a beautiful summer resort on a long, narrow strip of land between San Diego Bay and the Pacific Ocean. There are a great number of tents set up here, with streets between them; sometimes as many as 3,000 people live here in these tents and it is very delightful to be so near to the ocean. We spent two nights in this Tent City and enjoyed it thoroughly.

From San Diego we went to Tia Juana, across the line into another country, Old Mexico. A very picturesque old gentleman in Mexican attire who answered to the name of "Reuben" was our guide. He showed us the points of interest along the route and told numbers of interesting stories of that old country.

This party was gone a month and in the memories of all of them is stored the recollections of what is probably to most of them the best and greatest trip of their lives, and their thanks and gratitude is ever due to those who made this trip so successful.



THE REASON WHY.

"When I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me—
I didn't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.
"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart!—
Had been so sweetly kind.
"Why didn't you laugh, darling?
Or don't you like to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,
"Cause it was me that fell!"

—Selected.

SUGGESTIONS ON SELF AND CHILD STUDY.

A Primary Conference is coming off. Visitors are expected, and an especially good program is desired for each of the two or three meetings which are to be held. This means work—earnest, thoughtful, united effort, on the part of the officers of the Stake or Ward organization, as the case may be.

First, it will be necessary for the presiding Board to hold a preliminary meeting for consultation over the matter of what is best to be done, and who will be most suited to each part that shall be decided upon as good to be presented.

After the meeting is opened by prayer (and, it seems to me, appropriate singing is always in order), the President makes remarks something like the following: "My Sisters, we all understand, I believe, the object of this meeting. We are to talk over and determine, as far as possible, what we can do to accomplish the most good in carrying out our proposed conference. I would like you all to feel perfectly free to make suggestions, ask questions, or say whatever may come to your minds as being appropriate to be considered here. Let us have a good, lively meeting and get through with it, for none of us have any time to waste. Just feel at home, sisters, and use the liberty which belongs to you."

The date and place of meeting are important items which may now be discussed, but will likely have to be laid over and decided upon later; and it may be necessary that a committee of one or more be appointed to look after these matters and report at the next meeting.

Here is opportunity and necessity for the officers to study themselves and each other, to find out who, among them is best acquainted with, or can most easily and successfully approach the official brethren to whom the matter may have to be referred. Other committees will also be needed and studious care must be taken to place each worker in the position which she can fill to the greatest advantage.

There will always be those who seem more capable than others to work in any and all lines. But it does not follow that those specially gifted ones should be required or even permitted to carry more than their share of the burdens which should be as equally divided as possible.

Sometimes a woman knows herself better than her sisters can judge for her, what she can do best, either in the practical arrangement of things, or in taking part on a program. In such cases, it is quite right for her to volunteer to do her best with a subject to which she may have given some thought and may be able to handle creditably. They are slothful servants, or helps, who wait to be commanded, or called, in all things.

Yet no officer should allow herself to shrink from any duty or responsibility which her President and the other members of the Board may decide best for her to take charge of. Our Primary children are taught that they should never refuse to try to accomplish any thing they are asked to do to help in making their meetings, conferences, etc., interesting and successful. And the officer does well who can bear in mind and strive to live in accordance with that excellent motto, "Be yourself what you would have your child become."

In preparing programs, great pains should be taken in the selection of subjects; the consideration of the different ways in which they are to be treated; and the capacities of the officers or children to whom they are to be assigned. For example, when the subject of fitness is thoughtfully considered, any one can see that it is absurd to give to a frail, timid child, whose voice when strained is almost painful to hear, a heroic theme which will require force and enthusiasm to make it interesting. This last suggestion is by no means intended to infer that the little weak ones should be left out. They are to gain strength and courage by being put on the program often; they need it much more than do the ones who are already strong and capable. But short, tender, loving little songs and recitations must be chosen for such sensitive, infantine learners.

Just as the little, flower-like child, who is delicate physically, requires special care and attention that its dainty appetite may not be injured by the eating of something unsuited to its too nice organism; while the bright and healthy "limbs" who are always hungry and can relish nearly anything, may to some degree and in certain sense, be almost trusted to look after themselves.

In regular work as well as on special occasions, some of these suggestions may be found applicable.

L. L. Greene Richards.



A BOY IN BLOSSOM.

"O, grandpa," said Charlie, "see how white the apple trees are with blossoms."

"Yes," said grandpa, "if the tree keeps its promises there will be plenty of apples. But if it is like some boys I know there may not be any."

"What do you mean by keeping its promise?" asked Charlie.

"Why," said grandpa, "blossoms are only the tree's promises, just as the promises little boys make sometimes are only the blossoms. Sometimes the frost nips these blossoms, both on the trees and in the boy."

"I see," said Charlie; "then you think when I promise to be a better boy I am only in blossom! But I'll show you that the frost can't nip my blossoms."—Selected.

NOTES.

Associations that have been adjourned during the warm weather, will now be ready to commence work again, and the question presents itself to all earnest and progressive workers. Are we prepared and ready to do our very best for the children?

A few ideas given here may be helpful and suggestive.

It would be well for the officers to meet together and plan what may be done to make the association a success.

The Bishopric should be visited, their counsel and help solicited. Get them interested in the work by explaining your plans and desires for the welfare of the children. You will find your work easier and much more pleasant if you feel that you are being supported and sustained by the Priesthood.

If you hold regular meetings with your Stake Board you will know what they expect of you. If, however, you are unfortunate enough not to have meetings of this kind, write or visit your President and find out what is required from your association.

Divide your ward into districts and appoint an officer to each district; find out all the children who should belong to the Primary and make a determined effort to get them there. If necessary talk to the children themselves, give a kind invitation and make them feel that they are wanted in the association, but, especially endeavor to gain the help and sympathy of every parent, convince them of the necessity of starting and keeping their children in the straight and narrow path, it is easy to do missionary work with the little ones now; sometimes when they are grown up it is too late.

Having made every possible effort to gather the children, get the best place you possibly can for the meetings, see that the room is clean and pleasant; in this let the children help, they will enjoy it. Make your arrangements for the heating of the room during the winter. Leave nothing undone until the day your meeting is held, something may happen that will be unpleasant. A good plan is to give the Bishop means enough for fuel and he will see that you are supplied. One association is known to give \$5.00 every winter and that has pleased the Bishop and the heating has been attended to under his direction, thus removing the responsibility from the officers.

Now the next question is. Here are the children, what are we going to do for them?

Have plenty of help and the very best that can be had. Have magazines enough that every teacher may be well prepared with the lessons. All third grades must have a copy of Anderson's "A Young Folk's History of the Church," it will be impossible to give the lessons without it. We have a paper-bound edition that

costs but 25 cents and we advise that as many as possible of the children in this grade have a copy for individual use. They are good little books and the children will be pleased to own them.

We would urge again, that, lessons should not be read. A lesson imperfectly given from memory is much more valuable than one that is read. It would be good training for the officers to meet once a week and practice the lessons with each other and suggestions and comparisons made as to the best way to give them.



SOWING AND REAPING.

"Be careful what you sow, boys!
 For seeds will surely grow, boys!
 If you plant bad seed
 By the wayside high,
 You must reap the harvest
 By and by;
 And the boy who sows wild oats today
 Must reap wild oats tomorrow."



RECITATION.

MY FATHER.

For very little child.

Of all the men in all the world,
 I love my father best;
 Through his kind labors I am taught,
 Am sheltered, fed and dress'd.

I want to help him all I can,
 I love his heart to cheer;
 And night and morn I pray the Lord
 To bless my father dear.

—L. L. Greene Richards.

BOOKS FOR PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS.

The following books may be obtained at this office:

The new Roll Book, \$1.00.

A Young Folk's History of the Church, by Nephi Anderson, 25c and 50c.

Primary Report Blanks, per doz., 25c.

Life Sketches, by Aurelia S. Rogers, 75c.

Minutes of the First General Conference of the Primary Associations, 10c.

Also the following, suitable for entertainments:

Fancy Drills, 15c.

Strange Visitors, or A Meeting of Nations. A short Cantata for children, 30c.

A Trip to Europe, 30c.

Who Killed Cock Robin? 40c.

Peggy's Dream. Musical Mother Goose Child's Play, 40c.

The Queen's Surprise, 40c.

The Little Gypsy, 25c.

Columbia's Party, 25c.

Dainty Songs for Little Lads and Lassies, 35c.

Some of the teachers of the third grade feel that better work might be accomplished if the children could be supplied with copies of The Young Folk's History of the Church. To meet this demand we are having some of the histories bound with cheaper material so that they can be sold for 25c. They may be obtained from this office.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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HAPPINESS.

Happiness is like a crystal
Fair and exquisite and clear
Broken in a million pieces,
Shattered, scattered, far and near.
Now and then, along life's pathway,
Lo! some shining fragments fall—
But there are so many pieces.
No one ever finds them all.

You may find a bit of beauty,
Or an honest share of wealth,
While another, just beside you,
Gathers honor, love or health.
Vain to chose or grasp unduly,
Broken is the perfect ball
And there are so many pieces
No one ever finds them all.

Yet the wise, as on the journey,
Treasure every fragment clear,
Fit them, as they may, together,
Imaging the shattered sphere,
Learning ever to be thankful
Though their share of it is small—
For it has so many pieces
No one ever finds them all.—Selected.



LIFE OF CHRIST.—LESSON XXXVII.

HONOR.

Suggestive Talk.

One day, as two of the disciples were walking along a country road, about a mile from Jerusalem, they saw an ass tied up, and a man standing by it; and the disciples began to unloose the ass.

"What are you doing? Why are you unloosing the ass?" said the man.

"The Lord hath need of him," answered the disciples.

The man must have known Jesus. Perhaps he was one of the great crowd who had been following Him. For without another word, he let the ass go.

When the disciples brought it to Jesus, they took off their mantles and spread them over the ass, and seated Jesus upon it, so that He might ride like a King into Jerusalem.

And as they went along, they met crowds and crowds of people going to the Passover, and all these people seemed to know about Jesus, and what He had done for Lazarus. They were so glad to see Him, and to walk beside Him into Jerusalem, that they scarcely knew what to do to show their joy.

Some took off their bright scarfs and mantles, and spread them on the road for the ass to walk on. Some tore branches from the trees, and waved them in front of Jesus, and some twisted them into mats or carpets, and laid them down before Him.

There was such a shouting and singing of "Hosanna! Hosanna!" that the Pharisees heard them long before they reached the Holy Temple.

"What does all this shouting mean?" they cried to one another. "Who is coming along the road?"

"Jesus! Jesus of Nazareth, seated on an ass. Look at the crowds and crowds of people! Look at them throwing down their mantles, and waving green branches! The world is gone after Him," they said.

And soon Jesus entered the Holy Temple, and the shouting and praises were louder than ever. Even the little children praised Jesus, singing in their pretty voices, "Hosanna! Hosanna!"

PRESIDENT SNOW AND THE CHILDREN.

In the eighty-fifth year of his life, and shortly after he became president of the Church, President Lorenzo Snow decided

to make a trip to the far-off Stakes of Zion, that he might visit the people in their homes and instruct and bless them as he saw they needed.

The first place he visited was the St. George Stake, and from there he traveled northward into the surrounding Stakes, driving with his party from place to place.

The people heard of the coming of the Prophet of the Lord, and they were filled with joy. As he drove into their midst they greeted him with gladness, the especial feature at each place being the welcome given him by the children, who assembled in large numbers, waving flags and handkerchiefs, their bright little faces beaming with delight.

The Prophet was pleased indeed to see the little ones, and they received a good share of his attention, for he dearly loved the children, and was delighted to shake every little hand, though in some places there were many hundreds of them.

At one little town in Millard County the President and his party were greeted with a most beautiful sight. As they rode up to the meeting house they found the road on either side lined by the children with their hands filled with flowers. As the President stepped from his carriage to go to the meeting house, and passed through the line made by the children, they threw their flowers before him until they entirely covered his pathway.

This sweet tribute touched the Prophet's heart and filled his eyes with tears, as he greeted his little friends lovingly, shaking hands with every one of them, saying many times, "God bless the children."

Wherever the President and his party went the brethren always spoke to the children, making many precious promises to them, telling them that if they would keep the commandments of the Lord, and always honor his servants, many of them would live to be a hundred years old, and would see the Saviour when He came to reign as King of all the earth.

The children who were thus privileged to see and shake hands with the Prophet Lorenzo Snow will never forget it; it was a happy time for all the people.

How thankful we should be that we live in the days when Prophets and Apostles are again upon the earth, just as they were in the time when the Savior was living.—Bertha Irvine.

Memory Gem.

We thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet,
To guide us in these latter days;
We thank Thee for sending the Gospel
To lighten our minds with its rays;
We thank Thee for every blessing
Bestowed by Thy bounteous hand;
We feel it a pleasure to serve Thee,
And love to obey Thy commands."

LESSON XXXVIII.

GENEROSITY.

The Wise Choice.

When the Chief Priests heard the people shouting "Hosanna! Hosanna!" they were angry and frowned at the little children. "Hearest Thou?" they cried. "They shall not make this noise in our Holy Temple." But Jesus rebuked the Chief Priests, and told them the praises of those little children were sweeter than all the rest.

And as He sat and taught in the Temple, people came to and fro putting money into the treasury. The rich men, who were proud and foolish, liked everybody to see how much money they gave. But presently a poor widow came past and dropped two very tiny pieces of money into the treasury.

Jesus was more pleased with the poor woman than with all those rich men; for the rich men had given only just a little of their great wealth, but this poor woman had given all the money she had in the world.

A GOOD PRACTICAL JOKE.

A certain German nobleman provided his son with a tutor, who was to attend closely to him at all hours and improve his mind. One day these two came to the side of a wood, and there they found a tree half felled, and a pair of wooden shoes. The woodman was cooling his hot feet in a neighboring stream. The young nobleman took up a couple of pebbles and said to his tutor, "I'll put these in that old fellow's shoes and we'll see his grimaces."

"Hm!" says the tutor, "I don't think you'll get much fun out of that. You see he's a poor man, and probably thinks his lot hard enough without having stones put into his shoes. I can't help thinking that if you were to put a little money in, instead,—and you have plenty of that, more than I should allow you if I were your father,—the old fellow would be far more astonished, and his grimaces would be far more entertaining."

The generous youth caught fire at the idea, and put a dollar into each shoe. Then they hid behind a hedge, and watched the result of their trick. They had not long to wait. An elderly man came back to his hard work,—work a little beyond his years,—and slipped his right foot into his right shoe.

Feeling something hard in it, he took it off again, and discovered a bright silver dollar. His grave face wore a look of amazement, and the spies behind the hedge chuckled. He laid the coin in the palm of his hand, still gazing at it with wonder. He

mechanically slipped his foot into the other shoe. There he found another coin.

He took it up, and, holding up both his hands, stared at the coins with astonishment. Then he suddenly clasped his hands together, and fell upon his knees, crying out, in a loud voice: "O God! this is Thy doing. No mortal knows the state we are in at home,—my wife in her bed, my poor grandchildren, who have none but me to care for them, starving, and I hardly able to earn a crust with these old hands. It is God who has sent me these blessed coins, or one of His angels."

Then he paused, and another idea struck him. "Perhaps it is not an angel from heaven. There are angels even in this world,—human angels,—kind hearts that love to feed the hungry and succor the poor. One of these may have passed by, like sunshine in winter, and seen the poor old man's shoes, and dropped all this money into them, then gone on again, not even waiting to be thanked.

"But a poor man's blessing flies fast, and shall overtake him to the end of the world, and to the end of his life. May God and His angels go with you, keep you from poverty, protect you from sickness, and may you feel in your own heart some of the warmth and the joy you have brought into mine.

"I'll do no more work today. I'll go home to my wife and little ones, and they shall kneel and bless the hand that has given us this comfort, and then gone away and thought nothing of it."

He put on his shoes, shouldered his axe, and went home.

Then the spies had a little dialogue. "Now this I call really good fun," said the tutor, in rather a shaky voice. "What! are you sniveling?"

"It isn't I that am sniveling; it is you."

"Well, then, we are both sniveling," said the tutor; and with that, being foreigners, they embraced, and did not conceal their emotions any longer.

"Come on!" said the boy.

"Where next?" asked the tutor.

"Why, follow him, to be sure. I want to know where they live. Do you think I will let his wife be sick, or his grandchildren starve, after this, if I can help it?"

"Dear boy, I don't for a moment think you will. Yours is not the age nor the heart that does things by halves!"

So they dogged their victim home, and the young nobleman secured a modest competence to a very worthy and poverty-stricken family.—The Youth's Companion.

Memory Gem.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

LESSON XXXIX.

KINDNESS.

Suggestive Talk.

The people brought their sick and suffering ones to Jésus, and Jesus healed them and told them many beautiful parables.

Perhaps one of the prettiest of these is the Parable of the "Prodigal Son," a story meant to teach us how kind and forgiving God is to all those who are sorry for their disobedience.

There was once a father who had two sons—one was good and industrious, the other idle and wicked. And the idle son said to his father, "Give me all the money that belongs to me, and let me go away and do as I like, I do not want to stay here with you and my brother."

So his father gave him the money that belonged to him, and the son went away.

But the son soon spent all the money, and became poor and hungry and ragged. Then he saw how wicked and ungrateful he had been to leave his happy home and his good, kind father.

At last he had not even a bit of bread to eat, and was glad to ask a man to give him some work to do. And the man let him feed his swine. And the son was so hungry that he longed to eat the food that he gave to the swine.

"I will leave this place," he said, "and go back to my father. I dare not ask to be his son again, but perhaps he will let me work for him as one of his hired servants." And he went back; but long before he reached the house his father saw him, and ran out to meet him and kissed and forgave him, and bade the servants bring out rich clothing, and a ring for his finger, and make a great feast to welcome him.

But the other son was busy in the fields when his brother returned, and did not see his father run out to meet him. But when his work was over and he went back to his father's house, and saw it all lit up, and heard music and singing, he asked one of the servants what it meant.

"Thy brother is come," said the servant, "and your father is so glad that he has made a feast to welcome him." But the son was angry and jealous, and would not go into the house. Then the father came out, and begged him to come in. "I have always been a good son to you," the brother said, "but you have never made a feast for me."

"I have had you always with me," said the father, "but your brother has been lost and is found." It is right that we should be glad and make a feast to welcome him."

LOVE IS THE BEST FORCE.

Once two little boys were on their way to school. They were brothers, and their names were John and Frank. John was the

older of the two, and he liked to rule Frank by sharp words; but Frank did not like to be ruled that way.

"Come on—quicker, quicker. What a slow coach you are!" said John.

"It is not late, and the day is hot," said Frank.

"I tell you I want to get to school in time to clean out my desk," said John. "Come, you shall come."

And then John tried to pull Frank along by main force; but, the more John pulled, the more Frank made up his mind not to yield.

While the dispute went on, they came to a place in the road where a man was trying to make a horse pull a great load of stones. The horse stopped to rest when the man began to beat him.

This the horse did not like, for he had tried to do his best; so he stood stock still. In vain did the man lay on the lash; the horse would not start. In vain did the man swear at him; the horse did not mind his oaths.

Just then a young man came up, and said to the man with the load of stones, "Why do you treat a good, brave horse in that way? He would pull for you till he died, if you would only treat him kindly. Stand aside, and let me show you how to treat a good horse."

So the man stood aside, and the young man went up, and put his arm around the neck of the horse, and patted him on the back and said: "Poor old fellow! it was too bad to lash you so, when you were doing your best, and just stopped a moment to take your breath."

And so the young man soothed the poor beast, by kind words and soft pats with his hand, and then said to him:

"Now, good old horse, see what you can do! Come, sir, we have only a few more steps to the top of the hill. Get up now. Show that you will do for love what you would not do for hate."

The horse seemed to know what was said to him, for he started off at a strong, brisk pace, and was soon at the top of the hill.

"There, my good friend," said the young man to the driver, "I hope you see now that love is the best force; that even beasts will do for you, when you are kind, what they will not do when you are harsh."

John heard all these words, and they set him to thinking. At last he said to Frank:

"It is a hot day, Frank; and it is not too late. Let us walk through the lane to school."

"No, John," said Frank, "I will take the short cut, and will walk just as fast as you want me to; so, come on."

"Frank," said John, "love is better than hate—isn't it?"
 "Oh, yes, a thousand times better!" cried Frank.—*Moral Stories.*"

Memory Gem.

"Little acts of kindness,
 Nothing do they cost;
 Yet, when they are wanting,
 Life's best charm is lost."

**LESSON XL.****HUMILITY.****Suggestive Talk.**

Two days after Jesus and the disciples went into a house in Jerusalem to eat the feast of the Passover, but before the feast began, Jesus knelt down and washed the feet of His beloved disciples, and as He knelt before Peter, Peter drew back and said:

"Thou shalt never wash my feet."

He could not bear to see his Master kneeling before them, doing the work of a servant.

"If I wash them not, thou hast no part with me," said Jesus gently.

Then Peter cried out, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head."

When Jesus had washed the feet of all the disciples He sat down to the feast; and as he sat and looked upon the twelve He said:

"You call me Master and Lord: and you say well; for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; you should be willing to wash each other's feet and not feel that one is any better than another."

DOING GOOD.

Jennie was only five years old, but she was such a help to her mother; she could tend the baby, help wash the dishes, run errands and in many ways helped around her home. When her father was very busy and could not come home at noon, mother would fix a nice, warm dinner, put it in a basket and Jennie would carry it to the field where her father was working.

Jennie enjoyed this kind of work and would feel so happy as they sat under the trees in the shade, while father ate his dinner, and then, when he had finished, he usually told some interesting story so that Jennie wished that father would eat his dinner there every day.

On this particular day that I want to tell you about, a sad accident happened to Jennie.

As she was going home across the fields swinging the basket to and fro, she was busily thinking that when she got home she would coax mother to let her baby-brother out-doors and under the shade of the apple tree she would tell him the funny story about the monkey that father had seen in the circus a long time ago.

In her hurry Jennie forgot all about the bowl in the basket, and as she gave an extra swing, out jumped the bowl and fell to the ground, where it lay all broken to pieces.

Poor Jennie! She started to cry, because she knew how badly her mother would feel, and it was not easy to get a new one.

"What is the matter?"

Jennie looked up with the tears rolling down her cheeks and saw a gentleman looking at her with kind eyes.

"Oh, dear! I have broken mother's bowl," she cried. And then a happy thought came to her and she said to him, "But you can mend it, can't you?"

The kind-hearted man replied, "No, my dear child, I cannot mend the bowl, but I can do better than that; I can give you some money to buy another."

Jennie's surprise could be seen in her face. Her sorrow was turned to joy in a twinkling. But on opening his purse the gentleman found it was empty.

"But you shall have it, my little maid," he said, "I will meet you right here tomorrow, at this time of day, and bring you the money. So you can run home and tell your mother that you met a gentleman who will bring you the money tomorrow to buy another bowl."

Now, this gentleman was a great man and when he reached home he found an invitation to meet some friends at a dinner-party the next day. He was very anxious to go because he had been wanting to see these friends for a long time. But the dinner-party was at the very same time that he had promised to meet Jennie, and he could not be in two places at one time.

So he thought about it and finally decided that he must keep his word to the little girl even though she was so poor and so small, he must be just as good to her as though his promise had been made to some great person. He remembered, too, that our Saviour, Jesus Christ, did not think it too much to wash His disciples' feet.

Next day he met Jennie in the field and gave her the money to buy her mother a new bowl.—Adapted.

Memory Gem.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear Lord who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."



OLD TESTAMENT.—LESSON XXXVII.

FULFILLMENT OF PROPHECY.

The Captivity.

Years passed away, and the people of Israel went from bad to worse. They worshipped the gods of the nations around them, and became very, very wicked, killing one king after another. God sent many prophets to warn them of their evil deeds, and to try to make them give up their wicked ways, but it was of no use.

Hosea, whose prophecies are written down in the Bible, told the people that Israel would be taken captive, and he also told of the return to the Holy Land. Amos, another prophet, was called from his labors as a shepherd to warn the people what would come to them if they still worshipped idols. But they would not heed any of these warnings; so at last the Lord sent the king of Assyria against them. He came and besieged the city of Samaria for a long time, and the people suffered greatly from famine. At last the Assyrians took the city, and carried away a great many of the people,—all the priests and nobles, and the rich men, and left the poor people to till the ground. Then the king of Assyria sent some of his own people to live among those who had been left in Samaria to keep the country from going entirely to waste. The men who had been carried away by the Assyrians never came back as a nation, and the kingdom of Israel was at an end. The people who were left in the land, partly Israelites and partly foreign, were called Samaritans.

While the kingdom of Israel had been getting more wicked all the time, the kingdom of Judah had some good kings and some who were wicked and served idols. At last, just before the kingdom of Israel was broken up, King Hezekiah began to reign over Judah. He was perhaps the best king who had reigned since Solomon. Isaiah, the great prophet, lived at this time, and helped Hezekiah rule the kingdom and teach the people to worship the true God.

Still Hezekiah had many troubles. The Assyrian king came up against him and took some of his cities, and tried to take Jerusalem. The people were very much frightened, but Isaiah prophesied that the Assyrian king would go back to his own country and not harm Judah, and this was so; for the Lord sent an angel in the night and killed a great many of the Assyrian army,

men, officers, and nobles, and the next morning those who were left went back to their own land.

When Hezekiah had reigned about fourteen years, he became ill. He prayed to the Lord to let him live, and God heard his prayer and sent Isaiah to tell him that he should live fifteen years longer. This he did, spending the last years of his life in peace.

Other kings followed Hezekiah, mostly wicked kings, and then came Josiah, a good man who served the Lord, although the people around were wicked. A priest found a long lost and almost forgotten book of the law of the Lord, and read it to the king. When he heard it read, he tore his clothes in his grief that God's laws had been so little regarded, and he tried in every way he could to get the people to do better and live better lives. He had all the idols pulled down and restored the worship in the Temple; but the hearts of the people were not changed.

Josiah was the last real king of Judah, for soon after his death the people were conquered by other nations, and many captives taken, and although others were afterwards called king, they were really the servants of the kings of the nations who had conquered them, who ruled the people as they pleased, and the many prophecies were fulfilled.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.

The Lord directs His prophets to foretell things in these days, and these prophecies have been or will be fulfilled.

After the Pioneers reached the valley which was to be their home, not all of their troubles were over. Houses had to be built; the land had to be prepared so that seed could be planted that they might have food.

In the spring of '48 the ground was plowed and the seed planted, and in a short time the fields were covered with the growing grain. The people were happy in the prospect of a good harvest.

But soon the crickets came down in thousands from the mountain side and attacked the growing grain. They devoured the tender crops and seemed to sweep everything before them. The poor people looked on, but could do nothing to stop the destruction. Starvation seemed to stare them in the face.

Suddenly great flocks of gulls appeared until the air seemed filled with their white wings. They settled down on the fields which the crickets had nearly ruined, and it seemed for a time that they wanted to destroy the little that was left. Soon the people saw that the gulls had not come for that purpose, but were eating the insects which had done so much damage. All day long the gulls were devouring the crickets, and when they had finished their work, they went back to their homes on the islands in the

lake. The people were so grateful for this that they shed tears of joy, and the work of the gulls will always be held in remembrance by them.

But in spite of the help of the gulls there was danger of suffering from hunger; for many other emigrants were coming to the country and more food was needed. The people had to be very careful, and many went out and dug roots and cooked and ate them, so that they might have enough to eat.

Besides this, their clothing was wearing out, and there seemed no way of getting more. Some of the people scarcely knew which way to turn to get either food or clothing.

One day in a meeting President Heber C. Kimball stood up before the people. The Spirit of the Lord was with him and caused him to prophesy. He looked at the people before him, many of them half-clad and hungry, and said:

"It will not be long, brethren, before we shall have food and raiment in abundance, and shall buy it cheaper than in the cities of the United States."

When he had finished, one of the brethren said: "I don't believe a word of it;" and many others thought the same thing; that it was almost impossible, as there were no railroads in those days. Brother Kimball himself wondered at his saying it; but the words were not his, the Lord had prompted them.

Gold was discovered in California, and people from nearly all over the world began to flock to that country, hoping to find some of the precious metal. Salt Lake Valley became the resting place for these people, and many richly laden trains of wagons passed through. The men hunting for gold were very anxious to reach California, and they found it impossible to travel quickly enough with the loads they brought with them; so to lighten these loads they often threw away or sold for very little the valuable things which they had brought across the plains in their wagons and which the people in Utah needed so much. They had dry goods, groceries, provisions, tools, clothing, and other things, which they changed with the Pioneers for mules or horses and other things the people here had.

Now the Saints began to see that the words of Brother Kimball had been fulfilled, for they had been able to buy food and raiment cheaper than it could be bought in the cities of the United States.

Memory Gem.

"We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal; and we believe that He will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God."

LESSON XXXVIII.

WORD OF WISDOM.

The Captives.

When the people of Judah were carried away captive into Babylon, there were with them some princes whom the king of Babylon decided to educate. Among these princes were Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. And although they were far away from their home and cut off from their own relatives and friends, they did not forget that they belonged to God's people.

The king had ordered that they should be well taken care of, and fed with such food and wine as the king had on his own table. Daniel, by his kindness, had won the heart of the officer who had charge of them. One day he went to the officer and asked if he and his companions might have only vegetable food to eat and water to drink, and not the rich food and wine that was given to them. It was not because they did not care for the good food that they asked this, but they cared most of all to please God, and did not want to eat or drink anything that the Lord had forbidden.

The officer looked at them in surprise. "The king," he said, "has ordered that you have this kind of food, and I fear displeasing him. If he should find you looking worse than the others, that would put my life in danger."

"Let us try it ten days," pleaded Daniel. "Give us only vegetable food to eat and water to drink for ten days, and then if we do not look as well as those who eat the food provided for them, we will eat the other."

The officer consented to try this, and at the end of ten days he found these four looking better than any of the others, so he took away the meat and wine and gave them the food they wished. God blessed these boys and gave them wisdom and skill.

The time soon came for all the princes to go before the king. He watched them and talked with them all, but he found none of them like Daniel and his companions. The king thought they were ten times better than his wise men, and he made them rulers over part of his kingdom.

Some time after this, the king was greatly worried about a dream which came every night, but when he awoke he could never remember it. He called his wise men to him and asked them to tell the dream to him, as he could not think of it. The wise men thought and thought, but they could not help him, for they could not tell him a dream he had forgotten; and the king, who was used to having his own way, said that if the wise men could not tell him his dream, they should all be put to death. Daniel came to him and said:

"Do not have the wise men put to death, O King, and I will tell the dream and explain it."

After a short prayer, in which he asked the Lord to help him, Daniel went back to the king and with the help of the Lord, he told the dream which was forgotten and the meaning of it.

The king was astonished at the wisdom of the young man, and wondered how he could tell the dream when all the wise men had failed, although he knew that Daniel had asked the Lord to help him. Daniel was made ruler over a large province, and he and his companions were great men in the kingdom.

(Note to teachers: Explain to the children the meaning of the Word of Wisdom; how it was given through the Prophet Joseph Smith—by whom it was given, and for what purpose. Encourage them to keep the Word of Wisdom, as their bodies will be stronger and their minds clearer if they refrain from the use of tobacco, hot drinks, strong drinks, etc., Tell them that a man in charge of a good machine of any kind has to take care of it to keep it in order, so that it will do its work well, and show them how much more important it is for our bodies to be kept in good condition so that they may do their work well, as they are so much better than the very best machines. Besides this, the Lord desires us to keep the Word of Wisdom.)

For a story on this subject, the teachers are referred to page 181, May number of *Children's Friend*.)

Memory Gem.

We must all keep the Word of Wisdom,
And we must shun all evil ways;
Then will our lives be true and noble,
And the Lord will lengthen our days.



LESSON XXXIX.

OBEDIENCE.

The Three Hebrew Children.

King Nebuchadnezzar had seen the power of God manifested in Daniel telling his dream and in other ways, but still he was not willing to serve the only true God, nor did he wish others to do so. He made a great golden image and set it up in a plain, and sent for all the great men in the kingdom to come and bow down and worship it. When they had all come together, one of the king's men stood up and called to the people:

"O, all people, the king commands that when you shall hear the sound of the cornet, flute, and all other musical instruments, you shall bow down and worship the great golden image he has set

up, and whoever does not worship it shall be cast in a burning fiery furnace."

When he had finished, a great silence fell on the people; it was broken in a few minutes by the sounding of music, and the people fell down and worshipped the golden image; only three men remained standing, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. They had heard the king's orders, and they also knew what would happen to those who refused to worship the golden image; but they remembered that the Lord had said that they should not bow down to any images nor serve them, and they were determined to worship God, no matter what the cost might be; He was their God, the only true God, and they would obey Him.

Some of the people noticed that these three did not fall down and worship the image; and they hurried to the king with the news.

"O, King, "they said; "it has been said that every man who shall hear the music sounded shall fall down and worship the image that has been set up, and those who will not do so, shall be cast in a fiery furnace."

"It has been said," replied the king.

"And yet," they continued, "there are certain Jews, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, who have been made rulers over some of the provinces, who will not serve our gods nor worship this golden image."

"Can this be so?" said the king. "Send the men to me."

Soon the Jews stood before him, and in angry tones he said:

"Is it true that you will not serve my gods nor worship the image I have set up?"

The men made no reply.

"You shall have one more chance," said the king. "If you are ready, when you hear the music sounded, to fall down and worship this image, all shall be well; if you do not, then you shall be cast in the fiery furnace, and who is the god that shall deliver you from it?"

"O, King," the Jews answered, "the God whom we serve and obey, is able to deliver us from the fiery furnace, and He will deliver us out of your hands. But if not, be it known to you, O, King, that we will not serve your gods nor worship the golden image."

Then the king was more angry than ever. He ordered that the furnace should be heated seven times hotter than ever before, and that the three men should be thrown into it. The furnace was heated as the king commanded, and the men bound and thrown into the midst of the fire. While the king was looking at it, he saw something that terrified him.

"Did we not have three men bound and thrown in the furnace?" he asked his counselors.

"True, O, King," they answered.

"But now I see four men," said the king, "loose, and walking in the midst of the fire unharmed, and the form of one of them is like the Son of God."

Then the king called to the three Jews to come out of the fire. As they did so, the people gathered around them and found that not even a hair on their heads was singed, nor did their clothes smell of smoke. Then King Nebuchadnezzar gave orders that all of his people should worship the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

FILLING A BASKET WITH WATER.

There was once a king of Persia who took delight in doing common things in very uncommon ways. At one time he was in need of a man that would always do just what he was told to do; and he took a very strange way to find him.

He sent word out that he wanted a man to work for him in his garden. More than a hundred came, and from among them he chose the two who seemed to be the brightest and quickest. He showed them a large basket in the garden, and told them to fill it with water.

After they had begun their work he left them, saying, "When the sun is down I will come and see your work; and if I find that you have done well, I will pay you."

For a little while the two men carried water and poured it into the basket, without thinking much about it. But at last one of them said, "What's the use of doing this foolish work? We can never fill the basket, for the water runs out of it as fast as we pour it in."

"That is none of our business," said the other man, whose name was Hassan. "The king has hired us to carry the water, and he must know why he wants it done. And then he has told us that if we do our work well, we shall be paid for it. What more could we want?"

"You may do as you please," said the first man. "But I am not going to work at anything so foolish, even for pay." And with that, he threw down his bucket and went away.

Hassan said not a word, but kept on carrying water all day long. At sunset the well was almost empty. As he poured the last bucketful into the basket, he saw something in it that was very bright. He stooped and picked it up. It was a beautiful gold ring that his bucket had dipped up at the bottom of the well.

"Now I see the use of all this work," he said. "If the king had told me to empty the well, I would have poured the water on the ground, and the ring would not have been found."

Just then the king came. As soon as he saw the ring, he knew

that he had found the kind of man he wanted. He told Hassan to keep the ring for himself. "You have done so well in this little thing," he said, "that now I know I can trust you with many things. You shall be the first of all my servants."—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"We ought to obey God rather than men."



LESSON XL.

REVERENCE FOR SACRAMENT.

The Impious Feast.

After the death of Nebuchadnezzar, his son was king. He was a very kind monarch, but did not reign long, and was followed by Belshazzar.

At this time Cyrus, the king of Persia, longed to conquer Babylon, the country of Belshazzar, and was making plans to enter secretly, when his coming was not expected, and take possession of it.

One night Belshazzar made a great feast for his nobles and officers; and while they were drinking wine, he thought he would like to have the beautiful golden cups which had been taken out of the Temple and brought from Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar. He called his servants and gave his orders, and in a short time the beautiful cups of silver and gold which had been consecrated to God, were brought and placed before the king, and he and his nobles and officers and wives drank out of them.

They were drinking and feasting and praising their gods of wood and stone when all at once on the wall opposite them was seen a hand writing slowly and clearly some mysterious words which none of them could understand. Whose hand was it? What was the meaning of the words? Belshazzar could not tell, and he grew pale and trembled, and sent in haste for his wise men that they might tell him what the writing meant.

The wise men came, but they were as frightened as the king, and stood amazed at the writing on the wall. Then the king said that whoever could read the writing and tell the meaning of it should be clothed in royal robes and have a gold chain about his neck, and be third ruler in the kingdom. But the wise men were puzzled, they could neither read the words nor interpret them.

In the midst of all the terror the queen came in.

"Do not be so troubled about it," she said to the king. "There is a man in the kingdom who was made a ruler in the days of Nebuchadnezzar on account of his wisdom and understanding. Send for him; he can tell you the meaning of the writing on the wall."

"Where is he?" said the king. "Have him brought here at once."

Daniel came, and when the king saw him he said:

"Are you Daniel, one of the captives of Judah?"

"I am, O King," replied Daniel.

"Then," continued the king, "I have heard of your wisdom and understanding, and that the spirit of the gods is in you. I have just sent for all my wise men to read this mysterious writing on the wall and tell me the meaning of it; but they can tell me nothing about it. If you can read these words and tell me the meaning of them, you shall be clothed in scarlet robes and have a gold chain around your neck, and be the third ruler in the kingdom."

"Keep your gifts, O King," answered Daniel, "or give them to another; but I will tell you what the writing means."

Daniel looked at the writing, and the king and his nobles sat in silence waiting to hear the meaning of it.

"The Lord gave Nebuchadnezzar a great kingdom and great power," said Daniel; "but as the king did not acknowledge the true God, he was punished. You, O King, have not been humble, although you knew all of this. You have lifted up yourself against the God in heaven; you have praised the gods of silver and gold and stone, forgetting the Lord; and now you have brought the sacred cups of the Lord's House here, and you and your princes and nobles and wives have drunk wine from them. The Lord has sent this writing to warn you. It means that God has judged you for your wickedness; that he has weighed you in the balance and found you wanting; and that your kingdom shall be divided and given to others."

There was no more feasting or pleasure that night. The king gave Daniel the gifts he had promised, and the feast was ended. That very night, when the people were fast asleep, the Persians entered Babylon, and King Belshazzar was killed and his kingdom given to others.

Cyrus was now king of Babylon; but he went on with his wars and Darius governed the city, with the help of Daniel, who had been the faithful servant of the former kings.

Note to Teachers. There is among some of the children a great lack of reverence for sacred things and sacred ordinances; among these is the partaking of the Sacrament. With some of them it is simply a form, and is done without any reverence whatever and without a thought as to the reason we take the Sacrament each Sunday.

This fact may not be known to some of the Primary Teachers, but by many of those who come in contact with children during the administration of the Sacrament, this condition will be admitted.

In connection with the above lesson there is an opportunity furnished for impressing upon the minds of the children the sacredness of the ordinance, and the respect they should have for it, and also to teach them the manner of partaking it.

Tell the story of the Last Supper—of Jesus meeting with His Apostles and breaking the bread and blessing it, and giving it to them to eat, and then blessing the wine and giving it to them to drink. Impress upon them His words, "Do this in remembrance of Me." Let them learn that each Sunday the Sacrament is passed in remembrance of our Savior, the bread in remembrance of His body, and the water in remembrance of His blood, and that it is done at His request; that we are not obeying His injunction, "Do this in remembrance of Me," if we do not think of Him and of the sacrifice He made for us all, while we are partaking of it.

It may be well to tell the children the reason we use water instead of wine, as some of them may wonder at the change.

Most of the children are familiar with the blessings on the bread and water. Teach them what these blessings mean, and that when they repeat to themselves these blessings, as they should do, and respond to the Amen, they are making promises to their Heavenly Father.

Tell them, too, in what manner they should take the Sacrament; that they should bow their heads and close their eyes and repeat to themselves the blessings as they are pronounced, and respond with a quiet, "Amen." If they are taught the sacredness of the ordinance and to think of what it means, there will be no need of telling them to be orderly and attentive. If these lessons are instilled into their minds when they are young, they may be productive of much good.

Memory Gem.

In remembrance of Thy sufferings,
Lord, these emblems we partake;
As Thyself Thou gavest an offering,
Dying for the sinners' sake.
We've forgiven, as Thou biddest,
All who've trespassed against us,
Lord, forgive as we forgiven,
All Thou seest amiss in us."



HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.—LESSON XXXVII.

FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY.

Chapter 30. Church History.

On the 26th day of April, 1838, a revelation was given through Joseph the Prophet, commanding the Saints to recommence laying the foundation of a Temple in Far West, one year from that date. About this time also the Twelve were called to proclaim the Gospel "across the great waters," and were to meet upon the Temple grounds upon this occasion, to take formal leave of Far West prior to their departure abroad.

But, as we have learned, the Saints were expelled from Missouri. It was as much as an Apostle's life was worth to be seen in the region. The Missourians had sworn that at least this prophecy should not be fulfilled. Under these circumstances some of the Elders urged that the Lord would not require the Apostles to obey this command. Brigham Young thought otherwise, and laid great stress upon the fulfillment of the prophecy, as did the Twelve who were with him. He was now in charge, and was not willing that anything resting in his care should fail. He said: "I told them the Lord had spoken and it was our duty to obey, and leave the event in His hands, and He would protect us." Hence, notwithstanding the danger, he proceeded to the spot with Heber C. Kimball, Orson Pratt, John E. Page and John Taylor. They held the conference, ordained Wilford Woodruff and George A. Smith to the Apostleship, severed thirty-one persons from the Church, offered prayer, laid the corner-stone of the Temple as commanded, and took formal leave of the Saints, very early in the morning of the 26th of April, 1839, before the mob were awake.

Thus was a prophecy fulfilled which the mobbers had boasted should surely fail.—The Life of Brigham Young.

Memory Gem.

"Believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper."

LESSON XXXVIII.

PERSEVERANCE.

Chapter 31. Church History.

What a Boy Did.

George Stephenson was a poor boy—poor as the poorest. His father worked in a coal mine, being fireman of the pumping engine that kept the mine dry. He was a steady and industrious man, and by hard labor managed to support his family after a manner, though he was not able to send his children to school.

George was a smart, driving little fellow, with almost as much steam in him as there was in his father's engine. He was a good boy, too; ready to lend a helping hand to the large family when he was the merest lad. Five brothers and sisters sat with him around the family board, and he was the oldest but one. Just food and clothing enough for each day was the most that his father could provide; no books, no schooling, no luxuries.

"Not a very bright prospect for Georgie," the reader will say. And yet there was a bright side for that poor family. There was real worth under Father Stephenson's old coat, of more value than wealth to the household. When George was nine years old he went to live with a farmer. He was not old enough to chop, shovel, or build walls, but he could watch the cows while they grazed, and that was his business. He received two-pence a day for his labor, less than some boys of his age pay for candy every day.

As he grew older, he was promoted to other farm-work, such as milking the cows, driving the horses, hoeing corn, and digging potatoes. He never thought that milking the cows or digging potatoes was small business; he would as soon have thought it was small business to be a baby or a boy, when he must be both before he could be a man.

George had a taste for wind-mills and water-wheels, and he began to make them before he went to live with the farmer; nor did he cease to show his skill in that line after he went to the farm. He made little engines, too, as near like that which his father tended in the coal mine, as he could. Indeed he had quite a passion for miniature engines, and he grew ambitious to tend a real working-engine, like his father. He meant to have one of his own by and by.

When George was fourteen years old, his father removed to another township, to work in a coal mine, and George was taken thither to act as assistant fireman.

By the time he was eighteen years of age he was well acquainted with every part of an engine. He could take one to pieces and put it together again as readily as the best engineer. And still he

could not read or write; indeed, he did not know a single letter of the alphabet.

A night-school for the colliers' children was opened about this time, and George attended it. Every day his thirst for knowledge grew stronger and stronger. His leisure moments he employed in studying, and in two years he could read, write, and cipher very well. The more he knew, the more he wanted to know. He was determined to make a man in the true sense of the word. Among his fellow-laborers he became "a jack at all trades." He mended their clocks and shoes, and cut out clothes for them, and did almost anything that he was asked to do, so that he was regarded as a "genius."

Thus he went on, step by step, until he made a locomotive engine, in 1814, which was run on the Killingworth railway. About the same time, also, he invented a safety lamp, to be used in the coal mines.

He knew that he could make a much better engine than the one he had already completed, and he did. He kept at work until, in 1829, he received a prize for an engine that could run twenty-nine miles per hour, its average rate being fourteen miles. He named it, "The Rocket," because it shot over the ground at such speed.

Within forty years from the time he went to watch the farmer's cows, at two-pence per day, he became one of the most useful and renowned men of Europe, and you can see how it was done.—Selected.

Memory Gem.

To be great in anything, we must have patience and perseverance.



LESSON XXXIX.

TRUTH.

Chapter 32. Church History.

How Ruth Lost and Won.

You see the one that stayed at the head of the spelling class the most days in the term was to have as a prize, the most elegant Bible you ever saw, or, at any rate, I never saw one so handsome; but you have lived in the city and I haven't. Well, Luena Shaw and I were just even, and that very day was to decide it, because next day was examination.

The baby—our baby, I mean—was sick, and I told mother that morning Luena Shaw's baby was always well, and that was how she got ahead of me in arithmetic; but she said it was because Luena's mother was stronger than she, and so didn't need her little girl's help. That made me sorry I had been cross, and I stayed till the last minute, carrying him around and round the room, singing to him. I'm glad enough I did, for he didn't live long after that, and I know he was pleased to be carried, because he kept as quiet as could be; but when the school bell rang, of course I had to go.

The spelling class came just after the prayer, and I saw Luena's book open under her desk when she bent her head. I didn't like to do that; it seems to me I'd never pretend that way; but, if I didn't study, I felt like crying, I was so anxious. And I guess I didn't pray any more than Luena, till it came to "Deliver us from evil." I thought missing a word would be a dreadful evil and I know I did pray then.

When the class was called I stood at the head, Luena next. All the chance I'd had to look at my lesson was just a little time till mother came and kissed me good-night and took the light away, the evening before. I was so sleepy then I could hardly see the words. But I was sure on the first part, and I made up my mind, by the number of words we generally had, we were almost through the lesson, when the teacher gave out "Tyranny." I couldn't remember I'd ever seen the word, and I couldn't imagine how it was spelled; but as it went on down the class, everybody missing it, I listened to the best spellers, and felt sure it was *Tyr* for the first syllable and *an* for the next. If there had been one boy below Tom Peters I should have known whether the last syllable was *ny* or *y*. As it was it came to me without my being sure. I was so frightened; I spelled well enough till it came to that last syllable; then I hesitated a little, long enough, I suppose, for the teacher to think I'd put in the two *n's*, but I truly didn't put in but one.

Just then somebody knocked at the door; and, as he started to answer it, he gave out another word. But Luena called out: "Aren't there two *n's* in Tyranny?" "Yes, and Ruth put in two; didn't you, Ruth?" he asked. And then he opened the door, for the rap was repeated, and I had to wait while he showed in a visitor. The school desks seemed to swim before my eyes. I knew he would believe me, because he had said once I was truthful; and then there was that Bible, with its splendid clasps shining like gold. Besides, it hadn't been my fault that my lesson wasn't learned, and Luena had studied hers in prayer time. I don't know how I thought of so much in so short a time, but I seemed to see in a flash all the reasons why it wasn't fair I should lose the prize.

But just as soon as I thought of prayer time, I remembered the place where I had joined in it, and the evil seemed now to be a lie and not losing the prize. I couldn't make it that any more;

it was as if I had said, "Deliver us from lying." And I thought of mother and what she would say, and how the teacher would look if he found me out. As soon as he turned towards us again, if you'll believe me, he gave out another word, as if nothing had happened. I spoke up loud now: "No, sir, I didn't put in but one *n*."

He looked puzzled first, then said, "Didn't you?" and looked sorry. If he hadn't looked that way I shouldn't have done it; but when Luena went above me, biting her lips to keep from laughing in my face, I couldn't speak to spell the next word he gave me. He seemed to want the visitor to hear me spell a hard word, because I had just failed. If I had spoken I should have burst out crying, and I hate to see a big girl like me do that, so I went down again.

I told my mother about it at noon, and said I'd lost the prize, another place besides, all for asking to be delivered from evil, for by that time all my wishing had come back. But she kissed me and said it was better so; I would never have enjoyed the most beautiful prize, if it couldn't be honestly mine, and that she would give me a pretty Bible because I had told the truth. But I thought she could never afford to get me one like that I had lost; and I should have been cross, but that she seemed so worried about the baby.

When examination day came, the teacher told us to take our places in the spelling class in alphabetical order. That is, if a girl's name began with A she should stand first. Mine did, you see, so I was at the head again; but there was no comfort in that now. When the class were all in their places, he made a little speech to the visitors, for the room was full by this time, explaining about the prize. Then he said Luena Shaw had been perfect one more day than I had, and called her up to take the prize. She was dressed beautifully; but I had to wear my old plaid that had faded in the wash, because baby was too sick for mother to finish my new gown. I felt as if everything was against me that day.

Luena made the prettiest bow, and said, "Thank you, sir," and came back up the aisle looking so pleased. But she was good when she came to me, for she looked another way and was sober. When she was seated, the teacher cleared his throat and said—well, I can't tell it just as it was, for I was so surprised, but he spoke of my having been perfect in spelling so many times, and that he would have thought that I had spelled the word right, only I said I hadn't. He ended by saying he wanted me to have a present; and, calling me up, handed me a Bible exactly like the other.

I didn't make a pretty bow like Luena; I just bent my head, for fear he would see the tears; I saw them in his eyes when I tried to whisper, "Thank you." I didn't look nicely, nor carry it off nice-

ly, either, and told mother so. But she didn't care; she just hugged me, and we were so happy over it.

On the fly-leaf of the Bible was written:

"Ruth Ainslee—From her teacher.

"They that deal truly are His delight."—M. A. Parsons.

Memory Gem.

"Yes, say, what is truth? 'Tis the brightest prize

To which mortals or Gods can aspire:

Go search in the depths where it glittering lies,
Or ascend in pursuit to the loftiest skies;

'Tis an aim for the noblest desire."



LESSON XL.

FRIENDSHIP.

Chapter 33. Church History.

The Thumb Witness.

Briskly the great bell struck the hour of six. Nothing ever dragged about the Lockwood woolen mills; even the bell seemed to guard with jealous solicitude the prompt and business-like reputation of the company.

Ellen Parker was the last to leave her loom in the south wing of the annex, and when she passed slowly out of the open doors of the office exit, her alley mates had already turned the corner into Chestnut Street. She hesitated as she stepped upon the wide plank walk leading from the yard, and looked back reproachfully at the great brick structure, now so nearly deserted.

"I never, never, can get used to it!" cried the girl as she drew up her jacket collar a bit closer around her neck. "If it weren't for supporting dear little rheumatic mother," and she choked back a rebellious lump, "I would find more congenial work, where I'd have less wages, perhaps, but different companionship—not Laura Dowd, Sarah Mason, and that Kilgore girl."

Ellen had never been in a woolen mill before, and, fascinated by the whirl of the shuttle and the skill of the girls at the looms, had asked eagerly, "Do you suppose I could learn?"

"To be sure; it's an easy matter! Two good weeks are a plenty."

So every morning, Ellen gladly took her place by the noisy loom, and in a trifle over the time specified, so apt a pupil had she been, she could weave almost as well as her trainer.

Many were the conjectures of the girls as to who she was, and

why so well-dressed and refined a girl should seek employment in the mill.

"It's a case of have to," asserted Dora Kilgore, the leader of the girls in Alley Four. Sudden change of fortune, death of father, or loss of property, or something."

"I'd like to get acquainted with her," remarked Sarah Mason, in the dressing room a few days later, as Ellen Parker passed silently from the group.

"But you'll not if she continues as she has," laughed Katie Riley. "She's another keep-my-side-of-the-fence girl, just like that Miss Akers. My! wasn't it a relief when she got a situation as governess somewhere!"

"I like her for one thing; she attends to her own affairs," said Dora, taking down her hat. "And she's a splendid worker."

For three months Ellen Parker worked in the Lockwood mill, and at the end of that time was as much a stranger to her alley mates as she was the day she entered. Only once had she "unshelled," as Kate had said, and that was when Laura Dowd had crushed her thumb, and then she had known exactly what to do. "She acted just like a doctor and mother combined," declared Laura, afterwards.

"You'd have done it for me," was Ellen's unsympathetic reply to Laura's girlish expression of gratitude.

"She was so distant I couldn't say another thing or half thank her for her kindness," Laura later confided to Kate. "Queer, isn't she?"

The queerness had resulted from a mistaken notion that the whisperings of the little group of girls, that first day of her coming among them, had meant an attitude of unfavorable criticism. This had been the cause of Ellen Parker's air of reserve. "They regard me as an intruder, as above them," was her almost daily reflection, and her conviction made more and more pronounced her distant attitude.

One morning Ellen Parker's loom was silent. "I wonder where the miss is?" inquired Sarah. No one called Ellen Parker by her given name.

"Left, perhaps: found something better," replied Kate. "She is not one of the kind that stay in mills."

At home, in the narrow flat, lay Ellen Parker, ill. "Very ill," remarked the sympathetic physician, as he passed out into the hall.

At noon a note from Mrs. Parker was sent to Mr. Collins.

"Girls," said Laura, earnestly, when they heard of Ellen's illness, "let's do it. Mr. Collins will be willing."

That noon a bevy of girls from Alley Four had a conference in Mr. Collins' private room. "If you think you can do it and not neglect your own work, I haven't any serious objection," was his concluding remark.

"Don't worry about it, dear. Perhaps there'll be another place," said Mrs. Parker, gently bathing her daughter's head. "I'm sure there'll be some way provided."

"But I can't make so much anywhere else, and if I shouldn't get back my place! I'm afraid the girls may keep me from having my old work again!"

"There, there!" soothed Mrs. Parker, "don't regard it so seriously, dear."

"It's been a month, yesterday, since I had to leave, and I can't be out again for at least another," and Ellen turned restlessly in her bed. An hour later, Mrs. Parker brought into the room an envelope bearing the stamp of the Lockwood mill.

"Open it, mother, and see what it says. Probably that I can't go back!"

As Mrs. Parker took out the business sheet a check fell to the floor.

"Payment in full for the last month's work," read the letter.

"What does it mean, mother?" asked Ellen, in a dazed sort of way. "It's a mistake. I don't understand it!"

The matter wasn't explained until after Ellen had received a second check, and was able to present herself at the company's office. Then she learned that the girls had kept her loom running in addition to their own, each day of her illness, and that it stood ready for its operator as soon as she was again able to resume her work.

"It isn't the two checks that I am grateful for, half so much as for your friendship, girls," declared Ellen, with tearful sincerity. "I've wanted it for months——"

"While all the time you had it and didn't know," interrupted Laura, brightly, "as my deformed little thumb can testify."—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"Small service is true service while it lasts;

Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;

The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,

Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun."

TESTIMONIES.

At a recent convention of the Sunday Schools of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion, Superintendent George Reynolds of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board made some very interesting suggestions in regard to children bearing testimonies.

These suggestions were right in line with advice as given by the General Board of Primary Associations in the past. We feel to rejoice in knowing that we are sustained by the leading brethren in our position on this subject, and we thought it would be advisable to devote some space to a short consideration of testimonies and how they should be borne.

To bear testimony is a serious matter and we would suggest that all Primary officers and teachers read in Webster's or some good dictionary and understand just what testimony means.

To ask children to bear testimonies without teaching the meaning of what is required of them is beginning backwards and may prove an injury instead of a blessing.

In Primary meetings, when officers and teachers are unprepared with their lessons, testimony bearing is sometimes resorted to, to fill up the time. To use something that should be sacred as a makeshift or excuse for negligence is wrong, and unworthy of the high objects and aims of true Primary workers.

There is nothing more enjoyable or beneficial among the Saints than a testimony meeting. But what are the conditions that usually exist at these meetings?

The Saints gather together with fasting and prayer, the solemnity of the occasion, the reverence for God and His house is felt and manifested in the peace and order that prevails. Each heart ascends to God in supplication and thanksgiving. All are ready to bless and be blessed in return.

There should be no difference when the meeting is composed of children and their teachers.

When a farmer desires to plant seed for a future harvest, he does not go to work in any haphazard fashion. There is system, method and order about his work; everything is prepared and the seed planted when the ground is ready to receive it.

Teachers of children are sowing seeds of character and destiny. Shall they be less careful than the farmer?

The bearing of truthful testimonies will strengthen and encourage the children, providing, they know of what they testify. As they grow older the desire will remain to know and understand, and natural results will follow in a spirit of investigation and searching after truth in regard to the principles of the Gospel.

There are very few of the children of the Latter-day Saints who are old enough to attend Primary meetings but have seen and

experienced the blessings of the Lord, particularly in the healing of the sick and in answers to prayers.

They will also understand that the blessings of life come from our Heavenly Father, the love and care they receive from parents and dear ones, the good times enjoyed in Sabbath schools and Primary meetings.

These are some of the things that children know and which they may with pleasure and benefit to themselves and others bear testimony to.

It would not be wise in a Primary meeting to give all the time to bearing testimonies. Children should be treated according to their age and understanding. It is better to give so that more may be desired.

We would suggest that at the close of a successful lesson, when everybody present is interested and the attention of the children secured, some testimonies be borne, especially on the subject of the lesson, perhaps some of the teachers may be able to add some personal experience that will be of great benefit in strengthening the moral of the lesson. But, all teachers and officers must be sure to avoid preaching, children do not enjoy *preaching* or receive any benefit when they are talked at.

Under the proper conditions, bearing testimony is of the greatest value and will lay firm and strong the foundations for the time when the children of today must take up the burdens of their elders and stand up in defense of the truth of the everlasting Gospel.

SUGGESTIONS.

Associations that have been adjourned during the summer months are advised to go right on with the next lessons from the last one given.

To begin with the current number would make a disconnection in the lessons, and the thread would be broken. It will be more beneficial to the children to have the work complete.

The lessons which have been prepared for holidays would of course be left out, and perhaps if some of the lessons are short, two might be given as one, but great care should be exercised that the interest of the lesson be not sacrificed in the endeavor to "catch up."

NOTICE.

The usual meeting of Primary Stake Officers will be held Saturday, October 4th, 1902, at 4 p. m., in the Lion House, Salt Lake City

Every Stake should be represented.

Visiting officers are requested to report to 413 Templeton Building. Accommodations will be provided for those needing them.

"OUR MOTHERS."

A prominent lecturer once exclaimed—"Oh, what a momentous thing it is to be a mother!" And he told the story of a daughter who came to her worldly minded mother confessing that she was anxious about her spiritual condition, and said she had been praying about it. The mother said—"Foolish girl. Stop praying. I don't believe in it. Get over all this religious nonsense and I'll give you a costly dress, and you shall wear it next week to the grand ball." The daughter took her mother's advice and accepted the dress, and when next week came around she shone with the richness of her apparel—as the belle of the ball. She had got over her religious scruples, for mother had so advised her. She had ceased to pray. Only a few years later she was a human wreck, and came home to die. In her closing moments she said: "Mother, I wish you would bring me the remnant of that costly dress you gave me." The mother thought it a very strange request, but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now, mother," she said, "hang that dress on the foot of my bed," which was done. Then the ruined, dying girl raised upon her elbow and looked at her mother, and pointing to the dress said: "Mother! that dress is the price you set upon my virtue and my soul!" Oh what a momentous thing it is to be a mother.

Again, it has been said, "Who are the industrious men in all our occupations? Who are managing the merchandise of the world, building the walls, tinning the roofs, inventing the machinery, weaving the fabrics, making the laws, governing the nations, and making the earth to roar and rattle with the tread of gigantic enterprises? Who are they? For the most part they have descended from virtuous, industrious mothers, who in the old homestead, used to spin their own yarns, weave their own carpets, plait their own door mats, flag their own chains and do their own work. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the stalwart men and women of our day come from such an illustrious ancestry of honest toil and vigorous home-spun habits, while the tavern loungers, jumping jacks of political parties, and the scum of society, for the most part, they come from idle mothers, scandal-mongers of society, going from house to house, attending to everybody's business but their own. Spurgeon said: "Great is the power of woman." The smile of a mother's face has enticed many a wayward child into the right path, and the fear of bringing a tear into her eyes has called off many a man from evil ways. The son may have the heart of iron, but the magic of a mother's love can melt

it. “The Devil never counts a man lost, so long as he has a good mother alive.”

Another writer says: “Look out for the son who speaks of his father as the ‘Governor,’ the ‘Squire,’ or the ‘Old Chap.’ Look out for the young woman who calls her mother her ‘Maternal Ancestor,’ or the ‘Old Woman.’ Remember, that ‘the eye that mocketh at his father and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out and the young eagles shall eat it.’”

A mother may think she is only rocking her child, while it may be possible she is rocking the fate of nations, or rocking the germ destined to develop into a power that will revolutionize the sentiment of the world. The same maternal power which may lift up the child, and benefit the world may cast him down to measureless depths of sin. There is indeed something most sacred to the human heart about the name of mother. The soul that is satisfied with the companionship alone of the opposite sex in this life, is but the soul of a brute. Man was born for a nobler and more glorious purpose. The child of God yearns for parental dignity and joy. Nothing short of this will wholly satisfy the Divine nature, and the tenderest, dearest, and most satisfying part of parental life, is the maternal part. A mother’s love, is the love of God! Her patience knows no bounds, her endurance for her children’s sake is only limited by her mental and physical strength, or by death itself. There is no sin she cannot forgive in her own child. “The blessedness of maternity, who can fathom it? Who can tell it? or who can measure its heights and depths, and its enduring qualities?” I for one cannot, but

Had I all power to bestow,
The blessings of the earth below,
And of the heavens above, all good,
I’d give to virtuous motherhood.

No man who’s true to mother’s love,
Can be at enmity with God.
No man who casteth it aside
Can escape His Chastising rod!

President Joseph F. Smith.



“Take no trouble for the morrow;
Keep the mind and conscience clear;
Perform each duty in its time;
And never yield to fear.”

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

I'm twins, I guess, 'cause my ma say
I'm two little girls. An' one o' me
Is good little girl; an' th' other 'n' she
Is bad little girl as she can be.
An' ma say so, 'most ever' day.
An' she's the funniest ma! 'Cause when
My doll won't mind, an' I ist cry,
W'y, nen my ma she sob an' sigh,
An' say, "Dear good little girl, good-bye;
Bad little girl's comed here again!"

Last time 'at ma act that a-way,
I cried all to myse'f a while
Out on the steps, an' nen I smile,
An' git my doll all fix' in style,
An' go in where ma's at, an' say,
"Morning to you, mommy dear!
Where's that bad little girl wuz here?
Bad little girl's goned clean away,
An' good little girl's comed back to stay."

—James Whitcomb Riley.



BOOKS FOR PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS.

The following books may be obtained at this office:

The new Roll Book, \$1.00.

A Young Folks' History of the Church, by Nephi Anderson,
25c and 50c.

Primary Report Blanks, per doz., 25c.

Life Sketches, by Aurelia S. Rogers, 75c.

Minutes of the First General Conference of the Primary
Associations, 10c.

Also the following, suitable for entertainments:

Fancy Drills, 15c.

Strange Visitors, or A Meeting of Nations. A Short Cantata
for children, 30c.

A Trip to Europe, 30c.

Who Killed Cock Robin? 40c.

Peggy's Dream. Musical Mother Goose Child's Play, 40c.

The Queen's Surprise, 40c.

The Little Gypsy, 25c.

Columbia's Party, 25c.

Dainty Songs for Little Lads and Lassies, 35c.

Some of the teachers of the third grade feel that better work
might be accomplished if the children could be supplied with
copies of the Young Folks' History of the Church. To meet
this demand we are having some of the histories bound with
cheaper material so that they can be sold for 25c. They may be
obtained from this office.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

ORGAN OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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THE STANDARD.

Eva Williams Malone.

When I can say at set of sun:
 "Each deed in love was wrought,
Nor harshness nor uncharity
 Hath marred one inward thought;"
Then may I on the judgment seat
 With cold, impartial mind,
All deeds unloving swift condemn,—
 When I am always kind!

When I am faithful to my friends,
 Always and everywhere,
And when my feet are never lured
 Into deception's snare—
When from the Right I never swerve,
 Nor need my faith renew,
Disloyal ones let me condemn,—
 When I am always true!

Ah, soul of mine be on thy guard,
 Lest, casting the first stone,
Against thy erring brother's fault,
 Thou shalt condemn thine own;
When thou art perfect, be the judge
 Of his imperfectness;
Till then, shall not thy prating tongue
 Be silent save to bless!



LIFE OF CHRIST.—LESSON LXI.

LOVE.

Suggestive Talk.

While Jesus was sitting at the Last Supper with His disciples He told them that the time was very near when He must die and leave them. That God, His Father, had sent Him to show His love first by living and then by dying, not only for His dear disciples but for everybody, and that means you and me.

Jesus talked so sweetly and sadly to the disciples. He told them that after He was gone away they must love one another as He had loved them.

This made the disciples feel very sorry and sad, they loved Jesus so, and felt that they could never enjoy life again if Jesus should be taken away from them. How they would miss His kind words and loving care!

But Jesus said: "Do not be troubled or afraid; I go to prepare a place for you, and you shall come to the home in heaven, and be with me where I am."

In heaven a beautiful home will be given to all who love Jesus, and are loving and kind to each other.

It was a very sad time for the disciples, but Jesus had to go first to show the way, that all might be ready in heaven, and He could be there himself to welcome all who should love and follow Him.

"Come follow me," the Saviour said, and that means that we must all do kind, loving acts to each other just as He did when He lived upon the earth.

PASS IT ON.

A great man who lived in England told this story about himself

He was a schoolboy, twelve years old, at a boarding-school a long way from home. His money was nearly all spent, and he wanted to go home. He had just enough money to pay his fare. He went on board the steamer, and paid for his passage, thinking that his meals were included.

Near the end of the journey the steward came to him as he was lying seasick in his berth.

"Here's your bill," he said, holding out a piece of paper.

"I have no money, sir," the boy replied.

"Then I must keep your gripsack," added the steward. "What is your name and address?"

The boy told him, when the steward removed his cap and held out his hand, saying, "I want to shake hands with you." The boy was surprised beyond measure, but he shook hands.

"Now I will explain," said the steward. "When I was as young as you are my father died and left my mother a poor widow. In her great need your father helped her. I remember how glad I was, and that I said then, 'I will return his favors if I ever have the chance and means. I did not think the chance would come so soon but I am glad it has. I will pay your bill.'"

The boy thanked the steward over and over. It was a very strange thing to him, and he told his father about it as soon as he reached home. His father was somewhat surprised, too, and he said:—

"Ah, my son, see how a bit of kindness lives! Now he has passed it on to you. Remember that if you ever meet anyone who needs help, and is worthy of it, you must pass it on to him."

Years rolled by, and the boy became a rich man. One day he stepped up to the ticket office in a railroad station, where he saw a lad crying.

"What is the matter, little stranger?" he asked kindly.

"If you please, sir, I have not money enough to pay my fare," the lad replied. "I have nearly all I want, and I tell the clerk that I will surely pay him if he will trust me."

The gentleman thought of his father's advice and believed that his chance had come. "Here is the money," he said to the manly boy. And they boarded the train together.

They sat side by side in the car and the gentleman told the story of the day on board the ship when the steward was kind to him, adding, "I pass the kindness on to you, and if you ever meet with any one in need, pass it on."

"I will, sir, I will," replied the lad earnestly.

"I know you will, my dear boy, I am sure of it."

The gentleman closed his story thus, "I reached my home and left my little friend. The last sign I had of him was the handkerchief fluttering from the window of the car, as if to say, 'It is all right, sir; I will pass it on.'"—Adapted.

Recitation.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Suppose the little cowslip
Should hang its little cup,
And say, "I'm such a tiny flower
I'd better not grow up."
How many a weary traveler
Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dewdrops
Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dewdrop do?
I'd better roll away."
The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom, too!
It needs a loving spirit
Much more than strength to prove
How many things a child may do
For others by its love.—Anonymous.



FOR ALL GRADES.

LESSON 42.

PROGRAM

In honor of the anniversary of the birth of our beloved President Joseph F. Smith.

Dialogue for Nineteen Children.

(Prepare 19 pieces of cardboard, with letters of good size written on them, to represent the name of Joseph Fielding Smith. The cards should be suspended from the neck with a piece of ribbon or string. When the children are ready to repeat the dialogue, all the cards should be turned wrong side out, each child turning its letter as the sentence is commenced.)

Just something good to say about the birth of a Prophet.
Of a good man who was born in Missouri, years ago.
Sent to his parents in days of trouble.
Enemies were ready to destroy them.
Pain and distress was in their home.
Hope and love were their riches and wealth.

Faith in God their richest support.
In prayer they found comfort and help.
Energetic and strong the boy became.
Large and handsome, brave and true.
Doing as his mother wished and desired.
In assisting to travel across the great deserts of the west.
Nothing was too hard. He never neglected his duty.
Great was his faith in the Lord.

Sometimes he had to pass through danger and trial.
Many missions he has filled to the nations of the earth.
In doing good to others he has found his greatest pleasure.
To be faithful and true to all men, his highest ambition.
Having lived so well, now he is a leader and prophet to his
people.

All Together.

Joseph Fielding Smith, born November 13th, 1838, in Far West, Caldwell County, Missouri. President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Recitation.**A GAME OF TAG.**

A grasshopper ~~once~~ had a game of tag
With some crickets that lived near by,
When he stubbed his toe and over he went
In the twinkling of an eye.
Then the crickets leaned up against a fence
And laughed till their sides were sore,
But the grasshopper said, "You are laughing at me,
And I shan't play any more."
So off he went, though he wanted to stay,
For he was not hurt by the fall,
And the gay little crickets went on with the game,
And never missed him at all.
A bright-eyed squirrel called out as he passed,
Swinging from a tree by his toes,
"What a foolish fellow that grasshopper is;
Why, he's bit off his own little nose!"

—Selected.

SHORT SELECTIONS FROM THE LIFE OF PRESIDENT JOSEPH SMITH.

To be memorized and recited by class of children.

Joseph Fielding Smith was born November 13th, 1838, in Far West, Caldwell County, Missouri. He is the son of Hyrum Smith, the brother of the Prophet Joseph Smith, and Nancy Fielding. A few days before the birth of Joseph F. his father and Uncle Joseph with other brethren were betrayed into the hands of an armed mob. They were allowed a few minutes to bid farewell to their families, being told they would never see them again.

The childhood days of Joseph F. were spent amid scenes of suffering and hardship. He can remember the cruel martyrdom of his father and the Prophet Joseph Smith.

When Joseph F. was only eight years old he drove an ox team for his mother across the State of Iowa.

At Winter Quarters he herded cattle and performed his duties so well that he never lost a "hoof."]

[When Joseph F. was herding cattle at Winter Quarters, Indians came to drive away the herd. In the exciting chase, two Indians, one on either side, rode up to him, and taking hold of his arms, lifted him from the saddle, and probably would have killed him but for the unexpected appearance of a number of men who were going to the hay field. The Indians suddenly dropped him to the ground, and thus by the aid of Providence his life was saved, his bravery and fidelity to trust having saved the cattle.]

[Brother Joseph F. Smith was taught by the example and precept of his faithful mother, that in the performance of all duties and labors he should go to the Lord in prayer.]

[As a young boy Brother Joseph F. was always engaged in helping and assisting; idleness had no part in his life. His opportunities for education were very limited. His mother taught him to read from the Bible, when they were crossing the plains, usually at night by the light of the camp fire. But Brother Joseph F. was ambitious to know and understand and no good opportunity was passed by without being made the most of.]

Joseph F. Smith's mother died when he was fourteen years old. A year later he was called on a mission to the Sandwich Islands. Although so young, Brother Smith filled the mission for four years with credit to himself and honor to his Church.

Brother Joseph F. filled many missions to the nations of the earth, and it is said that he proved himself to be one of the very best men that has ever presided over any mission, not only for his prompt and wise methods of conducting affairs, but also his humility in obeying the promptings of the Spirit, for which he constantly lives. His personal love and tender-hearted kindness to every Elder in the mission endeared him to the hearts of thousands.

Recitation.

Horace *Richardson*
OUR HEROES.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades,
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers,
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
To do what you know to be right;
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
And you will o'ercome in the fight.
"The right," be your battle-cry ever
In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
Will give you the strength for the strife.

—Phoebe Cary.

Recitation.

Walt
Great glory awaits thee, thou father in Israel,
To reward all thy toils and thy labors of love:
The angels that guard thee, that watch o'er thy pathway,
Are proud to report thee in councils above.
The pathway that leads to the mansions of glory,
Where freedom and justice eternally reign,
The Lord God of Jacob has marked for thy footsteps,
To bring thee to dwell in His presence again.

I have oft felt the power of thy blessings upon me;
 And my heart feels to bless thee, thou servant of God,
 And say thou'lt be hid in the chambers of Israel,
 While the great indignation is raging abroad;
 For He that appointed the times and the seasons,
 Allotted thy calling and work on the earth;
 And here, in His sight, will thy life be held precious
 Until thou hast fulfilled the design of thy birth.

Thou art greatly belov'd by the Saints that surround thee,
 They've shared in thy blessings and greatly rejoice;
 The power of the Priesthood is felt through thy presence—
 The weak become strong at the sound of thy voice.
 Thou art also belov'd in the councils of heaven,
 Where once thou wert seated, and where now thy name
 Is spoken with honor and held in remembrance
 Till thou shalt return to their sittings again.

When thou shalt have finished thy toils and thy trials,
 Thou wilt rest for awhile, for present reward—
 Thou wilt join with the spirits of "just men made perfect,"
 And enter with triumph the joy of thy Lord:
 And then in the morn of the first resurrection,
 Thou wilt come forth to reign with the Saviour on earth;
 Made holy and pure through thy generation,
 The Gods will rejoice in thy glorious birth.

—Eliza R. Snow.

For Four Children.

TELLING DREAMS.

Mollie:

I had a curious dream last night;
 Just listen, what I did!
 Upon a rainbow I was perched,
 And down the bow I slid.
 When to the bottom I had come,
 That country was not ours,
 But oh, a lovely, lovely land
 All sweet with birds and flowers!

I saw a palace close at hand,
 With windows opened wide,
 And lofty halls and fountains fair,
 And terraced walks each side;
 And rounded domes above the roof
 Like bubbles that we blow;
 While all about the shining place
 Soft music seemed to flow.

I glided to an open door—
I saw a table set
With fairy food of fruits and cakes,
And candies sweeter yet.
Dire hunger gnawed me at the sight;
I took a golden grape,
But ere I tasted it, it swelled
To quite a giant's shape,
And grinned, and gobbled me, instead,
And cracked me like a pit,
While, as I died, I heard it roar—
"Aha! the biter bit!"

Susie:

I had a dream as strange as yours;
I thought that I could fly;
But every time I tried, somehow,
I fell out of the sky.
I fell into the deep, deep sea,
And turned into a fish—
A little wiggling, silvery thing,
As fine as I could wish.

I flirted and I fanned myself
With languid fins and tail
Until I almost thought myself
The equal of a whale!
There, as I circled proudly round
I saw a gliding fly,
And opening wide my foolish mouth
I felt the fish-hook sly.
They dragged me out; they flayed me then;
They flopped me in a pan—
Oh, never fish had such a time
Since frying fish began!

Fanny:

I dreamed I was a broken doll,
Who hadn't any head,
And every time my stomach cried
I had to go to bed.
I was so beaten and so dragged,
My life was such a rout,
I often wished that I would rip
And let my sawdust out.

I thought that, being left out-doors
 One evening, in the grass,
 While I was shivering in a chill
 A queer thing came to pass—
 The fairies came and stood about;
 Then dragged me to their haunts,
 As you have seen an apple core
 Dragged by a hundred ants.
 And there they set me on a rose,
 And put a head on me,
 And crowned me fairy queen of all,
 And after—let me see!—

George:

No matter! Girls' dreams are stuff!
 Just listen, now, to mine!
 I dreamed that school was out for good,
 The weather it was fine;
 In fact, it was the "glorious Fourth,"
 And I was sailing round
 With eyes alert, to see where most
 Of mischief could be found.

The cannons roared, the banners waved—
 George Washington was there—
 He, with his old three-cornered hat,
 Sat in the speaker's chair.
 He op'd his mouth to tell the truth
 About the cherry tree;
 That moment I set off a bunch
 Of crackers of Chinees!

By merest chance those noisy things
 Went underneath a steed,
 Who broke and ran—and so did I—
 At topmost of my speed;
 But still they caught me, boxed my ears,
 And pinned me to a tree—
 Ah, well I knew those folks had made
 A catherine wheel of me!

In vain I wriggled on my spoke!
 They lighted me at last,
 And I began to spin around,
 To whizz and buzz so fast
 My very brain was all on fire!
 I spun, and spun, and spun—

I creaked and spluttered, fizzed and flashed,
And burst—and all was done.
My sparks flew high, my sizzling ceased;
I thought that I was dead—

Ellen Susie:

Instead of which, our hero here,
Had fallen out of bed!

Elizabeth Mollie:

Didst ever hear that dreams were caused
By angels whispering near?

Fannie Fannie:

But Uncle Ned says, "Fiddlesticks!
It's too much supper, dear!"



READ THIS.

The following brief narrative carries its own moral with it.

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company; the lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear and play cards. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid of me, father," replied the boy laughing; "I know how far to go and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house twirling his cane and laughing at the old man's notions.

A few years later, the lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought a verdict of guilty for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court, and said, among other things: "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much of the world as my father did, and I spurned his advice; but as soon as I turned my back on my home, temptations came upon me like a drove of hyenas and hurried me to ruin."

Mark that confession, you boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents! Mark it, and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin. Don't take it!

WE EVER PRAY FOR THEE.

EISTEDDFOD CONTEST PIECE FOR JUVENILE CHOIR.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. STEPHENS.

1. We ev - er pray for thee, our Prophet dear, That God will
2. We ev - er pray for thee, with all our hearts. That strength be
3. We ev - er pray for thee, with fervent love, And as the

give to thee comfort and cheer; As the ad - vancing years
giv - en, thee to do thy part, To guide and counsel us
children's prayer is heard a - bove, Thou shalt be ev - er blest,

furrow thy brow, Still may the light within shine bright as
from day to day, To shed a ho - ly light 'around our
and God will give All that is meet or best, while thou shalt

now, Still may the light within shine bright as now.
way, To shed a ho - ly light a - round our way.
live, All that is meet, and best, while thou shalt live.

LESSON XLIII.

EXAMPLE.

Suggestive Talk.

Review the story of the Good Shepherd and the Lost Lamb.

The Good Shepherd was very tired and weary when He went out to find His little lamb, but He did not think of that, He was never too tired to help His sheep, because He loved them so dearly. And when the lamb was sorry for what it had done the Shepherd was paid for all His trouble and pain.

Jesus is our Good Shepherd, we must follow Him, do as He bids, and remember the many good things He did here on the earth.

When Jesus was a little boy He used to help His father and mother.

I wonder what He might have done for His mother?

His father was a carpenter. How could a little boy help a carpenter?

(Let the children answer these questions. Encourage them to speak of their own home duties and how they may help their parents.)

As long as Jesus lived He was doing good to others. Now that He is dead and gone to live with His Father in heaven we may not hear Him speak to us, as He spoke to the disciples, but we can learn all about Him, and the good example He left we may follow. Then some day we shall go to Him and He will be pleased to meet us, and hear all about how much we tried to be like Him.

TOMMY'S EXAMPLE.

It was the dinner hour in the lower room at school. The boys were having a lively game of base ball in the school yard.

The shouts of the boys at some fine stroke of the batsman, and the laughter of the girls as they stood in chattering groups around the school room door, alone broke the stillness, when suddenly the air vibrated, cleft by the stroke of the high church bell, so suddenly that some little birds, busily building a nest in a horse-chestnut tree near by, almost tumbled off the branch in their excitement.

The boys stopped their game to listen. What could it mean? Was somebody dead?

Again the bell tolled; and as the sound died mournfully away in the distance, Mr. Wilcox came slowly out of the church.

Quizzy Brown, who had won the nick-name because he never lost a chance of asking a question, ran after him with a shout:

"Oh! I say, Mr. Wilcox, who's dead?"

Mr. Wilcox stopped when he heard the shout and clattering

feet behind him, and turned a sad face toward the little questioner. The other boys were near enough to hear the sorrowful answer, just one word:

"Tommy."

The boys seemed struck dumb with astonishment. Why only yesterday morning Tommy Wilcox was at school, and now dead! Just then the school bell sounded. As the boys passed to their seats the church bell sounded as though it said for the last time, "Tommy Wilcox. Ten years old. Dead."

The news had evidently reached the school. Miss Gray, the teacher, sat with her head bowed on her hands, while some of the girls were crying bitterly. Everybody loved Tommy. Mike Donovan, a little freckled-faced Irish boy, sat on a front seat sobbing dismally; Tommy had always been a good friend to him. When the other boys teased him, amid shouts of "Mickey" and "Irishman," Tommy had taken his part, and ever had been his staunch champion, sharing his apples and marbles with him, and ready to take up cudgels at any time in his defense. Mike knew that he had lost his best friend; and the tears streamed down his face, while he rubbed his dirty fists into his eyes, and rocked to and fro, giving vent to an Irish boy's passionate grief.

The bell on the desk struck for silence. Mike still sobbed aloud. Miss Gray left her place, and came down to Mike's seat. The boys noticed how pale she was; there were dark circles under her eyes, and she looked very tired. It had been a hard day, and the boys were unusually mischievous. Miss Gray put her hand on Mike's shock of red hair.

"There, there, Mike, don't cry so," she said gently, though her own voice trembled.

"O miss!" he sobbed. "Nobody'll be good to me any more!"

"O, yes! we will all be good to Tommy's friend—won't we, boys?" appealing to them.

"Yes, yes, we will," cried the boys.

Whereupon Jim Lock, the biggest tease in school, and the one who had tormented Mike the most, slyly tucked a paper of sweets into Mike's pocket.

"Take one, old fellow. 'Twill do you good."

Mike paused in his dolorous grief long enough to put one in his mouth. I think the kind act, so unexpected, had a soothing effect, for his sobbing partially ceased. Miss Gray saw that the boys were in an unusually gentle mood, so she said:

"No more lessons today, children. We have all lost a friend.

What was there about Tommy that made us all like him?" she questioned.

There was a moment's pause, and then a chubby-faced boy held up a fat and rather grimy hand.

"What is it, Charley?"

"Please, teacher, Tommy wouldn't steal bird's eggs."

"Yes," said Miss Gray, "Tommy was always good to the birds, and yet no boy could climb a taller tree or knew where all the bird's nests were, better than Tommy. I know of one boy, at least, of whom the mother-birds were not afraid; for they knew he would only look, and not harm. And, after all, Tommy knew more about bird's eggs than the boys, who, not content with taking one egg for their collection, cruelly smash every one in the nest."

"Our Sunday school teacher told us God wanted all the birds."

"Yes," replied Miss Gray. "Although some of them make lots of trouble, eating up the grain, and even biting off the fresh sprouts that come from the seeds. But we have no right to take away the wee birdlings from the other birds, who really do the farmer a deal of good."

Just here, amidst sobs, Mike spoke up:

"He was good to me."

"Yes," said Miss Gray; "Tommy was always a kind, thoughtful boy, ready to stand up for those who were cruelly treated, and yet he wasn't the least bit of a coward. I am sure you have not forgotten the little dog that he so bravely pulled away from the big bull dog, when the other boys were afraid to go near it."

"Tommy didn't pull girls' hair," piped the voice of a girl, shaking her head, as she spoke, at Jimmie Lock, as though she remembered his doing something of the sort.

"No," replied Miss Gray, smiling, "Tommy was a little gentleman, and without being a 'goody-goody' as the boys say. I know of no boy who had more real fun than he; always ready to fish, skate, play base ball, and you know what a jolly companion he was. What do you suppose made him so?"

"He was a Christian boy, wasn't he, teacher?" asked Quizz Brown, who couldn't help putting his remarks in the form of a question.

"Right," said Miss Gray. "Tommy was a Christian boy and not ashamed of it. It takes more true courage to stand up for Christ than to do wrong. Tommy was always ready for fun, but he was true to his colors. We all remember pleasant things about him, but one thing I want you to think of. How little he knew what was to happen! Now, wouldn't it be pleasanter, if we are going to die, to leave behind memories such as Tommy has left, than thoughts of birds cruelly robbed, cats and dogs tormented, tricks played upon unoffending people, or such fun as leaves a bad taste in the mouth?"

After school was dismissed, most of the boys lingered, talking over the good things Tommy had done; but Jimmie Lock walked off with Mike, to whom he presented a base ball, some stubby slate pencils, a rather battered pocket-knife, but with such an evident

desire to atone for past deeds that Mike's warm heart was touched, and he felt that he was not entirely without friends.

So one bit of fruit was borne then.

The boys will not soon forget the solemn funeral. From their scanty pennies they had bought a bunch of fragrant flowers, which Mike laid reverently in the hands folded for their last sleep.

Four boys were chosen as bearers, and by special request, Mike was one of the number, even though they had counted him as an Irish boy and a Catholic; but none of them thought of that as they looked at the quiet face in the coffin, with a smile still on the lips, and in every boy's heart came the thought:

"When I die, I want the boys to think of me as they do of Tommy."—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you."



FOR ALL THE GRADES.

LESSON XLIV.

THANKSGIVING.

Recitation

Over the river and through the wood,
To Grandfather's house we go,
The horse knows the way to carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,
O, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes, and bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood
Trot fast, my dappled gray!
Spring over the ground, like a hunting hound,
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate!
We seem to go extremely slow,
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood,
Now Grandmother's cap I spy,
Hurrah for the fun! is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

—Lydia Maria Child.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY.

One bleak, bitterly cold day in December, in 1620, a ship called the "Mayflower" came sailing into the harbor at Plymouth. The people on board, the Pilgrims, or Puritans, as they were called, had left their homes and had come to this far off land that they might worship God as they thought was right. They had been on the water for many, many days, and how glad they were to see the land; but as far as the eye could reach there was not a house to be seen—no buildings, no stores, no streets,—the land was covered with trees instead of houses. There were no kind friends to welcome these weary travelers.

They came to land in small boats, and the men at once began to cut down trees to build houses for their wives and little children, for there were some children with them, even two tiny baby boys, who had been born while on the way to America.

As it was cold winter weather, the ground was so frozen that no grain could be planted; so the men had to catch clams and fish and such things, but even then they often had to go hungry. What a hard winter it was! The Pilgrims did not have much warm clothing, and their log houses could not keep out all the cold winds and snow, and before the winter was over, a great many of the little band died.

Although there were no houses to be seen when the Pilgrims reached their new home, they soon found that other people were living there—Indians, who lived in tents or wigwams. The white people were afraid of the Indians, and had to guard their homes for some time; but at last they made a treaty of peace with them and promised to be friends.

When spring came the "Mayflower" went back to England, but not one of the Pilgrims went back with it. They stood and watched it leaving the harbor, and although they were so brave and true, they could not keep back the tears as the ship which had carried them safely so many miles was going away and leaving them behind.

How hard they all worked in getting their fields ready and planting their grain and other things, and how they watched and cared for them. Then at last came the autumn with its harvest, and such a harvest! The people's hearts were so full of gratitude that the Governor appointed a day for thanksgiving and praise to God, and told them to have a feast and invite the Indians to come to it.

The people were glad to do as the Governor wished, and soon the hunters and fishermen went out to get their share of the feast, and the Puritan housewives were busy with their cooking; even the children had something to do. There was the pumpkins to slice and ever so many other things, and some of it was quite hard

work for them, but these little children had learned to work, and were very happy in getting ready for Thanksgiving Day.

At last the day came, and there was great rejoicing in the little colony. The Indians came early in the morning, in time for breakfast, and the people greeted them very kindly.

But the feast was not all they thought of that day. They first went to Church and gave thanks to their Heavenly Father for His goodness and mercy unto them, for bringing them safely to their new home, and for the bountiful harvest He had given them.

It was one of the happiest days of their lives, and when night came, the children, tired but happy, crept into their beds, and the first Thanksgiving Day was over.

RECITATION FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Little songs, all full of joy, little lips can sing;
 Little voices, soft and sweet, may their tribute bring;
 Little verses can express what we wish to tell
 Of the loving care that keeps little folks so well.

Kindly on us little ones beams a father's smile;
 Tender care and watchfulness guard us all the while;
 For the pleasant things we have, clothing, shelter, food,
 We would, in our happy songs, show our gratitude.

—Selected.

HIS RICHES.

"'Tis a poor Thanksgiving," said Farmer Jack;
 "For the crops have failed, and my pet horse died.
 My heart's too bitter for thankfulness;
 There is nothing but trouble and loss!" he cried.
 Oh, no!" said Mary, his cheerful wife;
 "You have me and the children left besides!"

A smile swept over the husband's face:
 "We will keep the feast; there shall be no lack.
 The Lord forgive me my hasty words!
 Forget them, Mary, I take them back.
 Since you and the children my riches are,
 I'm a millionaire!" said Farmer Jack.

—Lillian Gray.

THANKSGIVING.

The ripe, rosy apples are all gathered in;
 They wait for the winter in barrel and bin;
 And nuts for the children, a plentiful store,
 Are spread out to dry on the broad attic floor;
 The great golden pumpkins, that grew such a size,
 Are ready to make into Thanksgiving pies;
 And all the good times that children hold dear
 Have come round again with the feast of the year.

Now, what shall we do in our bright, happy homes?

And what do you say is the very best way
To show we are grateful on Thanksgiving Day?

The best thing that hearts that are thankful can do
Is this: to make thankful other hearts, too;

For lives that are grateful, and sunny, and glad,
To carry their sunshine to lives that are sad;

For children who have all they want and to spare,
Their good things with poor children to share;

For this will bring blessings, and this is the way
To show we are thankful on Thanksgiving Day.

—Selected.

SHE DIDN'T WANT MUCH.

I want a piece of cal'co
To make my doll a dress;
I doesn't want a big piece;
A yard'll do, I dess.
I wish you'd fred my needle,
And find my fible, too—
I has such heaps o' sewin'
I don't know what to do.

I wants my Maud a bonnet
She hasn't none at all;
And Fred must have a jacket;
His ozzer one's too small.
I want to go to grandma's;
You promised me I might.
I know she'd like to see me;
I wants to go tonight.

She lets me wipe the dishes,
And see in Grandpa's watch—
I wish I'd free, four pennies
To buy some butter-scotch.
My Hepsy tore her apron
A tum'lin down the stair,
And Caesar's lost his pant'loons.
And needs anoizzer pair.

I wants some newer mittens—
I wish you'd knit me some,
'Cause most my fingers freezes,
They leak so in the fum.
I wored 'em out last summer,
A pullin' George's sled;
I wish you wouldn't laugh so—
It hurts me in my head.

I wish I had a cookie;
I'm hungry's I can be.
If you hasn't pretty large ones,
You'd better bring me free.
I wish I had a p'ano—
Won't you buy me one to keep?
O' dear! I feel so tired,
I wants to go to sleep.

—Grace Gordan.



The Children's Friend for 1903.

The magazine will be increased to 40 pages. We will continue the lessons for the Three Grades and they will be more interesting and instructive than before. A department will be devoted to suggestive talks for the officers. A page will be added for Questions and Answers. The price will be the same, One Dollar per year in advance.

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It will be advisable to have the Children's Friend bound so that the year's work may be kept intact. It will be found very useful as a reference book. The stories, gems, etc., may be used many times with good results.



Wanted.

A few numbers of the January issue of The Children's Friend.

If any of our subscribers can forward same to this office they will confer a favor.



OLD TESTAMENT.—LESSON XLI.

COURAGE.

Daniel in the Lion's Den.

With Darius as with former kings, Daniel was a great favorite, and was made one of the chief rulers in the land. Many of the court officers, the princes and noblemen, felt greatly offended at having to be ruled by a Jew and became so jealous of him that they began to think how they could get rid of him. They met together and discussed what they had better do.

"Well," said one of them, "it is of no use to wait for Daniel to do anything wrong; he will not do that. The only thing we can do is to find something against him concerning his religion."

"Yes, that is so," said another, "but what can we find?"

After a great deal of discussion, they at last decided what they would do. The presidents and princes went to the king and asked him to make a decree that no one should make any prayer or ask anything of God or man, except the king, for thirty days, and if anyone should do so, he would be thrown in the lion's den. They knew that Daniel prayed to God three times a day, and they knew also that he was such a brave man that he would do whatever he thought was right, even if he had to suffer for it.

The king, not thinking that any harm would come of such a decree, signed it, and all the people were told what the king had done.

Daniel heard of this order, but he did not let it hinder him. The windows of his room faced Jerusalem, the place he remembered with such love, and three times each day he opened his window, and turning his face toward Jerusalem, prayed to his Heavenly Father.

The officers of the court were watching, and as soon as they found Daniel at his prayers, they hurried to the king with the news.

"O King," they said, "have you not made a decree that no man shall ask for anything of anybody but you for thirty days; and if anyone shall do so, he shall be cast in a den of lions?"

"The thing is true," said the king, "and according to the laws of the Medes and the Persians, it cannot be changed."

"But," they continued, "Daniel, who was brought a captive out of Judah, does not heed the command you have made; three times every day he prays to his God, just as he has always done."

Then Darius was very sorry that he had made the decree, and he tried all day to save Daniel; but he was forced to keep his own law and ordered that the prophet be cast into the lions' den. He must have believed, however, that God had power to help Daniel, for he said to him: "Thy God, whom thou servest continually, he will deliver thee."

As soon as Daniel was put in the den, a large stone was placed over the opening, and Darius put his seal upon it, so that it could not be moved without his knowing it. Then the king went to his palace, but he could neither eat nor sleep; he could do nothing but think of Daniel. Hour after hour passed by, and as soon as morning came, the king hurried to the den and called out anxiously:

O, Daniel, servant of the living God, whom thou servest continually, is thy God able to deliver thee from the lions?"

From the depths of the awful den came the calm reply, "My God hath sent His angel and hath shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me."

This made the king very happy, and he had Daniel set free, and his accusers put in the den in his place, and then he publicly declared that the God of Daniel should be honored throughout the land.

THE BRAVE BOY.

A ship was returning to a French harbor, with many passengers, as well as a rich cargo. When they neared the coast, a sudden and violent storm came up. The captain, who was an experienced sailor, at once saw the danger which threatened the ship on such a rocky coast. He tried to have the ship put out to sea, but the wind and the waves drove it back towards the shore.

The ship was beaten about a whole day in the storm, and in spite of all of the efforts of the crew, it could not be kept off the rocks on the coast. All the people could see there was little hope of saving the ship. All at once a terrible shock was felt, then a horrible crash—the ship had struck on a rock.

"Lower the boats," called the captain. The sailors obeyed as quickly as possible; but the waves were so violent, that as soon as the boats were in the water they were carried away.

"We have only one hope of safety," said the captain. "One of us must be brave enough to run the risk of swimming to the shore with a rope. We can fasten one end to the mast of the vessel, and the other to a rock on the coast, and by this we may all get on shore."

"But, captain, it is impossible," said the mate, pointing to the waves breaking on the sharp rocks. "Who would attempt to

run such a risk? He would certainly be dashed to pieces on the rocks."

"Then we must all die together," was the answer.

Just then there was a stir among the sailors.

"What is the matter?" asked the captain.

"This little cabin boy here," said the sailor, "is asking to swim to shore with a strong string around his body and draw the rope after him," and he pushed into the midst of the circle a little lad about twelve years old, who was serving as cabin boy in the vessel.

"Nonsense," said the captain, "such a child can't go."

But the little fellow was not to be discouraged. "Captain," he said timidly, "you don't want to lose the lives of good sailors like these; but it would not matter so much what became of a cabin-boy. Just give me a ball of string, strong string, that will unroll as I get on, and fasten one end around me, and I promise you I will fasten the rope to the shore, or I will die in the attempt."

"Does he know how to swim?" asked the captain.

"As swiftly and easily as a fish," replied one of the sailors.

The captain hesitated. What should he do? The lives of all on board the ship were at stake, and at last he gave his consent.

The little boy hurried to get ready for his dangerous journey. Then he turned to the captain and said softly:

"Captain, I may be lost, will you take charge of something for me?"

"Certainly, my boy," replied the captain, already sorry that he had consented to let the child go.

"Here, then, captain," said the boy, holding a small piece of money wrapped in a bit of cloth. "If I am lost and you get safe to land, please give that to my mother, and tell her that I thought of her, and that I loved her very much, as well as my brothers and sisters."

"Be easy about that, my boy," said the captain. "If you die for us and we escape, your mother shall never want for anything."

"Then I will willingly try to save you," said the boy.

The captain thought a moment, and then turning to the sailors, said: "We must not allow this child to give up his life for us. We must stop him."

"Yes, yes," they answered, beginning to be ashamed that a little cabin-boy should be braver than they were, and they rushed to the side of the vessel to stop him; but it was too late. He was already over the side of the vessel, and one of the sailors who had helped him get ready was unrolling the cord that was fastened to the body of the little hero.

They leaned over the side of the vessel to see what was going to happen, and some of them had to brush away the tears. All

that could be seen at first was the white foam on the waves, mountains of water, that seemed to rise as high as the ship, and then sink down with a roar.

Soon they saw a little black speck rising on the waves, and then again it seemed lost. They watched the cord and tried to tell from its movements what had become of the boy. For over an hour they waited and watched. All at once a violent pull was given to the cord; then a second pull, and a third. This was the signal he was to give that he had reached the shore.

A strong rope was fastened to the cord and drawn to the shore as quickly as possible, and was fastened by some of the people who had come to help the little cabin-boy. Soon the shipwrecked sailors reached the shore and helped to save the others.

For a long time the little boy was ill from the bruises he had received on the sharp rocks; but he didn't mind that, as his mother need no longer fear want, for every year a little sum of money reached her from those whom her brave little son had saved from a terrible death.—Adapted

Memory Gem.

“Dare to do right, dare to be true,
Dare to be noble the whole day through.”



LESSON XLIII.

PRAYER.

Esther.

One of the Persian kings, Ahasuerus, became very angry with his wife, Vashti, and said he would never see her again. He was afterwards very sorry he had said this, but a Persian king could never change anything he had said.

Then he seemed so sad and lonely that some of his friends suggested that the most beautiful maidens from all over the land be brought together so that the king might choose a wife from them. This suggestion was carried out. All the most beautiful maidens in the land were sent for, among them a beautiful Jewess, Esther, the niece of Mordecai, one of the government officers. This maiden the king chose for his wife.

Soon after the marriage, Mordecai heard some men plotting to take the life of the king; he made the secret known to Esther, and the king was warned and the men who wanted to take his life were seized and punished. A record was kept of all the things that happened in the kingdom, and in this book the act of Mordecai was written.

Among the king's officers was a man named Haman. He had a great dislike for Mordecai, because he thought the Jew did not bow to him as he should. Haman was one of the special officers of the king, and he thought of a way to get rid of Mordecai. He told the king that there were some people in his kingdom who kept other laws than those of the country, and as that was unsafe, they should all be killed. The king told him to do as he pleased about it. Then Haman gave orders that on a certain day all the Jews in the kingdom should be killed.

When the Jews received the news, they were in despair. Mordecai tore his clothes and put ashes on his head, which was the custom among the Jews when they were in sorrow. Then he sat at the palace gates until some of the servants of Esther saw him, and hurried away to tell their mistress. Esther sent to ask what was the matter, and her uncle told her of the terrible decree which Haman had obtained, and asked her to go to her husband to plead for her people.

There was a law that anyone who went to the king without being sent for must be put to death, unless the king should hold out his golden sceptre. Mordecai told Esther that she should try to help the Jews, even if there was danger, and that perhaps God had made her queen for that very reason, that she might save her people.

She told Mordecai to tell all the Jews to fast and pray for her three days, and that she and her maidens would fast and pray three days, and then she would go to the king, perish or not, as God willed.

For three days all of the Jews fasted and prayed that the way would be opened that they would not be killed. At the end of this time, Esther put on her royal robes and went to the king, and when he saw her, touched by her pleading looks, he held out his sceptre and not only forgave her for coming, but promised to grant any favor she asked. Esther did not say what she wanted; she timidly asked the king if he would come to a banquet she had prepared, and bring Haman with him. So the king and Haman went to the banquet; but Esther did not make her request then: she asked the king and Haman to come the next day, and she would make her request.

Haman was very proud of being asked twice to the queen's banquet; but as he left the palace he saw Mordecai, who again refused to bow down to him. This made Haman so angry, and he had a high gallows built and determined to ask the king the next day to have Mordecai hung upon it.

It happened that night that the king was restless and could not sleep, and he called for one of his servants to come and read to him. He read from the record how Mordecai had saved the king's life.

"What honor has been done to Mordecai for this?" asked the king. He was told that nothing had been done. The king sent for Haman, who was at court, and asked what should be done for the man whom the king wished to honor. Haman thought it was himself the king meant, so he answered:

"Let him be clothed in royal apparel and set upon the king's horse, with the king's crown on his head, and let one of the most noble princes lead him through the city and proclaim, 'This shall be done to the man whom the king delights to honor.'"

Then the king answered, "Make haste, and do so to Mordecai, the Jew."

Haman's heart was full of rage when he heard this, and he hated Mordecai worse than ever. Still he did not dare to disobey, and he had to do all he had said should be done.

When evening came, Haman went to the palace to attend the queen's feast. The supper was almost over, and the king reminded Esther that she had not yet asked the favor he had promised to grant.

Esther fell at the king's feet and told him that some one had plotted to bring about her death and the death of all her people. The king was astonished, and asked who the traitor was who would dare to do such a thing, and Esther told him of Haman's baseness. The king was very angry, and condemned Haman to be hanged on the gallows which had been built for Mordecai.

As the decree could not be set aside, the king made another, warning all the Jews of their peril, and allowing them to defend themselves.

God heard the prayers of His people, and the Jews were saved from death, and Mordecai was put in Haman's place in the kingdom.

SAVED THROUGH PRAYER.

People in these days have been saved through the prayers of the Saints, as is shown by the following story by Wm. W. Cluff, in "Fragments of Experience:"

We arrived at Honolulu, the capital of the Islands, about the 27th of March, 1864. On the 29th we sailed for Lahaina, on the schooner "Nettie Merrill," Captain Fisher, for the island of Maui, a distance of about ninety miles from Honolulu. On the morning of the 31st of March, we came to anchor about one mile from the mouth of the little harbor of Lahaina.

Apostles Ezra T. Benson, Lorenzo Snow, Brother Alma L. Smith, and myself got into the small boat to go ashore. Brother Joseph F. Smith, as he afterwards stated, had some misgivings about going in that boat, but the manifestation was not sufficient

ly strong to indicate any general accident. He preferred to remain on board the vessel, until the boat returned.

The boat started for the shore. It contained some barrels and boxes, the captain, a white man, two or three native passengers, and the boat's crew, who were also natives.

The entrance to the harbor is a very narrow passage between coral reefs, and when the sea is rough it is very dangerous, on account of the breakers. Where the vessel lay the sea was not rough, but only presented the appearance of heavy swells rolling to the shore.

As we approached the reef it was evident to me, that the surf was running higher than we anticipated. I called the captain's attention to the fact. We were running quartering across the waves, and I suggested that we change our course so as to run at right angles with them. He replied, that he did not think there was any danger, and our course was not changed. We went but little further, when a heavy swell struck the boat and carried us before it about fifty yards. When the swell passed, it left us in a trough between two huge waves.

It was too late to retrieve our error, and we must run our chances. When the second swell struck the boat, it raised the stern so high that the steerman's oar was out of the water, and he lost control of the boat. It rode on the swell a short distance, and swung around just as the wave began to break up. We were almost instantly capsized into the dashing, foaming sea.

I felt no concern for myself about drowning, for while on my former mission I had learned to swim and sport in the surf of those shores.

The last I remembered of Brother Snow, as the boat was going over, I saw him seize the upper edge of it with both hands. Fearing that the upper edge of the boat, or the barrels, might hit and injure me as the boat was going over, I plunged head foremost into the water. After swimming a short distance, I came to the surface without being strangled or injured.

The boat was bottom upwards, and barrels, hats, and umbrellas were floating in every direction. I swam to the boat and as there was nothing to cling to on the bottom, I reached under and seized the edge of it.

About the same time, Brother Benson came up near me, and readily got hold of the boat.

The natives soon appeared, and swam about quite unconcerned for their own safety. Brother Alma L. Smith came up on the opposite side of the boat from Brother Benson and myself. He was considerably strangled, but succeeded in securing a hold on the boat.

A short time afterwards the captain was discovered, about fifty yards from us. Two of his sailors swam to his assistance, and

one on each side, succeeded in keeping him on the surface, although life was apparently extinct.

Nothing yet had been seen of Brother Snow, although the natives had been swimming and diving in every direction in search of him. We were only about one-fourth of a mile from shore. The people, as soon as they discovered our circumstances, manned a life boat and hurried to the rescue.

We were taken into the boat, when the crew wanted to row for the shore and pick up the captain on the way. We told him that one of our friends was yet missing, and we did not want to leave, as long as there was any possibility of a chance to render him assistance. We discovered that a second boat had left the shore and could reach the captain as soon as the one we were in. Seeing this, the crew of the boat we were in, consented to remain and assist us.

The captain was taken ashore, and by working over him for some time, was brought to life.

Brother Snow had not yet been discovered, and the anxiety was intense. The natives were, evidently, doing all in their power.

Finally, one of them, in edging himself around the capsized boat, must have felt Brother Snow with his feet and pulled him, at least partly, from under it, as the first I saw of Brother Snow was his hair floating upon the water as the native was dragging him through the water around one end of the capsized boat. As soon as we got him into our boat, we told the boatmen to pull for the shore with all possible speed. His body was stiff, and life was evidently extinct.

Brother Alma L. Smith and myself were sitting side by side. We laid Brother Snow across our laps, and, on the way to shore, we quietly administered to him, and asked the Lord to spare his life, that he might return to his family and home.

On reaching the shore, we carried him a little way, to some large empty barrels that were lying on the sandy beach. We laid him, face downwards, on one of these, and rolled him back and forth, until we succeeded in getting the water that he had swallowed out of him.

During this time, a number of persons came down from the town; among them was Mr. E. P. Adams, a merchant. All were willing to do what they could. We washed Brother Snow's face with camphor, furnished by Mr. Adams. We did not only what was customary in such cases, but also what the spirit seemed to whisper to us.

After working over him for some time, without any indications of returning life, the bystanders said that nothing more could be done for him. But we did not feel like giving him up,

and still prayed and worked over him, with an assurance that the Lord would hear and answer our prayers.

Finally we were impressed to place our mouth over his and make an effort to inflate his lungs, alternately blowing in and drawing out the air, imitating, as far as possible, the natural process of breathing. This we persevered in until we succeeded in inflating his lungs. After a little, there were very faint indications of returning vitality. A slight wink of the eye, which, until then, had been open and deathlike, and a very faint rattle in the throat, were the first symptoms of returning life. These grew more and more distinct, until consciousness was fully restored.

When this result was reached, it must have been fully an hour after the capsizing of the boat. A Portuguese man, living in Lahaina, who, from the first, rendered us much assistance, invited us to take Brother Snow to his house. There being no Saints in the place, we gladly accepted his kind offer.

Every possible attention was given to Brother Snow's comfort. . . . As soon as Brother Snow was out of danger, it occurred to me that I had better return to the vessel. As I reached the deck, by the rope ladder over its side, I saw at a glance that Brother Smith was under great anxiety of mind. . . . We rejoiced together that through a merciful Providence, and the faith that had been bestowed upon us, we were all alive.

Memory Gem.

“He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.”



HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.—LESSON XLI.

A GOOD FOUNDATION.

Chapter 34. Church History.

The Old Scrap Box.

Mr. Peters, a somewhat eccentric old merchant, stuck up a notice in a window of his store that there was a "boy wanted," and the card remained there a great while before he got the boy he was after. John Simmons and Charlie Jones, and one or two besides, were taken for a few days, but none of them stood trial.

Mr. Peters had a peculiar way of trying them. There was a huge long box in the attic, full of old nails and screws, and miscellaneous bits of rusty hardware, and when a new boy came, the old gentleman presently found occasion to send him up there to set the box to rights, and he judged the quality of the boy by the way he managed the work. All pottered over it more or less, but soon gave it up in disgust, and reported that there was nothing in the box worth saving.

At last Crawford Mills was hired. He knew none of the other boys, and so did his errands in blissful ignorance of the "long box" until the second morning of his stay, when in a leisure hour he was sent to put it in order. The morning passed, dinner-time came, and still Crawford had not appeared from the attic. At last Mr. Peters called to him: "Got through?"

"No, sir; there is ever so much more to do."

"All right; it is dinner-time now; you may go back to it after dinner."

After dinner, back he went. All the short afternoon he was not heard from, but just as Mr. Peters was deciding to call him again, he appeared.

"I have done my best, sir," he said, "and down at the very bottom of the box I found this." "This" was a five-dollar gold piece, which Crawford handed to Mr. Peters.

"That's a queer place for gold," said Mr. Peters. "It's good you found it. Well, sir, I suppose you will be on hand tomorrow morning?" This he said putting the gold piece into his pocket book.

After Crawford had said good night and gone, Mr. Peters took

the lantern and went slowly up the attic stairs. There was the long deep box in which the rubbish of twenty-five years had gathered.

Crawford had evidently been to the bottom of it; he had fitted in pieces of shingle to make compartments, and in the different tills he had placed the articles, with bits of shingle, laid on top, labeled thus: "Good screws," "Pretty good nails," "Picture nails," "Small keys, somewhat bent," "Picture hooks," "Pieces of iron, whose use I don't know;" and so on through the long box.

In perfect order the box was, at last, and very little that could really be called useful was to be found within it. But Mr. Peters as he read the labels, laughed and said, "If we're not both mistaken, I have found a boy, and he has found a fortune."

Sure enough, the sign disappeared from the window and was seen no more. Crawford became errand-boy to the well-known firm of Peters & Co. He had a little room neatly fitted up next to the attic, where he spent his evenings, and at the foot of the bed hung a motto which Mr. Peters gave him.

"It tells your fortune for you; don't forget it," Mr. Peters said when he handed it to Crawford; and the boy laughed and read it curiously:—

"He that is faithful in that which is least,
is faithful also in much."

All this happened ten or twelve years ago. Crawford Mills is an errand-boy no more, but the firm is now Peters, Mills, and Co.—



LESSON XLIII.

FORGIVENESS.

Chapter 35. Church History.

A Christian Test.

There was once an old Indian chief whose name was Maskepetoom. He belonged to the Cree tribe, one of the largest and most powerful of all tribes of Northwestern Canada. His name meant "The Crooked Arm," and it had been given to him because one of his arms had been so severely injured in his battles with his neighbors, the Blackfeet Indians, that it was twisted quite out of shape.

He was cruel, fierce and cunning, and liked nothing better than fighting and outwitting his foes, and torturing the prisoners taken by him in battle. But at last a good missionary found his way to this corner of the earth and held a camp fire service among this tribe of Indians. Maskepetoom went to this service and heard the missionary read from the Bible the story of the trial and

crucifixion of Jesus Christ. When the preacher came to the prayer of Jesus for His enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," he stopped reading and spoke simply to his hearers about the duty and beauty of forgiveness.

Maskepetoom listened with the deepest attention, and when the meeting was over he went home to think about the matter. Several months before this time he had sent his only son, in company with one of his warriors, across a neighboring mountain range to bring back a herd of horses that had been grazing at a spot on the other side. For the sake of a large sum of money offered him for the horses the warrior murdered the boy, sold the horses, and on his return to camp said that the boy had fallen over a precipice and had been killed, and that the horses had escaped. Afterwards the truth of the case became known, and Maskepetoom was only waiting for a second encounter with the faithless chief in order to take vengeance upon him in the most terrible way that he could devise.

The day after the service by the campfire the old chief, with the missionary and hundreds of his warriors, was riding along a plain, when suddenly word was brought to the party that another band of Indians was not far away from the first group, and that the two companies would soon meet. Even the Indians held their breath when they heard that the man who had so cruelly wronged Maskepetoom was in the approaching crowd, and the missionary prayed that God would help them all in that dreadful hour.

Maskepetoom rode slowly toward his enemy, drew his tomahawk from his belt, and looked the wicked chief full in the face. Then in a voice that shook with feeling, said: "You have killed my only son, and by all the laws of Indian tribes you ought to die. But I heard from this missionary last night at the campfire that if I expected the Great Spirit to forgive me I must forgive my enemies, even those who have done me the greatest wrong. But for that I would have buried my tomahawk in your brain this instant." Then he pulled his war blanket over his head, bowed low over his horse, and burst into tears.

Maskepetoom became a true Christian. He gave up his war-like habits and settled down into a peaceful life. He often talked to his people, but better than any of his sermons or exhortations to righteousness was the beautiful example that he had set before them of forgiveness in the face of great temptation to revenge.—Martha Burr Banks.

Memory Gem.

To err is human,
To forgive, divine.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

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THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Oh the beautiful Christmas-tree!
So spicy and fresh and green;
Indeed the most wonderful tree
Ever by children seen.
Into our home it comes
Just once a year, you know;
Into the light and warmth,
Out of the frost and snow.

Oh the beautiful Christmas-tree
What marvelous things you bear,
Laden with books and toys,
Candles and dollies so fair.
Never was tree more gay,
Decked with tinsels and gold,
Loaded with gifts for all,
Beautiful to behold.

See how the candles shine
Out on the spicy air!
See how the angels smile,
Glistening white and fair!
And on the topmost bough,
Trembles a beautiful star,
Taking us back in love
To Bethlehem afar,
Where, in the manger, lay
A baby so fair and mild,
Who came on Christmas day;—
Our Saviour—a gentle child.

All hail to the Christmas-tree
And the beautiful gifts you bring!
May our hearts be full of joy
As our Christmas songs we sing!
—Elizabeth Lyday Sloanaker.



LIFE OF CHRIST.—LESSON LXV.

KINDNESS.

Suggestive Talk.

After Jesus had eaten the Last Supper with His disciples His enemies put Him upon a cross to die.

"To Calvary! to Calvary!" cried the people, as they hurried out of Jerusalem.

Oh, what a grievous sight that was!

Rich and poor, big and little, Priests and Levites, Scribes and Pharisees, friends and enemies, some laughing and some weeping, and Jesus in the midst of them carrying His cross.

There was His poor, heart-broken mother, and Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus, and the woman who washed His feet with her tears, and Peter, and John, and Thomas, and many more whom He had healed and comforted.

And when they came to Calvary the soldiers nailed Jesus to the cross, and Pilate wrote these words above his head:

"Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews."

Then the soldiers took His garments, and divided them into four parts, and each soldier had a part; and because His coat was without a seam they cast lots who should have it.

And two thieves were crucified with Him, one on one side and one upon the other.

But even as He hung upon the cross Jesus was sorry for His enemies, and prayed, saying:

"Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."

Then one of the thieves mocked Jesus.

"If Thou be the Son of God," he cried, "save Thyself and us."

But the other was sorry for his sins, and believed on Jesus, and said:

"Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom."

Jesus heard the poor dying thief calling upon Him, and said lovingly:

"Today thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

Then a great darkness came over the land, and the earth shook, and the rocks were rent, and the people fell upon their faces and cried, "This was indeed the Son of God."

At last a voice came out of the darkness, saying:

"Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit."

And Jesus, the Saviour of the world, was dead.

After Jesus had hung a long time upon the cross the soldiers came and pierced His side with a spear.

Then a man named Joseph of Arimathea—a rich man who loved Jesus and had a grave and a beautiful garden—begged His body, and took it down from the cross; and Nicodemus and some women wrapped it in a linen cloth and put sweet spices upon it, and carried it gently into that beautiful garden and buried it, and rolled a great white stone before the tomb.

And Pilate sent some of his soldiers to keep watch in the garden, night and day, in case the disciples should take Him away.

A FRUIT SHOWER.

"O Betty, I am so glad you came!" exclaimed Marjory, as she met her cousin at the train and gave her a genuine bear's hug.

"I am glad, too!" answered Betty, with emphasis, and then she turned to kiss Uncle Tom.

"I was so afraid you might disappoint me," Marjory continued, as she and Betty followed arm in arm through the station after Marjory's papa. "You see, we are going to have a fruit shower tonight, and I wouldn't have you miss it for anything!"

"A fruit shower!" exclaimed Betty, in astonishment. "I knew you had quantities of fruit all about here, but," with a laugh, "I didn't know it rained fruit."

"Well, it really does sometimes," answered Marjory, with a gay little laugh, "as you shall see this evening."

All day Betty kept wondering what the fruit shower could prove to be like, and she felt sure several times that it had begun, for her at least, as she and Marjory went through Uncle Tom's immense orchards and she was allowed to eat just as much as she liked of peaches and pears and plums. It was a new experience to her, for at her home such things were purchased by the dozen, or in small, square baskets, and even then did not taste at all as these fine, large fruits did, hanging ripe on the trees.

She was especially surprised at finding that the plums which she ate were the kind which were dried and sent to market, where they were sold as prunes. "Why, I thought that prunes were always dried," she said, with a laugh; "but of course I might have known better."

About five o'clock several of Marjory's friends came by twos and threes to the house, each carrying one or more baskets of fruit. At last, when nearly a dozen children had gathered, and each one had been introduced to Betty, Marjory brought in four fine baskets of fruit, each trimmed with flowers, for her own and Betty's share of the "shower."

"Now we are ready," she announced, and each one picked up the basket belonging to them and started off.

"You see," said Marjory to Betty as they started down the street, "even though there are such quantities of fruit in this state, there are some people who do not have any of their own, and so we children have a custom of giving several fruit showers when there is the greatest abundance of it. Tonight we are going to shower Mrs. Peck. She goes out washing by the day, and has three children to take care of. We take enough so that they can have a good feast while it is fresh, and have some left over to can for next winter."

"Oh, how splendid!" exclaimed Betty, looking down at her two well-laden baskets with new interest. "Does she know you are coming?"

"No, indeed," answered Marjory. "We found out that she is away at work today, for we want to surprise her. There is the house now," she continued, pointing to a trim little cabin with vines running over its unpainted sides.

The three Peck children were playing "keep house" in a corner of the yard, and they looked up as the group of merry children passed them.

"Why, why," exclaimed Jennie Peck, "they're coming in our gate!"

"Oh, it must be a fruit shower!" chimed in Johnny, his eyes shining with sudden excitement. "Don't you remember Jimmie Snow's mother had one last year, and we ain't never had one, never!"

"Oh, hush, Johnny!" cried Jennie, anxiously.

"Is this Jennie Peck?" asked Marjory.

"Yes'm," answered Jennie, with a very red face, at the same time giving Johnny a look of warning.

"And I'm Johnny Peck," added Johnny, eagerly, quite unabashed by Jennie's frown.

"Can we get in the house before your mother comes home?" asked one of the girls, for all the children had gathered now about Jennie and Johnny and the baby, who had left their play.

"We have brought a fruit shower," another explained, "and we want to fix things before she comes, so it will surprise her."

Jennie's face flushed even more deeply at this announcement, and Johnny turned a back somersault and a handspring in his joy at thus having his prediction proven true. He came to his feet in time to rush ahead of Jennie and open the door, and the children hurried in after him.

They quickly cleared a small table of its basket work, and piled a pyramid of peaches upon its top, with a border of flowers around the base of the pyramid.

While this was being done, some of the others laid out a geometrical design upon the kitchen table, using pears, plums and grapes, and arranging them to make contrasting borders of color. An immense cluster of grapes was hung over the table, suspended from a nail in the wall, and several dishes were filled with the remaining fruit and decorated with flowers.

Altogether, the room looked very tempting when the children had finished, and even Johnny was dumb with admiration.

"Now, then," said Marjory, as the children picked up their empty baskets. But before she could finish they heard a step, and looking up, they discovered Mrs. Peck in the doorway.

"Why, what is this?" she exclaimed in astonishment, as she looked about the room.

"It's a fruit shower!" the children shouted in chorus.

"Oh, I don't know how to thank you!" Mrs. Peck replied, and the children, who began to feel embarrassed at Mrs. Peck's gratitude, were relieved when Johnny gave a sudden spring and stood on his head in the middle of the floor.

"I think a fruit shower is the nicest kind of surprise party I ever heard of," said Betty to Marjory, as they walked home arm in arm, swinging their baskets.

Memory Gem.

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
'To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angel's work below."



LESSON XLVI.

FAITHFULNESS.

Suggestive Talk.

Three days passed away, three sad, unhappy days for all those who were weeping for Jesus, when Mary Magdalene said:

"Let us go again to the grave, and take sweet spices with us, let us do one more kind thing for Jesus."

So Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the mother of one of the disciples, and a woman called Salome, rose up early in the morning and ran with their spices to the garden.

"Who will roll away the stone?" they said, as they ran along. "We shall never be able to do it ourselves."

"Perhaps the soldiers will help us," said Mary Magdalene. "We will ask them."

But when they came to the grave the stone was rolled away, and the soldiers were gone.

"They have taken away my Lord!" cried Mary. "Where have they laid Him?" and she ran to tell Peter and John.

But the others stayed behind.

And while they stood there looking into the grave, they saw a bright shining angel.

"Fear ye not," said the angel, "for I know ye seek Jesus. He is not here: For He is risen. Go quickly and tell the disciples, He is risen from the dead."

And when Peter and John came running back to the grave with Mary Magdalene, and saw nothing lying there but the linen clothes that they had wrapped Jesus in, they were astonished, and went away without saying a word.

So Mary Magdalene was left alone in the garden, weeping bitterly.

Presently she saw two angels sitting inside the tomb, in the place where Jesus had been laid.

"Why weepest thou?" said the angels.

"They have taken away my Lord," answered Mary, "and I know not where they have laid Him."

"Woman, why weepest thou?" said another voice from behind where she stood.

Mary thought it was the gardener speaking to her, so she did not turn her head, but said, between her sobs:

"O, sir, if you have taken Jesus away, tell me where you have laid Him."

Then the voice said, still more sweetly:

"Mary!"

And she looked around and saw it was Jesus!

Yet He was not quite that same Jesus she had known before; for His face was so radiant, His body so strangely beautiful, that her eyes could scarcely gaze on Him, so she fell down and clasped her hands about His feet, and cried: "Master!"

"Cling not to me," said Jesus, "but go unto My brethren, and tell them I ascend unto My Father, and your Father; to my God, and your God."

Then Mary went in search of the disciples and cried out, joyously: "I have seen the Lord!" and gave them His message.

And soon after He met the other women, and they too were amazed and fell down before Him; and that same day He appeared to His disciples, and went home and supped with them, and showed Thomas, who could not believe that He had risen from the dead, the holes in His hands and His side and His feet. Many more times Jesus appeared to His beloved disciples. At last one day He went with His disciples to the top of the Mount of Olives, and for a long time He talked with them, and told them that they must

go about teaching the people, telling them Jesus had died for them because He loved them so dearly.

And afterwards He blessed those dear disciples, and said loving farewell words to them; and while He blessed them a cloud came and hid Him from their sight, and He was parted from them, and ascended into Heaven, back to that good and loving Father, who had sent Him down to be the Saviour of the world.

THANKSGIVING.

Miss Anna Martin had lived all her life in the small village of Camden.

She owned a two-roomed cottage and had an income which sufficed for her simple wants. But when she was fifty a distant relative died and left her a thousand dollars; and on this bright afternoon she was trying to decide what to do with the money.

"I don't think I need to keep it," she said to herself. "It doesn't cost me much to live, and with what I earn sewing I have more than enough for my needs, and shall have something for sickness or old age. No, I'll use that thousand dollars. I'll have a parlor; it won't cost much to have one built on, about fourteen feet square.

"I'll have Brussels carpet on the floor, and nice furniture and two oil paintings. Then I'll have a silk dress—yes, two of them, a black and a brown—and a new bonnet. And I'll give fifty dollars to the church," she added, by way of afterthought.

But why was it just then she thought of the Dilling children—three in number—who on the morrow would be "bound out" to live with any person who might be willing to take the responsibility of caring for them?

About two years before, Charles Dilling had met with an accident which confined him to the house for months, and finally took him away forever. When Mrs. Dilling had time to look about after this blow, things were very discouraging indeed, and a hard struggle followed. The rent was very much in arrears; the doctor presented a bill which fairly took her breath away; and there were numerous other accounts which must be paid. She sold part of her furniture, and then worked early and late; but in a few months her health failed and she soon followed her husband.

Then, of course, something had to be done with the little ones. Mrs. Dilling had often been urged after the death of her husband, to let the children be separated, but her only answer had been: "As long as I can work, they shall be kept together."

This answer was sufficient for all who knew Mrs. Dilling. But now she was gone, something must be done. The Orphans' Home was discussed, but everybody knew how great had been Mrs.

Dilling's dread of such institutions, and the idea was soon given up. There was no relative to care for the children, and at last it was decided that they should be "bound out."

This meant separation, and it was an appalling thought to the children, who were knit together by ties of more than ordinary strength. No other course presented itself, however, and as Mr. Randall, the overseer of the poor, said, "They must be provided with food and shelter in some way, and if they could earn their keep, they must do it."

The next morning Miss Martin ate but little breakfast.

"It seems too bad for the children to be separated," she mused, as she looked out of the window toward the Dilling house. "I hope they'll be where they will see each other sometimes. They are good children—been well brought un."

Miss Martin's work moved slowly that morning. She spent much time looking over to the Dilling house. She saw Mr. Randall when he came to take charge of selling the few articles of furniture that were left, and attend to the "binding out" of the children. The neighbors dropped in one by one, and at length a farmer who wanted a bound boy arrived. He had tried two already. One had run away after a few months, and the authorities had taken the other from him on account of cruel treatment.

Miss Martin shut her lips firmly together when she saw this man. Probably he would want Fred, who was eleven years old. It would be a shame to see so good a boy go to such a place.

She threw a shawl over her head and stepped to the door. Then she went back and sat down by the window.

"I could have a bed for him upstairs," she thought. "And he could split wood and bring water for me. I believe I'll go over anyway."

Farmer Burnham was talking very loudly to Fred when she went into the dark, gloomy kitchen. The boy's face was white, and his eyes filled with tears as he looked at Bessie, his sister.

"You can't have him," said the little girl, choking back her sobs. He's all we've got left, and we are going to keep him."

"Ho, ho!" laughed Mr. Burnham. "We'll see about that! The sooner we have the papers made out the better, I reckon." And he made his way towards Mr. Randall.

"Fred, would you rather come with me?"

It was Miss Martin's voice, and Fred grasped her hand eagerly, while his sister cried: "Oh, do go with her, Fred!"

"I'd rather do it, Miss Martin, if you could get along with me," said the boy, earnestly. "I'd try hard to help you as well as I could."

Miss Martin's face lighted up as she listened. This was a new experience to her. Her life had been wholly centered upon

her own interest. She could not help thinking of it even in the midst of this excitement. A new feeling swept over her. How selfish she had been! Would God forgive her?

While these thoughts were passing through her mind, she had been making her way toward Mr. Randall. Would she be too late? No; Mr. Burnham had been called in another direction. She pulled the poormaster's sleeve and whispered hurriedly:

"I'll take Fred."

"All right," he replied, and the deed was done.

The proprietor of the village hotel was talking to Bessie.

"Don't you want to go and live with me at the hotel?"

"No, I don't. I want my own home, and that is all."

"But child, you can't stay here; the house is all empty, and you've got to go."

Miss Martin's eyes flashed. The idea of that sweet girl going to such a place! Never!

"I'll take Bessie, too," she said, and Mr. Randall gladly agreed.

"I can have a bedroom and a tiny kitchen added to my house instead of a parlor," thought Miss Martin, "and take the old kitchen for a living room. I don't really need a parlor, anyway."

And now, what about little Ray? There he sat, seemingly unconscious of all that was going on around him, printing some words on a piece of cardboard. Ray was only seven years old. He would need care for a long time, perhaps all his life, for he was not strong in body. He was fond of books and flowers, and shy and reticent. He held the cardboard up at length and looked at the words he had printed. They were, "Trust in the Lord."

Nobody wanted Ray. He could not be of much use anyway, and it was decided that he must go to the county farm.

"I'll take him home with me tonight," said Mr. Randall, "and send him away tomorrow morning."

Sitting around Miss Martin's table at supper that night very little was said. Fred had filled the wood-box, brought water, and made himself useful in various ways; but now he was thinking of his little brother. Bessie could hardly keep back the tears.

Miss Martin could not help noticing the children's sad faces, and altogether it was not a cheerful company.

As they rose from the table there was a knock at the door, and Miss Martin opened it to confront Mr. Randall.

"Is Ray here?" he asked.

"Why, no."

"Well, he's a queer boy! He's gone and I don't know where to find him."

"Is the Dilling house locked?"

"No, there's no use locking it, it's empty."

"You stay here, children," said Miss Martin, kindly. "I'll be back in a few moments."

Then she slipped over to the little old house, and as quietly as she could, peeped into every room. There in the half-twilight she found Ray at last, half lying, half-kneeling on the bare floor, in the little room where he used to sleep. In his arms was the cardboard on which he had printed, "Trust in the Lord."

The boy was talking, and she listened.

"Ray is poor and all alone, dear Lord! He's lonesome here tonight; it don't seem like home to him. Take care of Ray and help him. And bless dear Miss Martin for taking Fred and Bes-sie. She's good, and will make them happy."

Miss Martin could bear no more. "I never could dress in silk, and know that the poor boy was away from his brother and sister," she thought. "O Lord, forgive me for thinking so much of my own desires! I'll try to use my legacy in a way that will be pleasing to Thee."

Then she stepped forward and touched the boy gently on the shoulder. He started nervously, but when he saw who it was, smiled through his tears.

"Come home with me, Ray," she said, tenderly, "and the Lord will care for you and all of us."

Memory Gem.

"For with such sacrifices God is well pleased."



FOR ALL THE GRADES.

LESSON XLVII.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH.

Note to teachers.—The selections from the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith are to be memorized and recited by the children.

If possible have a picture of the Prophet to show the children.

The Prophet's Birth.

Ninety-seven years ago, in a little town in Vermont, a long, long way east of here, there lived a father, a mother, two little brothers, and one little sister. It was nearly Christmas time, and these little children were wondering what Santa Claus would bring them. He must have come early that year, for just two days before Christmas, they received the most beautiful Christmas present, a dear, sweet little baby brother. Of course that was one of

the very best presents they could have, and they used to watch the little baby as it lay on mother's lap. Then came the trouble of finding a name for him, and at last they made up their minds that they would give it the same name that their father had—Joseph Smith.

The Lord had a great work for this little baby to do, but neither his father nor mother knew anything about it then.

The little boy grew and grew, and at last he was big enough to go out with his father and brothers, and he learned to do a great many things. When he got old enough, his father taught him to read and write and a great many other things. Little Joseph liked very much to read his Bible and learned much about the things children learn now.

Recitation.

If you'll listen, little children,
I will tell a story true,
Of a loving little baby,
That up to manhood grew,
All the little children lov'd him,
Many grown up people, too,
For he always helped and blessed them,
In all the ways he knew.

—Selected.

The First Vision.

When Joseph was fourteen years old, the people who lived near his home were all very much interested in religion. Meetings were held in all the churches, and the people were all talking about what the preachers had said. Joseph listened to the talk and went to the meetings, and he felt that it was his duty to join some church, so that he might be saved.

But which church should he join? Which one taught the true religion? These were questions too hard for the young boy to answer. He became excited at times trying to find out what he should do; but he could not decide. He felt certain that not all of the churches could be true, or they would all help each other, instead of saying hard things about each other. He thought he would not join any until he knew which was the right one, and so he waited.

Although Joseph had not had much chance to learn at school, still he could read his Bible. One day he came upon a verse that seemed to be written for him especially. It said: "If any of ye lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." He felt that he lacked wisdom, and as he thought the words over and over, he

made up his mind to go and pray for it, and was full of hope that the Lord would hear and answer his prayer.

One spring morning he went alone to the beautiful green woods near his home. When he reached a spot where he was sure he would be alone, he kneeled down and for the first time in his life prayed aloud to the Lord.

Soon an unseen power made him speechless. Everything around him grew dark, and he felt as though he were going to be destroyed, and he called upon God to save him. His strength was almost gone when a great light appeared above him and the unseen power left him. The light descended and Joseph saw two beings, too glorious and beautiful to describe. They looked just alike to the boy, and one of them said, pointing to the other, "Joseph, this is my beloved Son; hear Him."

At first Joseph was almost overcome by the glory he saw; but at length he was able to speak. He asked which church was the right one, as he wished to join it. To his surprise, he was told that all of the churches were wrong, and that he should join none of them; but that the true church should some time be revealed to him. After giving him some other words of comfort and wisdom, the glorious beings withdrew.

When Joseph came to himself, he found he was lying on the ground, looking up into heaven. He was filled with joy and peace; he knew that God and Jesus were living beings with bodies which resembled his own; he knew that they loved him and that he loved them. He soon went home, feeling happy in the answer to his prayer.

Song. Joseph Smith's First Prayer from S. S. Hymn Book.

The Second Vision.

Three and a half years passed, and Joseph was nearly eighteen years old. He often felt sorry for his wrong doing, and wished that he might be forgiven. He had not forgotten his glorious vision, and he decided that he would again ask help from the Lord.

On the evening of September 21st, after he had gone to bed, he began to pray; he felt certain the answer would come, for the prayer was in his heart. Before he had finished praying, the darkness began to disappear; his room was filled with light, and in the midst of it he saw an angel.

At first Joseph was afraid: but this, fear soon passed away, and the angel called him by name and began to tell his message. He said he was called Moroni, and that he came from the presence of God. He told Joseph that his sins were forgiven and that God had work for him to do. He spoke of a record, written on plates

of gold and hidden in a hill near by, that gave this history of the people who lived on this land formerly, and also contained the fullness of the Gospel. He also told him of the Urim and Thummim and the golden breastplate; and commanded Joseph that he should not show these things, when he received them, to any one except when told to do so by the Lord.

While the angel was speaking, Joseph saw in his mind the hill and saw distinctly just where the plates were hidden. The angel told him other things and then left and the darkness returned; but soon the light came again, and Joseph saw the vision just as before. Everything was gone over with the same care as before. A third time the vision came, and the last words of the angel to him were that Joseph should never use these plates, when he received them, except to glorify God and to build up His kingdom. When the angel left this time, the morning dawned.

Joseph went to work in the morning as if nothing had happened. He did not seem well, and his father told him to go home. As he was trying to cross a fence around the field, he fainted and fell to the ground.

When he came to himself, the angel Moroni was again beside him, and he saw the vision for the fourth time. Then he was told to go and tell his father what he had seen. Joseph returned to the field where his father was working, and told him of his vision.

Use either as a Song or Recitation.

"I'll Be a Little "Mormon."

S. S. Hymn Book.

Finding the Book of Mormon.

After Joseph left his father, when he had told his vision, his strength somewhat returned, and he started for the hill to find the records. It was not a very long walk, only two miles and a half, but in going that way he was tempted many times to take the plates and use them for himself; but the influence of the Holy Spirit was with him, and he overcame the evil thought.

When he reached the hill, he soon found the exact spot, for he had seen it so distinctly in his vision; he found the stone box and began to pry up the cover. It came off with but little trouble, and the boy saw the hidden treasures of gold. He reached out his hand to take them, but immediately Moroni appeared and told him that the time had not come yet for him to receive them; on that same day, September 22nd, every year for four years, he must come to the hill; and if he were faithful, then they should be given into his care. The angel gave him other instructions, and then left him.

The four years passed. On the 22nd of September of each

year, as the angel had told him to do, he had gone to the hill to see the contents of the box, and each time the angel had met him there and had given him instructions; and now for the fifth time Joseph went to the hill Moroni gave him the plates and the Urim and Thummim and breastplate, and told him to guard them with his life, if necessary. Joseph placed the treasures under his coat and set out for home, with a firm resolve to protect them at whatever risk.

He had not gone far when some wicked men tried to rob him; they struck him with a heavy club; but Joseph was strong, and was a swift runner, and he got away from them, and reached home in safety.

Song. We thank Thee, Oh, God, for a Prophet.



Recitation.

LIVING FOR OTHERS.

Would you have a thread of beauty
 Running thro' your happy days,
 From the rosy glow of morning
 To the twilight's purple haze?
 Would you have your golden noontide
 Crowned with blessings bright and pure?
 Would you garner up a treasure
 Which forever shall endure?

Oh! then early heed the lesson,
 "No one liveth to himself."
 And the soul needs better riches,
 Than earth's fleeting, sordid pelf.
 Gentle words and deeds of kindness,
 Are sweet blossoms that will cast,
 An undying, precious fragrance,
 O'er the pathway of the past.

Hearts that thrill with earnest yearning,
 For the noble and the true;
 Hands that shrink not from the labor,
 Which God giveth them to do;
 Feet that never tire or falter,
 Tho' Life's rugged hills they climb—
 These can make the trivial duty,
 And the lowly fate sublime!

—Selected.

FOR ALL THE GRADES.

LESSON XLVIII.

CHRISTMAS.

Cradle Hymn. (Written by Martin Luther for his children.)

1. A - way in a manger, No crib for a bed, The little Lord
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, The ba - by awakes, But little Lord

Jesus Laid down his sweet head, The stars in the heaven Look'd
Jesus, No cry - ing he makes, I love thee, Lord Je - sus! Look

down where he lay, The little Lord Je - sus, Asleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle Till morning is nigh.

THE CHILD WORSHIPERS.

Long, long ago, on the first Christmas Eve, two little children were fast asleep in their humble home not far from Bethlehem. Father and brother were watching their flocks on a distant hillside. Sister Rachel, the only mother little David and Miriam remembered, was sleeping too, when she was suddenly wakened by the sound of footsteps. Rising she ran to open the door. There in the starlight stood her brother, his face aglow with excitement.

"Rachel," he cried, "I have somewhat to tell thee."

Entering the house he seated himself, and told his wonderful story. How as they watched by their flocks the heavens were filled with light and heavenly music, and they saw angels who sang of Israel's long looked for King, Christ the Lord, "which is born this night in Bethlehem," he concluded; "and all the shepherds, with our father, have gone to worship before the Christ-Child leaving Joseph and me to guard the sheep, so I must hasten back. I ran thither to tell thee, that thou might rejoice with us."

Quickly he was gone and Rachel, with joyful heart, went back to quiet rest. Not so little Miriam and David, who had wakened at their brother's coming and had listened unobserved to the glad tidings.

"We will not call Sister Rachel again—she is weary and sleeping already," said Miriam wisely. "We will go ourselves and find father and the dear little Christ-Child!"

So out under the glorious stars they went hand in hand.

"Who will tell us where to go?" asked David.

"We will guide you," said a clear voice, and there beside them stood three children, their beautiful faces glowing with tender light. One of them took David's hand in his and Miriam whispered: "Do not fear; perhaps they are angel children." Soon they came to the gate of an inn yard; inside were mules tied here and there; their masters slept beside them, for the inn was very crowded. Past them all, to the stable, went the children and entered the dark doorway. Within, on a bed of straw in one of the mangers, sat a woman, her fair face shining with wondrous light. On the floor before her knelt several men in rough garb, engaged in earnest prayer. The children crept softly by them, and gazed over the manger's side into the face of the tiny babe that lay in the lap of Mary, its mother.

"See," cried Miriam, "the dear angels have brought us straight to the beautiful Babe!" and David, forgetting his fears, smiled happily at the sleeping child, whose beauty filled the hearts of the childish worshipers with innocent wonder. Long they stood and looked and were silent. When at last they turned to go their gentle guides had vanished; the men, too, were gone. Outside,

morning was coming. Close by the gateway stood a familiar figure and little David ran quickly toward it.

"Father," he cried, "we have found the little Christ-Child and now we have found you!"—S. M. Coffin, Patten, Maine.

CHRISTMAS CANDLES.

Alice E. Allen, Lowville, N. Y.

(For seven little girls. Each child wears gown of color given below, and carries little wax candles of same color. If inconvenient to furnish costumes, white or dark wool gowns may be substituted. In center of stage, on small, firm table, a tiny Christmas tree should be securely fastened. On this should be placed conveniently, the seven fasteners for the candles carried by the children. The tree may be otherwise trimmed, if desired.)

Children represent:

- No. 1. Service—dark red.
- No. 2. Joy—pale rose.
- No. 3. Hope—pale green.
- No. 4. Love—pale blue.
- No. 5. Faith—pale yellow.
- No. 6. Peace—pure white.
- No. 7. Memory—pale lavender.

Music:—"Coming Through the Rye."

(Children enter, form semi-circle in front of tree; hold candle in right hand.

(1) Bring candles so as to form row.

(2) As each color is mentioned, child holding corresponding candle, lifts it high above the head; hold (2) until end of line, when all drop.)

All.

See our pretty Christmas candles
Standing in a row;
By-and-by, we'll watch them brightly
Burning, gleam and glow.
Every lassie has her candle,
Each a different hue,—
Lavender, and white, and golden,
Rose, green, red and blue.

- (3) Hold candles low, all bending to right, as if searching.)

We are little Christmas candles,—
 See us standing here,—
 Every one has some dark corner
 Of this world to cheer.
 Every lassie is a candle,—
 Here and there she turns,
 Searching for some spot to gladden,—
 Smiles are what she burns.

- (4) Hold candle out with right hand; with left, show distance.

- (5) Lift left forefinger impressively.

Think how far one little candle
 "Throws its tiny beams;"
 So this "naughty world" is brightened
 Just by us, it seems.
 Listen, while we try to tell you
 What we mean to do,
 That this snowy Christmas season
 May be bright for you.

(As each child sings or recites her part, she comes forward to front and center of stage. After finishing, she passes back of others, and back of tree, placing her candle in fastener previously assigned. She then takes position just back of the one she first held, so that when all have finished, a semi-circle is formed back of tree.)

- No. 1. Service. (Holding out both hands.)

I'm a useful little candle,
 With a warm, red flame,
 Christmas work, I now am doing,—
 Service is my name.

- (Places candle on one of lower branches.)

- (No. 2. Joy. Smiling. Wave hand at last line.)

The bright radiance of this candle
 Nothing can destroy;
 So, while Christmas bells are ringing,
 I will wish you joy.

- (Places candle above No. 1.)

No. 5. Hope. (Holding out candle.)

If, with this world's sin and sorrow,
You would safely cope,
Keep within your heart still burning
This small candle,—Hope.

(Places candle above No. 2.)

No. 5. Faith. (Holding candle with right hand above head, looking up.)

I'm Hope's fairer little sister,—
I am always near;
Just look up where Hope directs you,—
Faith is shining clear.

(Places candle opposite No. 3.)

No. 6. Peace. (Lifting both hands as if in blessing.)

Listen, all sad hearts that suffer,
And would know release;
Like a star, I shine, and bring you
Blessed Christmas Peace!

(Places candle below No. 4.)

No. 7. Memory. (Holding candle in raised left hand; right hand shading eyes, looking toward right, as if looking backward.)

All the past days I illumine,—
Sweet and sad and bright,—
Look, how fair that far-off Christmas
Touched my Memory's light!

(Places candle below No. 6.)

No. 4. Love. (On first line, indicate tree, by gesture of left hand; smile, and render part very clearly.)

Still the little tree stands cheerless;
So, our world would be,
Unless lighted by one candle
Burning fair and free;
Every heart I come to gladden
I'm a welcome guest,—
Not a candle burns without me,—
Love lights all the rest!

(Teacher here steps forward and lights Love's candle. Love then passes back of tree, and carefully lights other candles.)

If child cannot be trusted to do this, teacher may light tree, using Love's candle. After which Love places her candle on highest branch of tree.)

All. Joining hands and circling round and round tree, while singing.)

We are little Christmas candles;
 If your heart is true,
 You may see us always shining,—
 Each with light for you.
 Of the words that I have told you,
 Don't forget the best,—
 Take this for your Christmas motto,—
 "Love lights all the rest!"

(At last line, form semi-circle, all bow low, smiling.)

—By permission from the Primary Educator.

HOW THE CHILDREN MADE A CHRISTMAS.

Nellie Lathrop Helm, Chicago, Ill

"Christmas and no Christmas tree!"

"But it won't be truly Christmas without a tree."

In all her short life little Bessie had never known one without. If papa were well it would look different,—everything would be different."

Clara heard a little tremble in mamma's voice as she said it. Instantly two warm arms were around her neck.

"Never mind, mamma dear," she said, "last Christmas was nice enough for this year too. And when another Christmas comes, papa will be well again."

"Oh, I wish all Christmas could be like last Christmas," sighed Bessie.

Indeed, it was a Christmas never to be forgotten. They were just settled in the new house. Everything was bright and new. Everybody was well and happy.

Long before it came papa and mamma were planning for it. The first Christmas in the new home should be the happiest, merriest, sweetest, best, they had ever known. Time, trouble and money were not spared. The tree reached from floor to ceiling, and its broad branches bent under their load of gifts. Its twinkling lights and glittering ornaments filled the three pairs of eyes with wonder as they looked and looked.

And such presents! Everyone's arms were full, and still papa kept finding more among the thick green branches.

Oh, the shouts of laughter, the screams of delight, the happy

faces and the loving kisses, as each one received just what he wanted most.

But now all was changed.

For a long, long time, almost forever, the children thought, mamma had been shut up in papa's room with him. The house was hushed and still and uncomfortable. Had it not been for the big "out-doors" it would have been hard to live.

"Will it be Christ's birthday just the same?" asked little Bessie.

"Of course," said Clara and Ned.

"Even if we are not so merry as we were last year," said mamma, "can we not be glad that there is such a beautiful day as Christmas?"

Then she kissed them and went back to papa.

After Bessie was tucked into bed Clara and Ned sat by the fire.

"There'll be lots of fun and we won't be in it," said Ned, dolefully.

Then a long silence as the flames leaped and danced about the log.

"Ned," said Clara at last, "couldn't we get a tree, just a little one, you know? It wouldn't cost anything. There are lots of evergreen trees down by the lake. We could use the candles that were left over from last year, and Bessie and I have some of the colored balls. Then there's the popcorn that grew in your garden. We could pop a lot and string it to trim the tree. I believe it would be lovely."

"But we wouldn't have any presents."

"We could make something for Bessie. You and I could do without. We have ever so many nice things already. One of the little china dolls that I got last year is as good as new. I can dress it for Bess, and you can make a bed for it. She wants a doll's bed."

"I can cut it with my fret-saw," said Ned, eagerly.

Clara's interest was catching.

"We can make a little mattress and pillows, and I'll make sheets and things. I have some nice pieces that I've been saving, and mamma will let me have things out of her scrap bag. I know Bess'll like it.

"Can we make something for mamma?"

"Yes, but it'll take lots of thinking to know what's nice enough for mamma."

"And papa, too?"

"Of course. We mustn't leave him out just 'cause he's sick."

"Maybe he'll be better by Christmas."

"Mamma will help us, I know she will. We'll tell her after a while."

"Mamma always helps, even if she doesn't do anything."

Then they went to bed happy, their heads full of their scheme.

Busy days followed. Ned took his saw into the woodshed that no one should hear the noise. Clara sewed with all her might every minute that Bessie was not near.

The doll had a dainty wardrobe. The little bed, cut from a cigar-box, was a beauty. The mattress was stuffed with cotton and tied with pink strings. The pillows were soft as down. There were sheets, pillow-slips, blanket and counterpane, all complete.

"We must show it to mamma," cried Clara. "I can't wait any longer."

So mamma was taken into the secret. They told her all their plan,—all excepting about the basket for her and the box for papa's letters that Ned was making, and the cushion for the back of her chair, and bag to hang by papa's bed to put his handkerchief in, that lay hidden in Clara's drawer.

"Won't Bessie be surprised?" asked Ned.

"Indeed she will, and oh, so happy?" said mamma, a bright light chasing the sadness from her own face.

"We want to get the tree tomorrow," said Ned.

"If we can only get away without Bessie seeing us," said Clara.

"I'll find something to amuse Bessie," said mamma.

"We want to have it all ready for Christmas eve—"

"And that's the day after tomorrow. Come on, Clara, we have so much to do."

That evening they popped and strung the corn. Mamma let them sit up an hour later than usual and came herself to help them.

"Papa is asleep," she said. He is getting better."

The next day they went for the tree. It was a long walk, a whole mile to the lake, and the snow was deep. The air was nipping cold although the sun shone brightly.

It was very still in the woods. Everything lay in a deep sleep under the thick blanket of snow. A booming sound came from the lake as the icy waves broke on the shore. Through an opening in the trees they saw the cold, gray sky reaching down to the colder, grayer water.

It took a long time to select the tree.

"This is the very prettiest one here," said Ned at last.

It was a little cedar, only a trifle higher than his head, and perfect in shape.

"Oh, see the little blue berries on it," cried Clara. "Won't they look pretty with the popcorn. Cut it close to the ground, Ned. Be careful."

"There, it is cut. We must carry it straight up so the berries won't come off."

How the short arms did ache when at last it was hidden in the woodshed.

"No matter," said Ned, rubbing his cold fingers, "it's here."

The next day was a busy one for Clara and Ned, but rather a doleful one for Bessie.

"There's a secret," she said, "and I'm not in it."

"You shall be tonight," said Clara, running away for fear she would tell too soon.

Evening came,—Christmas eve.

It was growing dark. Mamma came and sat with them before the fire. Bessie was curled up in her lap. Clara and Ned sat on the rug. There was a very happy look in mamma's eyes.

"Mamma, dear," said Clara, "please tell us about when Christ was born."

Then mamma told the same sweet, old, ever-new story of that wonderful first Christmas eve. When it was finished Ned nodded to Clara and they slipped out of the room. When they came back they said,

"Mamma, Bessie, we want you."

Ned led mamma, Clara took Bessie by the hand. They led them to the library, and there stood the little tree, a blaze of light from the glittering star on the top to the white cotton spread beneath it.

"Oh?"

Bessie caught her breath, and, oh, the look of delight on her happy little face. She walked slowly round the tree, Ned and Clara following, their faces, if possible, more radiant than her's.

"Oh, isn't it lovely!"

Bessie drew a long sigh of perfect bliss.

"And you did it!"

Ned and Clara clapped their hands.

"Now for the presents!"

First came the doll and its pretty bed. Then the things for papa and mamma.

"How could you have made them so beautifully?" said mamma, "and just what we both need, too."

"Hello, here's something for me.

"And for me."

Clara and Ned had quite forgotten themselves. But they had not forgotten each other. Ned had made a basket for Clara, and Clara had a surprise for Ned in a nice chamois skin bag for his marbles.

"What are these?"

Three pairs of warm mittens, red, blue and brown, hung on

the low branches. Mamma's hands had not been idle during the long hours she sat beside papa's bed. And under the tree were three pretty boxes of candy which mamma had made the night before, after everyone else was asleep.

"It's as nice as last Christmas," said Bessie, beginning to undress her doll.

"Nicer, if papa were only well," said Ned.

"I must go to him now," said mamma.

Bessie's doll was tucked in bed. Clara was trying on her mittens. Ned was smacking his lips over his candy.

The door opened.

"Is papa all right, mamma?"

No answer.

They all looked up, and there, with mamma standing by his side, sat papa in his rolling chair. His face was pale and thin, but his eyes were shining with his own dear, loving smile.—By permission from *The Primary Educator*.



RECITATION.

While stars of Christmas shine
Lighting the skies
Let only looks
Beam from your eyes,
While bells of Christmas ring
Joyous and clear,
Speak only loving words,
All mirth and cheer.
Give only loving gifts,
And in love take;
Gladden the poor and sad,
For love's dear sake.



OLD TESTAMENT.—LESSON XLV.

PERSEVERANCE.

Nehemiah.

During the time the Jews were away from Jerusalem, they remembered that their prophets had said that they should sometime be allowed to go back to their dearly loved city, and rebuild the temple which had been burned down at the time they were taken captive.

At last, when Cyrus was king of Babylon, he gave orders that the Jews should be allowed to go back to Jerusalem, and that they should have money and wood and stones given them as they needed to rebuild the house of God.

This was a great joy to the people of Judah, and they set out taking with them the gold and silver vessels which Nebuchadnezzar had carried away from the temple, for these had been given back to them.

It took them some time to rebuild the temple, but at last it was finished and dedicated to the Lord. The new one was very large and very fine, but it was not so rich as the temple of Solomon, for there was not so much gold and silver about it. God was with His people; He had saved them from the hands of their enemies, and their hearts were full of joy and peace.

Years passed away, and word was brought to Babylon that the temple was out of repair, and the people were neglecting the worship of God. Then Ezra, a priest, went to Jerusalem to repair the temple and to teach the people how they should serve God.

Some years after Ezra left, a young Jew, named Nehemiah, was cupbearer to the king of Persia. One day one of his brothers who had been living in Jerusalem, came to see him, and Nehemiah asked all about the Holy City and the people living there.

"Alas," replied the brother, "the walls of the city are all broken down and the people are much troubled by their enemies."

At this Nehemiah was very sad, and the more he thought about it, the more unhappy he became, until at last he made up his mind to do what he could to help it. One day he went to wait upon the king, both the king and the queen noticed how sad he was, and asked him what was the matter. Then Nehemiah prayed in his heart that God would guide him to say the right thing; and he told the king about the troubles at Jerusalem, and asked that

he might go and rebuild the wall. The king told him to go and gave orders for all the timber and stones that he might need. So Nehemiah went to Jerusalem, and the king sent soldiers to see that he got there safely.

After he had been in Jerusalem a few days, he went out one night, with a few of his men, to look at the wall, and found it all broken down, and the rubbish heaped up so high in some places that he could hardly get by. When he had seen it all, he called the rulers and elders and princes together, and told them why he had come to Jerusalem; he told them, too, how good God had been to put it in the king's heart to let him come, and they all said, "Let us go and build the wall," and they all went to work with a will.

There were some of the king's officers in Jerusalem, Sanballat and Tobiah and Geshem, who did not want the wall rebuilt, and they laughed at Nehemiah; but he was not afraid of them: he told them that God was on his side and would protect His people and that they would repair the wall.

Then Nehemiah divided the work into portions, and gave each part into the hands of a certain set of men, with rulers over them to take charge of the work. In one place the princes built, in another the men of Jericho, and in another the goldsmiths; and every man who lived near the wall worked opposite his own house.

Then Sanballat and Tobiah and Geshem, three of the officers, came again and laughed and jeered at Nehemiah, and tried in every way to discourage the people.

"Why," they said, the wall is built so badly that if a jackal should run over it, it would break down."

But Nehemiah would not give up the work, and he prayed to God to help him. When he heard these three officers planning to get the people who lived on the borders of Judea to come and fight against the Jews who were building the wall, Nehemiah told the people to take their swords and be ready to fight, but not to stop working. All day long Nehemiah went from one place to another keeping watch, and a man with a trumpet beside him, and he told all the people to listen for the trumpet, and whenever they heard it, to go in that direction and help fight there. Those working on the wall were often discouraged because there was so much rubbish to clear away, and it was such slow work, and they had to keep a look out all the time for the enemy, and had to work with their swords close at hand. But Nehemiah encouraged them all the time, telling them that God would fight for them, and that He would prosper their work. When they remembered that and when they heard Nehemiah's cheering words, they would take heart again and go to work with a will. Half the people kept guard every night and half slept; but Nehemiah and his men did not take off their clothes nor take regular rest until the work was done.

When the three officers found that they could not frighten Nehemiah and the people and make them stop work, they sent word to him asking him to meet them at a certain village to talk things over, thinking to do him harm in this way. But Nehemiah sent word back to them: "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down."

He went on cheering the people and watching the work, although his heart was often heavy with his troubles, and he prayed constantly to God to help him.

At last his efforts were rewarded: at the end of fifty-two days of hard work, the wall was finished, and the people celebrated it with a great festival. Ezra read the book of the law to them, and they all mourned that they had forgotten God's laws, and promised to keep them.

PERSEVERANCE.

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down
In a lonely mood to think;
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a good deed,
To make his people glad;
He had tried and tried, but could not succeed,
And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be,
And after a while, as he pondered there,
"I'll give it up," cried he.

Now just at that moment a spider dropped
With its silken cobweb clew,
And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home,
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavor;
But down it came with a slipping sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, nor a second did stay,
To make the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower; and there it lay
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady,—again it went,
And traveled a half-yard higher;
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell, and swung below;
But up it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow
Nine brave attempts were counted.

"Sure," said the king, "that foolish thing
Will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
And tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more;
Ah me, 'tis an anxious minute;
He's only a foot from his cobweb door;
O, say, will he lose or win it?

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
Higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run at the very last pinch.
Put him into the wished-for spot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the king cried out;
"All honor to those who try.
The spider up there defied despair;
He conquered, and why should not I?"

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
And gossips tell the tale,
That he tried once more as he tried before,
And that time he did not fail.

—Eliza Cook.

Memory Gem.

"When things don't go to suit us,
Why should we fold our hands,
And say, 'No use in trying;
Fate baffles all our plans?"

Let not your courage falter;
Keep faith in God and man,
And to this thought be steadfast,—
'I'll do the best I can.'"



LESSON XLVI.

FAITHFULNESS.

In a beautiful country in the East there lived a man named Job. He was very rich and had great flocks and herds, and many

servants, and he had seven sons and three daughters. He was a good and faithful man and loved and trusted God, and believed that whatever the Lord did was right. God was pleased with Job, but tested him, that He might show that Job did not serve Him simply because He had prospered him.

One day when Job's sons and daughters were feasting in their eldest brother's house, a messenger came to him, and said:

"While your oxen were plowing and the cattle were feeding quietly in the fields, a wild tribe from the desert rushed down upon them and killed all the servants who were taking care of them, and drove away the cattle, and only I am left to tell the story."

He had scarcely finished telling his news to Job when a man came running in to tell him that all of his flocks and herds and the servants who had charge of them had been struck by lightning, and the messenger was the only one left to come to tell Job.

Before he had finished his story, another came, who said that three bands of men had come upon the men who kept the camels, and had killed the servants and taken the camels away with them. While he was speaking still another messenger came, saying that a terrible windstorm had come up and had wrecked his son's house, and that all of Job's sons and daughters had perished in the ruins.

Job listened in silence to all the sad news. In a single day all of his children and all of his flocks and herds and property had been taken away; he was no longer one of the greatest and richest men of the East, but a poor, childless man. He mourned and tore his clothes, as was the custom in his country, but still he said, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." In all these trials he had not one hard, or rebellious thought.

But Job was tried still further: sore boils came all over his body, and he suffered dreadfully. Even his wife felt that he now had good cause to complain of his great troubles; but Job only said, "What, shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" And still he was faithful and stood firm.

Job had three friends, and when they heard of his great sorrows, they came to try to comfort him; but when they saw how changed he was, they could say nothing, but sat beside him and mourned for seven days. This seemed to make him feel worse than ever, and at last he spoke, telling them how very hard his fate was; but he did not charge God with any unkindness to him.

Then all the friends began to talk to him, saying that he must have done something wrong in secret, or the Lord would not have sent such sorrows upon him. For a long time they talked to him, first one and then the other, trying to make him understand that he had committed some great sin. Job answered each one of them, telling them that sorrows did not always come as a punish-

ment for sin, any more than riches or comfort came as a reward for doing right; that there was much in God's dealings with us that we could not understand, for God was high above us and His ways were not our ways; but God always did right.

It was very hard for Job to have his friends think that all of his troubles had come upon him because he had done some wrong. This seemed to be one of his greatest trials. But even this he bore nobly and kept true to his faith.

Then God spoke to them all out of a whirlwind, and reproved the three friends for their suspicions of Job and for their wrong thoughts of God. To show that they were sorry for these wrong thoughts about Him, He told them to go and get some animals to offer as a burnt offering, and to ask Job to pray for them, for the Lord was pleased with Job's faithfulness.

They did as the Lord told them, and Job prayed for the friends who had been so harsh to him in his time of trouble. He got well from his sickness, and his brothers and sisters all came to see him, and they brought him many presents, so that he was able to buy other flocks and herds; and the Lord blessed him and prospered him, so that in the end he had more than twice as many cattle and flocks and herds and camels and servants as he had at first. And besides this, the Lord gave him seven sons and three daughters, and during the last years of his life he was happy and blessed.

FAITHFUL FIDO.

Little Fido's master had to go on a long journey, and he took her with him. He rode a beautiful horse, and Fido trotted cheerfully at the horse's heels. Often the master would speak a cheering word to the dog, and she would wag her tail and bark a glad answer; and so they traveled on and on and on.

The sun shone hot, and the road was long. The beautiful horse was covered with dust, and poor Fido's tongue lolled out of her mouth, and her little feet were so tired they could hardly go any more.

At last they came to a cool, shady wood, and the master stopped, dismounted, and tied his horse to a tree. He took from his saddle the heavy saddle bags, which were filled with gold.

The man laid the bags down very carefully in a shady place, and, pointing to them, said to Fido, "Watch that." Then he drew his cloak about him, lay down with his head on the bags, and soon was fast asleep.

Little Fido curled herself up close to her master's head, with her nose over one end of the bags, and went to sleep, too. But she did not sleep very soundly, for her master had told her to watch, and every few moments she would open her eyes and prick up her ears, to learn if anybody were coming.

Her master was tired, and slept soundly and long—very much

longer than he had intended. At last he was awakened by Fido's licking his face.

The dog saw that the sun was nearly setting, and knew that it was time for her master to go. The man patted Fido, and jumped up, much troubled to find he had slept so long.

He snatched up his cloak, threw it over his horse, untied his bridle, sprang into the saddle, and, calling Fido, started off in great haste. But little Fido did not seem ready to follow him. She ran after the horse and bit at his heels, and then ran back again to the woods, all the time barking furiously. This she did several times, but her master had no time to heed her foolish pranks, and galloped away, thinking she would follow him.

At last the little dog sat down by the road-side, and looked sorrowfully after her master, until he had turned a bend in the road. When he was no longer in sight, she sprang up with a wild bark and ran after him. She overtook him just as he had stopped to water his horse in a brook that flowed across the road. She stood beside the brook and barked so savagely, that her master rode back and called her to him; but, instead of coming to him, she darted off down the road, still barking. Her master did not know what to think. Fido came running back again, and dashed at him furiously. She leaped up on the legs of the horse, and even jumped up and bit the toe of her master's boot.

"Down, Fido, down!" said the master, wondering why his dog acted in that way.

The poor little dog, seeing that her master could not be made to understand, sat down in the road, and looked sorrowfully after him for a few minutes, and then ran back to the woods.

The man had not ridden far when he stopped as suddenly as if he had been shot. He felt quickly under his cloak for his saddle-bags. They were not there! Had he dropped them, or had he left them behind in the wood? He felt sure he must have left them in the wood, for he could not recall picking them up or fastening them to his saddle. He turned quickly about, and rode back again as fast as his horse could go.

When he came to the brook where he had left Fido, he looked about but could see nothing of her. Now, he understood why the little dog had acted so strangely. She knew that her master had left his precious bags of gold, and she had tried to tell him in the only way she could.

At last he came to the wood, and there, all safe, lay the bags of gold; and there, curled up beside them, lay faithful Fido. As soon as she saw her master, she ran to meet him, barking joyfully. The man fastened the bags on his saddle, and after patting Fido gratefully, they again went on their journey.—Adapted.

Memory Gem.

"Stand firm and be faithful and true."



HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.—LESSON XLV.

FAITHFULNESS.

Chapter 36, History of the Church.

Jimmy.

"Say, Jimmy, there's a feller wants a paper. The gen'leman with the umbrella."

The gentleman with the umbrella was no less a person than John Hodge, Esq., attorney-at-law. When we say no less a person, we do not mean to convey the impression that this young lawyer was famous.

He had quite a snug little practice, but had not yet succeeded in getting into any of the niches of the Temple of Fame. We refer to his six feet of height and breadth of chest, with which he could have filled a very respectable niche in the aforesaid temple.

As "Jimmy" came up to him, John looked at the boy kindly. The lad appeared to be about eight years of age, and was not any too well clothed, and looked not any too well fed. He was so pale, and small, and thin, that John's great heart opened to the little fellow at once. His voice was very weak and low, too much so to be a successful newsboy's, as he said:

"Here's your paper, sir."

John purchased a paper, throwing in an extra copper for the sake of the boy's pale face.

Now this big John Hodge, with his six feet of height and breadth of chest, had three things of which he was very proud—a very pretty little house, a very pretty little wife and a very pretty little baby.

When he arrived in front of that pretty little house on this day, he found his pretty little wife and his pretty little baby watching for him. The little woman welcomed him with a smile and a kiss, the baby with a crow and an effort to jump out of its mother's arms, and end its existence prematurely on any hard substance conveniently at hand.

After the proper amount of hugging and kissing, which is considered indispensable in families of this kind, he proceeded to detail the events of the day. He did not forget to tell his wife of the pale little newsboy. John described him so feelingly that Mrs. Hodge made up her mind that she must see him.

"He may have no mother, you know, dear," she said.

So it was arranged that John should put on his hat at once and find Jimmy, which he did.

When Jimmy was told to deliver a paper every afternoon at John Hodge's house, his "Thank you, sir!" rewarded the young lawyer for all trouble.

So, when he came the following afternoon, little Mrs. Hodge must have him in the parlor. Jimmy was not a vulgar newsboy. He had none of the manner and tone of the gamin. The little woman liked him at once. The motherly way in which she spoke to him, and gleaned from him his story, was very sweet.

His father had died when he was very young—so young that he could only remember him as one who was kind. His mother had died three years since—she and her baby.

It was such a touching story, told in such a simple, sad way, that little Mrs. Hodge cried over the motherless boy as if her heart would break.

John never loved her better than when he saw that.

Jimmy was as regular as clock-work every afternoon in his coming with the paper. During the day he would look forward to the hour. When the bell from its iron throat told him it had come, he would dart off, regardless of any commercial advantages that might accrue by remaining at his street corner.

Upon the third day he saw that precious baby; he asked, pleadingly, if he might kiss it.

What a wonderful baby that was! Sharp? Goodness gracious, how sharp it was! Deep? Deep as the sea! Its crow meant more than all the fine talk in the world! It took to Jimmy wonderfully. Knew him? Of course it did. Jimmy's hat, with the hole in the top, it loved the sight of. The precocious infant must have appreciated its flavor, for it was continually trying to swallow it—a feat, however, which it fortunately did not succeed in doing.

Jimmy's especial delight was to have the baby on his lap. He would talk to it as if he had no doubt of its comprehending him, and it would laugh as though it really did. They had quite an understanding with each other.

Little Mrs. Hodge watched all this with delight. She had grown to love Jimmy.

One morning—Jimmy sometimes called in the morning by invitation—she came into the room and saw him holding the baby tightly, and pouring kisses on its face. He was not sobbing, but down his pale cheeks tears were running. Poor little fellow! he was thinking of his baby brother stiff and cold upon his dear mother's breast! of the day when he knew he was alone in the world—a little child alone in the world! John Hodge's wife—God bless and keep her for it!—put her arms around the boy and kissed him.

So it came about that she and her husband had a very serious

talk that afternoon, and when Jimmy came with the paper, they asked him how he would like to live with them.

Jimmy could hardly believe his ears. Live with them in that beautiful home! Be always near that beautiful baby. If he had discovered that he was heir-apparent to the throne of England, he couldn't have been more surprised, or happier. How thankful he was, we despair of telling. The little newsboy had the heart of a prince, and would have died to serve his benefactors.

You wouldn't have known him in his new clothes, he looked so spruce. His old friends, the newsboys—Jimmy wasn't above remembering and loving them for all his good fortune—when he went among them, called him "stiffy"—not derisively nor enviously, mind that. They called him "stiffy" in a joking, fond way that was pleasant to hear.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodge were so kind to him. His life was so different from what it had been that it passed like a dream. Jimmy actually pinched himself sometimes, to be sure he was awake. He and the baby, if possible, became on better terms than ever. Mrs. Hodge never feared to leave it in his care for hours, for he was as tender and loving toward it as herself.

But one day the baby fell sick, very sick. The doctor shook his head gravely, and Jimmy heard him say something about "scarlet fever." He did not understand what the doctor meant, but he knew that the little baby was very sick. He must not see it, they said. Jimmy was unhappy for the first time since he entered his new home. He wandered about the house in an aimless way, and was very miserable.

At last he asked that he might nurse it.

They told him that the baby had a contagious disease, and that he might catch it and die. But when he said, "I am not afraid," and pleaded so earnestly, they, seeing how unhappy he was, consented.

What a watchful, patient nurse he was! He could tell the doctor so well all that the baby had done, and the way it had looked between his visits, that the physician called him a "bright little man!"

He seldom went to bed, but they would find him sometimes asleep in a chair. No amount of expostulation could turn him aside from his patient watchfulness—no amount of fatigue could make him give up.

This little castaway was building a shrine in the hearts of those around him.

The child passed the crisis of the disease safely. When one day the doctor said all danger was passed, Jimmy went to bed for rest. Tired and exhausted though he was with watching, he could not sleep. He was strangely restless. He was seized with pains in the back and limbs. When he tried to rise, he was unable, and sank back gasping.

When the doctor came, they knew the fever was upon the boy.

They had learned, this John Hodge and his wife, to love him like a son, everything that could be done for the little sufferer they did. Yet the doctor had no hope. The boy's constitution, naturally frail, was exhausted by his long watchings. They could only prayerfully wait with aching hearts for death to come. He was not delirious, and only occasionally unconscious. He was uncomplaining; but oh, the long day, and the weary, restless night!

One day, when the doctor said that the hour was very near, he opened his eyes and called the husband and wife to his side. In such a weak voice that it was with difficulty they heard him, he asked that they would put their hands to his lips that he might kiss them. Then he wanted the baby by his side.

When they had placed it there, he could hardly turn his face to look at it. They saw him try to raise his arms to put them round the child, so they did it for him.

Then, for the first time, he seemed to wander in his mind. His face was strangely peaceful. He murmured something of which they only caught the words "light" and "shining wings." There was a heavenly smile upon his face, and he seemed to hear, as the dying often do, sweet music. Perhaps it was not seeming—God knows.

As little Jimmy listened, death came in the room. Those there spoke no word, as though they feared to disturb the parting spirit. The smile was still upon his face, even after they knew that he was dead.—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."



LESSON XLVII.

GOODNESS OF GOD.

Chapter 36, Church History

A Hero of the Mines.

From a boy Michael Verran had lived and worked in the dark mines. He worked cheerily with his pick and shovel, and could earn as much in one day, the others grumbled, as most of them could in two. Yet Michael was a favorite for all his superiority, for he had a warm heart and a generous disposition, which made him loved by his mates.

One day he was engaged with two others in sinking a shaft. They had bored a hole in the usual way for blasting, and then, according to a rule, one of three had ascended the shaft, leaving the others to finish the preparations for firing the charge.

The hole was filled with powder and securely tamped, and all that was left to do was to cut the fuse and then for one man to ascend the shaft and let down the bucket for the last so that he

who fired the fuse might have time to be drawn up to the surface before the charge should explode.

Michael and his companion had become familiar with danger. They were careless, and while the fuse was attached they set to work to cut it through with a stone and an iron drill. In doing it the iron gave out a spark, and in a second the hissing of the fuse told them that in a few minutes the charge would explode.

Both dashed to the shaft, and holding on to the bucket, gave the signal to be drawn up; but alas! the strength of the man at the windlass was not equal to lifting two; he could wind up only one man at a time.

To remain was death to both, and it was Michael Verran's turn to ascend. He looked at his companion, stepped back from the bucket, and quietly said:

"Escape, lad, for thy life! I shall be in Heaven in a minute."

Swiftly the bucket ascended, and the man saved leaned over the pit's mouth and listened—listened for what? For the great roar and boom that told of the sudden destruction of the brave comrade who had given up his life to save him.

Up came the smoke and rubbish, blinding and sickening. There could be no doubt of the miner's fate, down in that fearful hole, amid the crash of rocks, and the rending, suffocating explosion of the charge. No human power could save him. The miners, however, determined to go down, even before the smoke cleared away, to rescue at least the body of their brave comrade. One after another they were let down the shaft, and as they hurried along, groping among the scattered blocks of rock, at the bottom of the shaft, they shouted in faltering tones his name, "Michael! Michael, where are you?"

And the strong answer came, "Thank God, I am here."

Eager hands dragged away the rubbish and rock, and there, underneath a huge slab of stone that had blown across him, and lodging against the end of the shaft, protected him from all the rest, they found him safe! not a scratch upon him nor his clothes torn. He had sat down in the corner of his rocky prison, placed a shield of rock before his eyes, and commended his soul in prayer to God, and the God who cared for Daniel in his rocky dungeon, had delivered him and saved him from death.—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good, because His mercy endureth forever.

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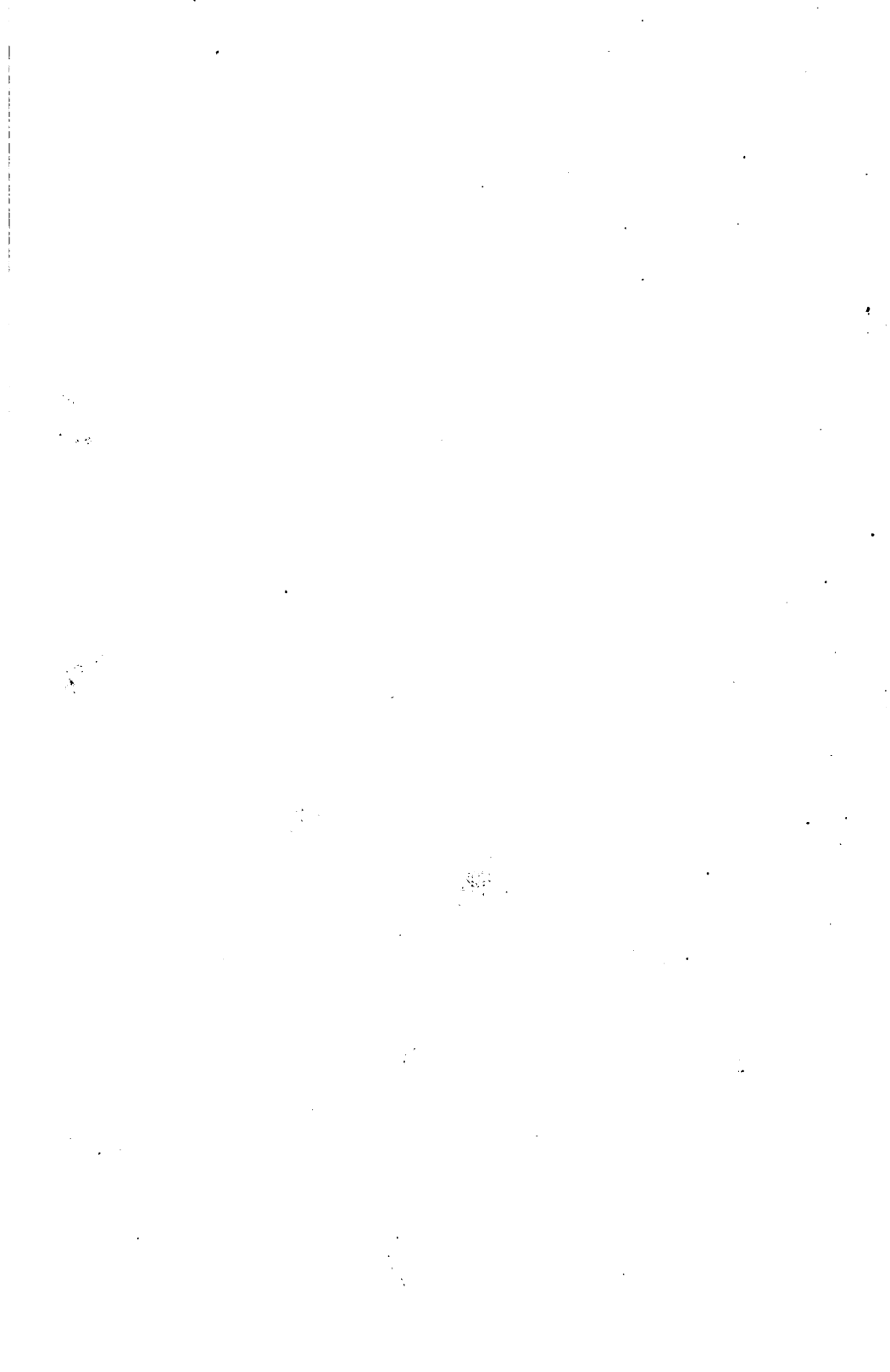
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